

THE CONFESSIONS
OF
JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU



J. J. ROUSSEAU

*THE CONFESSIONS OF JEAN JACQUES
ROUSSEAU NOW FOR THE FIRST
TIME COMPLETELY TRANSLATED
INTO ENGLISH WITHOUT EXPUR-
GATION*

VOLUME II

*ILLUSTRATED WITH A SERIES OF ETCHINGS BY
ED. HEDOUIN, AND TWO PORTRAITS*

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THE CONFESSIONS
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PART THE SECOND

BOOK VII

[1741.]

AFTER two years of silence and patience, in spite of my resolutions, I again take up my pen. Reader, suspend your judgment upon the reasons which force me to do so; you cannot judge of them until you have read the story of my life.

You have seen my peaceful youth pass away in a tolerably uniform and agreeable manner, without great disappointments or remarkable prosperity. This absence of extremes was in great part the result of my passionate but weak disposition, which, more easily discouraged than prompt to undertake, only quitted its state of repose when rudely shocked, but fell back into it again from weariness and natural inclination; and which, while keeping me away from great virtues, and still further from great vices, led me back steadily to the indolent and peaceful life for which I felt Nature intended me, and never permitted me to attain to greatness in anything, either good or bad. What a different picture I shall soon have to draw! Destiny, which for thirty years favoured my inclinations, during a second thirty thwarted them, and this continued opposition between my position and inclinations will be seen to have produced monstrous errors, unheard-of misfortunes, and all the virtues that can render adversity honourable, with the exception of strength of character.

The first part of my Confessions was written entirely from

memory, and I must have made many mistakes in it. As I am obliged to write the second part also from memory, I shall probably make many more. The sweet remembrances of my best years, passed in equal innocence and tranquillity, have left me a thousand charming impressions, which I love to recall incessantly. It will soon be seen how different are the recollections of the remainder of my life. To recall them renews their bitterness. Far from increasing the painfulness of my situation by these melancholy retrospects, I put them away from me as much as possible, and frequently succeed so well, that I am unable to recall them even when it is necessary. This capacity for easily forgetting misfortune is a consolation, which Heaven has bestowed upon me amidst those afflictions which destiny was one day fated to heap upon my head. My memory, which only revives the recollection of agreeable things, is the happy counterpoise of my fearful imagination, which causes me to foresee only a cruel future.

All the papers which I had collected to fill the gaps in my memory and to guide me in my undertaking, have passed into other hands, and will never return to mine. I have only one faithful guide upon which I can depend; the chain of the feelings which have marked the development of my being, and which will remind me of the succession of events, which have been either the cause or the effect of these feelings. I find it easy to forget my misfortunes, but I cannot forget my faults, still less my virtuous feelings, the recollection of which is too precious ever to be effaced from my heart. I may omit or transpose facts, I may make mistakes in dates, but I cannot be deceived in regard to what I have felt or what my feelings have prompted me to do; and this is the chief subject under discussion. The real object of my Confessions is, to contribute to an accurate knowledge of my inner being in all the different situations of my life. What I have promised to relate, is the history of my soul; I need no other memoirs in order to write it faithfully; it is sufficient for me to enter again into my inner self as I have hitherto done.

Very luckily, however, there is an interval of six or seven years, concerning which I possess trustworthy information in a

collection of copies of certain letters, the originals of which are in the hands of M. du Peyrou. This collection, which ends with the year 1760, embraces the whole period of my stay at the "Hermitage" and my great quarrel with my so-called friends—a memorable epoch of my life, which was the origin of all my other misfortunes. In regard to any original letters of more recent date, which I may perhaps have preserved, and which are only few in number, instead of copying and adding them to this collection, which is too voluminous for me to hope to be able to conceal it from the watchful eyes of my Arguses, I will copy them into this work itself, when they seem to me to afford any elucidation of facts, either in my favour or against me; for I have no fear that the reader, forgetting that I am writing my Confessions, will ever imagine that I am writing my Apologia; but neither must he expect that I shall keep silence regarding the truth, when it speaks in my favour.

Besides, this truth is all that this second part has in common with the first, and the only advantage it can claim over it is, the greater importance of the facts related. With this exception, it cannot fail to be inferior to it in every respect. I wrote the first part with pleasure and gratification, and at my ease, at Wootton or in the Castle of Trye.¹ All the memories which I had to recall were for me so many fresh enjoyments. I turned back to them incessantly with renewed pleasure, and I was able to revise my descriptions until I was satisfied with them, without feeling in the least bored. At the present time, my failing memory and enfeebled brain unfit me for almost every kind of work. I only undertake my present task under compulsion, with a heart oppressed by grief. It offers me nothing but misfortunes, treachery, perfidy, melancholy and heartrending recollections. I would give anything in the world to be able to bury in the darkness of time what I have to say; and, while constrained to speak in spite of myself, I am also obliged to hide myself, to employ cunning, to endeavour to deceive, and to lower myself to conduct utterly at variance with my nature. The roof under which I am has eyes, the walls around me have ears. Beset by spies and watchful and malevolent overlookers, uneasy and distracted, I hurriedly

1 In the department of the Oise, belonging to the Prince of Conti.

scribble a few disjointed sentences, which I have scarcely time to read over, still less to correct. I know that, in spite of the barriers set up around me in ever-increasing numbers, my enemies are still afraid that the truth may find some loophole through which to escape. How am I to set about bringing it to the light? I am making the attempt with little hope of success. It will be easily understood, that this is not the material out of which pleasant pictures are made, or such as is calculated to give them an attractive colouring. I therefore give notice to those who intend to read this portion of my work that, in the course of their reading, nothing can guarantee them against weariness, unless it be the desire of completing their knowledge of a man, and a sincere affection for truth and justice.

At the conclusion of the first part of my Confessions, I was setting out, much against my wish, for Paris, having left my heart at Les Charnettes, where I had built my last castle in the air, intending one day to return and lay at the feet of mamma, restored to her former self, the riches I should have gained, and reckoning upon my system of music as a sure road to fortune.

I stayed a little time at Lyons, to visit my acquaintances, to get some letters of introduction for Paris, and to sell my geometrical books which I had taken with me. Everybody received me kindly. M. and Madame de Mably were glad to see me again, and invited me to dinner several times. At their house I made the acquaintance of the Abbé de Mably, as I had previously made that of the Abbé de Condillac, both of whom were on a visit to their brother. The Abbé de Mably gave me some letters for Paris, amongst them one for M. de Fontenelle, and another for the Comte de Caylus. I found them both very agreeable acquaintances, especially the former, who, up to the time of his death, never ceased to show me marks of friendship, and, when we were alone, gave me good advice, of which I ought to have made better use.

I saw M. Bordes again, an old acquaintance of mine, who had often assisted me with the greatest willingness and with genuine pleasure. On this occasion I found him just the same. It was he who assisted me in disposing of my books, and himself gave me, or procured from others, strongly-worded letters of introduction

for Paris. I saw the Intendant again, for whose acquaintance I was indebted to M. Bordes, who also procured me an introduction to the Duc de Richelieu, who was staying in Lyons at the time. M. Pallu presented me to him; he received me kindly, and told me to come and see him in Paris, which I did several times; but the acquaintance of this distinguished personage, of which I shall frequently have to speak in the sequel, has never been of the least use to me.

I again saw David the musician, who had assisted me in my distress on one of my previous journeys. He had lent or given me a cap and a pair of stockings, which he has never asked for, and which I have never returned to him, although we have often seen each other since then. However, I afterwards made him a small present, of nearly equal value. I should be able to speak more favourably of myself, if it were a question of what I ought to have done; but it is a question of what I have done, which unfortunately is not the same thing.

I again saw the noble and generous Perrichon, who again behaved towards me with his accustomed munificence. He gave me the same present as he had formerly given to "Gentil-Bernard":¹ he paid for my seat in the *diligence*. I again saw Surgeon Parisot, the best and most benevolent of men; I again saw his dear Godefroi, whom he kept for ten years, whose gentle disposition and goodness of heart were almost her only merits, but whom no one could see for the first time without sympathy or leave without emotion, for she was in the last stages of consumption, of which she soon afterwards died. Nothing shows a man's true inclinations better than the character of those whom he loves.² Whoever had seen the gentle Godefroi, had made the acquaintance of the worthy Parisot.

Although I was greatly indebted to all these worthy people,

¹ A French poet (1710-1775). The name "Gentil" was given to him by Voltaire.

² Unless he is at the outset deceived in his choice, or the character of the woman to whom he has formed an attachment subsequently changes, in consequence of a combination of extraordinary circumstances, which is not absolutely impossible. If this principle were admitted without modification, Socrates would have to be judged by his wife Xantippe, and Dion by his friend Calippus, a judgment which would be the most unfair and the most misleading that has ever been passed. Further, let no one make any

I afterwards neglected them all, not certainly from ingratitude, but owing to my unconquerable idleness, which has often made me appear ungrateful. The remembrance of their kindnesses has never left my heart, but it would have been easier for me to prove my gratitude by deeds than to express it continually in words. Regularity in correspondence has always been beyond my strength: as soon as I begin to feel slack, shame and a feeling of embarrassment in repairing my fault make me aggravate it, and I leave off writing altogether. I have therefore kept silence, as if I had forgotten them. Parisot and Perrichon took no notice at all, and I always found them the same; but, twenty years later, in the case of M. Bordes, it will be seen how far the self-complacency of a wit can make him carry his vengeance, when once he fancies himself slighted.

Before I leave Lyons, I must not forget to mention an amiable person, whom I saw again with greater pleasure than ever, and who left in my heart most tender remembrances. This was Mademoiselle Serre, of whom I have spoken in the first part of this work, and whose acquaintance I had renewed while I was with M. de Mably. As I had more time to spare on the present occasion, I saw more of her, and conceived a most lively attachment to her. I had some reason to believe that she herself was not unfavourably disposed towards me; but she treated me with a confidence which kept me from the temptation to abuse it. She had no means, neither had I. Our positions were too much alike for us to become united, and, with the views which I then entertained, marriage was far from my thoughts. She told me that a young merchant, M. Genève, seemed desirous of paying his addresses to her. I saw him once or twice in her company. He had the reputation of being, and appeared to me to be, an honourable man. Feeling convinced that she would be happy with him, I wanted him to marry her, as he afterwards did, and, in order not to disturb their innocent affection, I made haste to depart, offering up heartfelt prayers for the happiness of this charming young lady, which, alas! were only listened to

insulting application of it to my wife. She is certainly more narrow-minded and more easily deceived than I had imagined; but her pure, excellent and generous character deserves all my esteem, which it will enjoy as long as I live.

for a short time on this earth : for I afterwards heard, that she died after she had been married two or three years. Filled with tender regrets throughout my journey, I felt, and have often felt since then, when I think of it again, that, even if the sacrifices which are made to duty and virtue are painful to make, they are well repaid by the sweet recollections which they leave at the bottom of the heart.

On my previous journey I had seen Paris in an unfavourable aspect. On the present occasion I saw it from a correspondingly brilliant point of view, not, however, in the matter of lodgings, for, upon the recommendation of M. Bordes, I put up at the Hôtel St. Quintin, in the Rue des Cordiers, near the Sorbonne; I had a wretched room, in a wretched street and a wretched hotel, in which, however, several distinguished persons had stayed, such as Gresset, Bordes, the Abbés de Mably and de Condillac and several others, none of whom, unfortunately for me, were any longer there; but I made the acquaintance of a certain M. de Bonnefond, a young country-squire, who was lame, fond of litigation, and set up for a purist. Through him I made the acquaintance of M. Roguin, now my oldest friend, who introduced me to the philosopher Diderot, of whom I shall soon have much to say.

I arrived at Paris in the autumn of 1741, with fifteen *louis d'or* in my pocket, my comedy of *Narcissus*, and my musical scheme, as my sole resource. I had therefore little time to lose in trying to lay them out to the best advantage. I hastened to make use of my letters of introduction. A young man, who arrives in Paris with a pretty good appearance and advertises himself by his talents, is always sure of being well received, as I was. This procured me certain pleasures, but did not materially assist me. Only three of the persons to whom I had letters were of use to me—M. Damesin, a Savoyard gentleman, at that time the equerry, and, I believe, the favourite of the Princesse de Carignan; M. de Boze, Secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions and keeper of the King's collection of medals; and Père Castel, a Jesuit, the inventor of the *clavecin oculaire*.¹ All

¹ An instrument with a finger-board and keys, with as many octaves of colours as there were octaves of musical notes in the ordinary piano or harpsichord of the period. The seven primitive colours corresponded to the seven notes of music. The idea of the inventor was to produce sensations of melody and harmony by a combination of colours.

these introductions, except that to M. Damesin, had been given to me by the Abbé de Mably.

M. Damesin provided for my most urgent need by introducing me to M. de Gasc, President¹ of the Parliament of Bordeaux, who was a very good player on the violin, and also to the Abbé de Léon, who was then living in the Sorbonne, a young and amiable nobleman, who died in the prime of life, after having cut a brilliant figure in the world for a brief period, under the name of the Chevalier de Rohan. Both of them took a fancy to learn composition; and I gave them a few months' lessons, which to some extent replenished my purse, which was almost empty. The Abbé de Léon conceived a friendship for me, and wanted me to be his secretary: but, as he was by no means rich, and could only offer me a salary of 800 francs, I felt obliged, to my regret, to refuse his offer, as the sum would not have been sufficient to pay for my board and lodging and clothes.

M. de Boze received me very kindly. He had a taste for learning, and was himself a learned man, but somewhat pedantic. Madame de Boze might have been his daughter; she was brilliant and affected. I sometimes dined at his house, and it would have been impossible for anyone to be more awkward and confused than I was in her presence. Her free and easy manner intimidated me, and made my own more ridiculous. When she handed me a dish, I put out my fork and modestly took a morsel of what she offered me; whereupon she returned to her lackey the dish which she had intended for me, at the same time turning round to hide her laughter. She had no suspicion that there was, nevertheless, something in the country-bumpkin's head. M. de Boze presented me to his friend M. de Réaumur, who dined with him every Friday, when the Academy of Sciences held its meeting. He spoke to him of my scheme, and of my wish to submit it to the Academy for examination. M. de Réaumur undertook to bring my proposal forward, and it was accepted. On the day appointed, I was introduced and presented by M. de Réaumur; and on the same day, the 22nd of August, 1742, I had the honour of reading before the Academy the Essay

¹ *President à mortier*, that is, who wore the mortar, or round black-velvet cap.

which I had prepared for the purpose. Although this illustrious assembly was certainly very imposing, I felt much less nervous than in the presence of Madame de Boze, and I managed to get through my reading and examination with credit. The Essay was well received, and I was complimented upon it, which equally surprised and flattered me, for I did not imagine that, in the opinion of an Academy, anyone who did not belong to it could possess common sense. The commission appointed to examine me consisted of MM. de Mairan, Hellot and De Fouchy, all three certainly persons of ability, but not one was sufficiently acquainted with music, at least, to be competent to judge of my scheme.

[1742.]—In the course of my conferences with these gentlemen, I became convinced, with as much certainty as surprise, that if learned men are sometimes less prejudiced than others, they cling more closely, by way of revenge, to those prejudices which they do entertain. However weak, however false for the most part their objections were—and although I answered them timidly, I confess, and in ill-chosen terms, but yet with decisive arguments—I never once succeeded in making myself understood, or in satisfying them. I was always astounded at the readiness with which, by the help of a few sonorous phrases, they refuted without having understood me. They discovered, somewhere or other, that a monk named Souhaitti had already conceived the idea of denoting the scale by figures. This was enough to make them uphold that my system was not new. That may be; for although I had never heard of Souhaitti—although his method of writing the seven notes of plain-song, without paying any attention to the octaves, in no respect deserved to be compared with my simple and convenient invention for noting all imaginable kinds of music, without difficulty, by means of numbers—keys, rests, octaves, measures, time, and value of the notes, of which Souhaitti had never even thought—nevertheless, it was quite true that, as far as the elementary designation of the seven notes is concerned, he was the first inventor. But they not only attributed to this primitive invention more importance than it deserved, but did not stop there; and, as soon as they attempted to speak of the fundamental principles of the system, they did nothing

else but talk nonsense. The greatest advantage of my system was, that it did away with transpositions and keys, so that the same piece could be noted and transposed at will into whatever key one pleased, by means of the supposed change of a single initial letter at the beginning of the air. These gentlemen had heard it said by Parisian strummers that the method of playing a piece of music by transposition was worthless. Starting from this, they turned the most distinct advantage of my system into an insuperable objection against it, and they came to the decision that my system of notation was good for vocal, but unsuitable for instrumental, music, instead of deciding, as they should have done, that it was good for vocal and better for instrumental music. As the result of their report, the Academy granted me a certificate full of high-flown compliments, between the lines of which it was easy to read that, as a matter of fact, it considered my system to be neither new nor useful. I did not feel under any obligation to adorn with such a document my work entitled, "A Treatise on Modern Music," in which I made my appeal to the public.

I had reason to observe on this occasion how, even in the case of a person of limited intelligence, an exclusive but thorough knowledge of anything is more likely to enable him to judge of it correctly than all the learning acquired by scientific culture, unless it is combined with a special study of the subject in question. The only solid objection which could be made to my system was made by Rameau. No sooner had I explained it to him than he saw its weak side. "Your signs," he said "are very good, in so far as they determine simply and clearly the value of the notes, accurately represent the intervals, and always show the simple way in the double notes—things which the ordinary system does not do; they are bad, in that they require a mental operation, which cannot always follow the rapidity of the execution. The position of our notes," he continued, "is represented to the eye without the assistance of this operation. When two notes, one very high and the other very low, are united by a series¹ of intermediate notes, I can see at the first glance the gradual progress from one to the other; but, according to your system, in order to

¹ *Tirade*: passage que fait la voix ou l'instrument dans l'intervalle d'une note à une autre par les notes diatoniques de cette intervalle distinctement articulées.

make sure of this series, I am obliged to spell through all your figures in succession; a general glance is unable to supply any deficiency." The objection appeared to me unanswerable, and I immediately admitted the force of it; although it is simple and striking, it is one that only great experience in the art could suggest, and it is not to be wondered at that it occurred to none of the members of the Academy, but it is to be wondered at that all these great scholars, who know so many things, so little understand that each should only pass judgment upon matters connected with his own special branch of study.

My frequent visits to my examining board and other Academicians put it within my reach to make the acquaintance of all the most distinguished literary men in Paris; thus their acquaintance was already made when, later, I suddenly found myself enrolled amongst them. For the moment, entirely absorbed in my musical system, I persisted in my design of bringing about a revolution in the art, and by this means attaining to a celebrity which, when acquired in the fine arts in Paris, is always accompanied by fortune. I shut myself up in my room and worked with indescribable zeal for two or three months, in order to revise the pamphlet which I had read before the Academy, and make it into a work fit for publication. The difficulty was to find a publisher who would accept my manuscript, as some outlay would have been necessary for the new characters, and publishers are not in the habit of throwing their money at the heads of beginners, although it seemed to me only fair, that my work should bring me back the bread which I had eaten while I was writing it.

Bonnefond found me the elder Quillau, who made an agreement with me on terms of half profits, without reckoning the privilege,¹ for which I had to pay myself. The aforesaid Quillau managed the affair so badly, that the money I paid for my privilege was wasted, and I never made a farthing by my publication, which probably enough had only a small sale, although the Abbé Desfontaines had promised to push it, and the other journalists had spoken fairly well of it.

¹ *Privilege*: the exclusive right granted by the King to a publisher to print a work.

The greatest impediment to a trial of my system was the fear that, if it were not adopted, the time spent in learning it would be lost. My reply to this was, that practice in my method of notation would make the ideas so clear that, in learning music by means of the ordinary signs, time would still be gained by commencing with mine. To put it to the test, I gave lessons in music for nothing to a young American lady, named Mademoiselle des Roulins, whose acquaintance I had made through M. Rognin. In three months she was able to read any kind of music according to my notation, and even to sing at sight, better than myself, any piece that did not present too many difficulties. This success was striking, but did not become known. Anyone else would have filled the newspapers with it; but, although I possessed some talent for making useful discoveries, I was never capable of turning them to account.

Thus my heron-fountain¹ was again broken; but, on this second occasion, I was thirty years old, and I was in the streets of Paris, where one cannot live for nothing. The resolution which I came to in this extremity will astonish none but those who have not attentively read the first part of these Memoirs.

After the great and fruitless exertions I had recently made, I needed a little rest. Instead of abandoning myself to despair, I quietly abandoned myself to my usual idleness and the care of Providence; and, in order to give the latter time to do its work, I proceeded to consume, in a leisurely manner, the few *louis* which I still had left. I regulated the expense of my careless pleasures, without entirely giving them up. I only went to the café every other day, and to the theatre twice a week. As for money spent on women, there was no need for retrenchment, for I have never in my life laid out a *sou* in this manner, except on one occasion, of which I shall have to speak presently.

The calmness, delight and confidence with which I abandoned myself to this indolent and solitary life, although I had not sufficient means to continue it for three months, is one of the peculiarities of my life and one of the oddities of my character. The great need of sympathy which I felt, was the very thing which

¹ See Vol. I., pp. 101, 102.

deprived me of the courage to show myself; and the necessity of paying visits to people made them so unendurable, that I even gave up going to see the Academicians and other men of letters, with whom I was already on more or less intimate terms. Marivaux, the Abbé de Mably, and Fontenelle were almost the only persons whom I still continued to visit. I even showed my comedy of *Narcisse* to the first. He was pleased with it, and was kind enough to touch it up. Diderot, who was not so old, was about my own age. He was fond of music, and acquainted with the theory of it; we talked about it, and he also spoke to me of his own literary projects. This resulted in a most intimate connection between us, which lasted fifteen years, and would probably have still continued, if I had not, unfortunately, and by his own fault, been thrown into the same profession as himself.

No one would guess how I employed this brief and precious interval, which still remained to me before I was compelled to beg my bread. I learned by heart passages from the poets which I had already learnt a hundred times and forgotten. Every morning, about ten o'clock, I used to walk in the Luxembourg Gardens with a Virgil or Rousseau¹ in my pocket, and, until dinner-time, I recommitted to memory a sacred ode or an eclogue, without being discouraged by the fact that, while going over the task of the day, I was sure to forget what I had learnt the day before. I remembered that, after the defeat of Nicias at Syracuse, the Athenian prisoners supported themselves by reciting the poems of Homer. The lesson which I drew from this specimen of erudition, in order to prepare myself against poverty, was to exercise my admirable memory in learning all the poets by heart.

I possessed an equally solid expedient in chess, to which I regularly devoted my afternoons at the Café Maugis, on the days when I did not go to the theatre. I there made the acquaintance of M. de Légal, M. Husson, Philidor, and all the great chess-players of the day, without making any progress myself. However, I had no doubt that in the end I should become a better player than any of them; and this, in my opinion, was enough for my support.

¹ Jean Baptiste Rousseau, the French lyric poet. See Vol. I., p. 160.

Whenever I became infatuated with any truth folly, I always reasoned about it in the same manner. I said to myself, "Anyone who excels in something, is always sure of being sought after. Let me, therefore, excel in something, no matter what: I shall be sought after; opportunities will present themselves, and my own merits will do the rest." This childishness was not the sophism of my reason, but of my indolence. Frightened at the great and rapid efforts which would have been necessary to make me exert myself, I endeavoured to flatter my idleness, and concealed its disgrace from myself by arguments worthy of it.

Thus, I quietly waited until my money should be exhausted; and I believe that I should have come to my last sou without any further uneasiness, had not Father Castel, whom I sometimes went to see on my way to the café, roused me from my lethargy. He was mad, but, after all, a good fellow. He was sorry to see me wasting my time and abilities without doing anything. He said to me, "Since musicians and savants will not sing together with you, change your string and try the women; perhaps you will succeed better in that quarter. I have spoken about you to Madame de Beuzenval; go and see her, and mention my name. She is a good woman, who will be pleased to see a countryman of her son and husband. At her house you will meet her daughter, Madame de Broglie, who is a clever and accomplished woman. Madame Dupin is another lady to whom I have spoken of you; take your work to her; she is anxious to see you and will receive you kindly. No one can do anything in Paris without the women; they are like the curves, of which clever people are the asymptotes; they constantly approach, but never touch."

After having repeatedly put off these terrible tasks, I at length summoned up courage and went to call upon Madame de Beuzenval, who received me affably. Madame de Broglie happening to enter the room, she said to her, "My daughter, this is M. Rousseau, of whom Father Castel spoke to us." Madame de Broglie complimented me upon my work, and, conducting me to her piano, showed me that she had paid some attention to it. Seeing that it was nearly one o'clock, I wanted to retire, but Madame de Beuzenval said to me, "It is a long way to your quarter; stop and dine here." I needed no pressing. A quarter

of an hour later I understood, from something she said, that the dinner to which she invited me was in the servants' hall. Although Madame de Beuzenval was undoubtedly a very good woman, she was of limited understanding, and, too full of her illustrious Polish nobility, had little idea of the respect due to talent. Even on this occasion, she judged me more by my manner than my dress, which, although simple, was very respectable, and by no means indicated a man who ought to be invited to dine at the servants' table. I had too long forgotten the way there, to desire to learn it again. Without showing all the annoyance I felt, I told Madame de Beuzenval that I remembered I was obliged to return to my quarter on business, and I again prepared to leave. Madame de Broglie went up to her mother and whispered a few words in her ear, which had their effect. Madame de Beuzenval rose to detain me, and said, "I hope you will do us the honour of dining *with us*." Believing that to show pride would be to play the fool, I stayed. Besides, Madame de Broglie's kindness had touched me, and rendered her attractive to me. I was very glad to dine with her, and I hoped that, when she knew me better, she would have no cause to regret having procured me this honour. The President of Lamoignon, a great friend of the family, dined there on the same occasion. Like Madame de Broglie, he was familiar with the small-talk jargon of Paris, which consisted of *petits mots* and delicate little allusions. In this poor Jean Jacques had little chance of shining. I had the good sense not to try to play the wit, when Minerva was not agreeable, and I held my tongue. Would that I had always been as wise!—I should not be in the abyss in which I find myself to-day.

I was deeply grieved at my own dulness, and also because I was unable to justify, in the eyes of Madame de Broglie, what she had done in my behalf. After dinner, I bethought myself of my usual resource. I had in my pocket a letter in verse, which I had written to Parisot during my stay at Lyons. This fragment was not wanting in fire, to which I added by my manner of reciting, and I moved all three to tears. Whether my own vanity or the truth made me so interpret it, I thought I saw that Madame de Broglie's eyes said to her mother, Well, mamma, was I wrong in telling you, that this man was more fitted to dine

with you than with your waiting-women? Until this moment my heart had been somewhat heavy, but after I had thus avenged myself, I was satisfied. Madame de Broglie pushed her favourable opinion of me a little too far, and believed that I should cause a sensation in Paris and become a favourite with the ladies. To guide my inexperience, she gave me the "Confessions of the Comte de ——" "This book," said she to me, "is a Mentor, of which you will have need in the world; you will do well to consult it sometimes." I have kept this copy for more than twenty years, out of a feeling of gratitude to the hand from which I received it, although I often laugh at the opinion which this lady appeared to entertain of my capacities for gallantry. Directly I had read the work, I desired to gain the friendship of the author. This inspiration was justified by the event. He is the only true friend I have had amongst men of letters.¹

From that time, I felt confident that Madame de Beurenval and Madame de Broglie, considering the interest they had shown in me, would not long leave me without resources, and I was not mistaken. Let me now speak of my introduction to Madame Dupin, the consequences of which were more lasting.

As is well known, Madame Dupin was the daughter of Samuel Bernard and Madame Fontaine. There were three sisters, who might be called the three Graces—Madame de la Touche, who ran away to England with the Duke of Kingston; Madame d'Arty, the mistress and, what was more, the friend, the only true friend, of the Prince de Conti—a woman worthy to be adored as much for the gentleness and goodness of her charming character as for her pleasant wit and the unalterable cheerfulness of her disposition; lastly, Madame Dupin, the most beautiful of the three, and the only one of them who has never been reproached with any irregularity of conduct. She was the reward of the hospitality of M. Dupin, upon whom her mother bestowed her, together with a post as farmer-general of taxes and an immense fortune, out of gratitude for the kindly manner in which he had received her in

¹ I was so long and so firmly convinced of this, that it was to him that I intrusted the manuscript of my Confessions after my return to Paris. The distrustful Jean Jacques has never been able to believe in treachery and falsehood until he has been their victim.

his province. When I saw her for the first time, she was still one of the most beautiful women in Paris. She received me while she was dressing herself. Her arms were bare, her hair dishevelled, and her dressing-gown disarranged. Such an introduction was quite new to me; my poor head could not stand it; I was troubled and confused; in short, I fell madly in love with her.

My confusion did not appear to create a bad impression: she took no notice of it. She received the book and the author kindly, spoke to me about my system like one who knew all about it, sang, accompanied herself on the piano, made me stay to dinner, and gave me a seat at table by her side. This was more than enough to turn my head completely, and it did so. She gave me permission to call upon her, which permission I used and abused. I went to her house nearly every day, and dined there two or three times a week. I was dying to declare myself, but did not dare. Several reasons increased my natural shyness. The entry into a wealthy house was an open door to fortune; in my present position, I was unwilling to run the risk of shutting it against myself. Madame Dupin, with all her amiability, was serious and cold; I found nothing in her behaviour sufficiently encouraging to embolden me. Her house, which at that time was as brilliant as any in Paris, was the rendezvous of a society, which, if it had only been a little less numerous, would have contained the pick of all persons of distinction. She was fond of gathering around her all who made any stir in the world—great personages, men of letters, and handsome women. Only dukes, ambassadors and knights of the blue ribbon¹ were seen at her house. Madame la Princesse de Rohan, Madame la Comtesse de Forcalquier, Madame de Mirepoix, Madame de Brignolé and Lady Hervey might be considered her friends. M. de Fontenelle, M. de Fourmont, M. de Bernis, M. de Buffon, M. de Voltaire, the Abbé de Saint-Pierre and the Abbé Sallier were members of her circle and were invited to her table. If her reserved manner did not attract a large number of young people, the society which assembled at her house was the more select and, consequently, more imposing; and the poor Jean Jacques could not flatter himself with the idea of making a brilliant figure in the

¹ Knights of the Holy Ghost, so called from the colour of the ribbon worn by them. But *cordons bleus* may simply mean here "distinguished persons" generally.

midst of such surroundings. I therefore did not venture to speak, but, being unable to keep silence any longer, I ventured to write. She kept the letter for two days without saying anything to me about it. On the third day she returned it to me, with a few words of admonition, spoken in a tone of coldness which froze my blood. I tried to speak, the words died upon my lips; my sudden passion was extinguished with my hope, and, after a formal declaration of my love, I continued to visit her as before, without saying a word more, even with my eyes.

I believed that my folly was forgotten: I was wrong. M. de Francueil, her stepson, was about the same age as myself and his stepmother. He was witty, and a man of handsome person, who might have looked high. It was reported that he aspired to the favours of Madame Dupin, perhaps simply because she had procured him a very ugly but at the same time very gentle wife, and lived in perfect harmony with both. M. de Francueil admired talent in others and cultivated it. Music, which he understood well, was a bond of union between us. I saw him frequently, and became intimate with him. Suddenly, he gave me to understand that Madame Dupin found my visits too frequent, and requested me to discontinue them. Such a compliment would not have been out of place when she gave me back my letter; but, eight or ten days after, without any further apparent reason for it, it seemed to me inopportune. What made the situation still more curious was, that I was made no less welcome at M. and Madame de Francueil's house than before. However, I went there less frequently; and I should have discontinued my visits altogether, had not Madame Dupin, actuated by another unforeseen caprice, begged me to undertake for eight or ten days the charge of her son, who was changing his tutor, and was left to himself during the interval. I spent these eight days in a state of torture, which nothing but the pleasure of obeying Madame Dupin could render endurable; for poor Chenonceaux already displayed the evil disposition which nearly brought dishonour upon his family, and caused his death in the Isle de Bourbon. As long as I was with him, I prevented him from doing harm to himself or others, and that was all; besides, it was no easy task, and I would not have undertaken it for eight days longer, even had Madame offered herself by way of payment.

M. de Francueil conceived a friendship for me: we worked together, and began a course of chemistry with Rouelle. In order to be near him, I left my Hôtel St. Quentin, and went to lodge at the Tennis Court in the Rue Verdelet, which adjoins the Rue Plâtrière, where M. Dupin lived. In consequence of a neglected cold, I was attacked by an inflammation of the lungs, of which I nearly died. During my youth I frequently suffered from inflammatory diseases, pleurisy, and, especially, quinsy, to which I was very subject, and others, of which I need not here give a list, which have all brought me sufficiently near death to familiarise me with its appearance. During the period of convalescence, I had time to reflect upon my condition and to lament my timidity, my weakness, and my indolence, which, in spite of the fire by which I felt myself inflamed, left me to vegetate in mental idleness at the gate of misery. The day before I fell ill, I had gone to see an opera by Royer, which was being played at the time, the name of which I have forgotten. In spite of my prejudice in favour of the talents of others, which has always made me so mistrustful of my own, I could not prevent myself from thinking the music feeble, cold, and wanting in originality. I even sometimes said to myself: It seems to me that I could do better than that. But the awe-inspiring idea I had formed of the composition of an opera, the importance which I heard specialists attach to such an undertaking, immediately discouraged me, and made me blush for having ventured to entertain the idea. Besides, where was I to find anyone who would be willing to supply me with the words and to take the trouble to cast them according to my liking? These ideas of music and an opera returned to me during my illness, and in my feverish delirium I composed songs, duets, and choruses. I am certain that I composed two or three pieces, *di prima intensione*,¹ which perhaps would have been worthy of the admiration of the masters, if they had heard them performed. If it were only possible to keep a record of the dreams of one sick of the fever, what great and lofty things would sometimes be seen to result from his delirium!

The same subject occupied my attention also during my

¹ Off-hand, in a moment of inspiration; *tout d'une haleine* is the interpretation given to the equivalent *French* phrase, when used in reference to a musical composition.

convalescence, but I was calmer. After long, and often involuntary, thinking about the matter, I determined to satisfy myself, and to attempt to compose an opera, words and music, without any assistance from others. This was not altogether my first attempt. At Chambéry I had composed a tragic opera, entitled *Iphis and Anaxarete*, which I had had the good sense to throw into the fire. At Lyons I had composed another, *The Discovery of the New World*, which, after I had read it to M. Borda, the Abbé de Mably, the Abbé Trublet and others, I treated in the same manner, although I had already written the music of the prologue and the first act, and David, when he saw the music, had told me that it contained passages worthy of Buononcini.¹

This time, before putting my hand to the work, I gave myself time to think over my plan. I sketched an epic ballet, with three different subjects, in three separate acts, each set to music of a different character, and taking for the subject of each the amours of a poet, I called the opera *Les Muses Galantes*. My first act, in the powerful style, was Tasso; the second, in the tender style, was Ovid; the third, entitled Anacreon, was intended to breathe the gaiety of the dithyramb. I first tried my skill on the first act, and devoted myself to it with a zeal which, for the first time, enabled me to taste the charm of enthusiasm in composition. One evening, just as I was going to enter the opera-house, I felt myself so overmastered and tormented by my ideas, that I put my money back into my pocket, ran home and shut myself in. I went to bed, having first drawn the curtains close to prevent the daylight entering, and there, entirely abandoning myself to the poetical and musical inspiration, in seven or eight hours I rapidly composed the greater part of the act. I may say that my love for the Princess of Ferrara—for I was Tasso for the moment—and my noble and haughty feelings in the presence of her unjust brother, made me pass a night a hundred times more delightful than if I had spent it in the arms of the Princess herself. In the morning, only a very small portion of what I had composed remained in my head; but this little, almost obliterated

¹ There were three famous Italian musicians of this name, a father and his two sons. The younger son, who stayed some time in England, had the greatest reputation.

by weariness and sleep, nevertheless bore evidence of the vigour of the whole, of which it only represented the remains.

This time I did not carry on my work to any great extent, as I was diverted from it by other matters. While I was attached to the house of Dupin, Madame de Beuzenval and Madame de Broglie, whom I still saw occasionally, had not forgotten me. The Comte de Montaigu, a captain in the guards, had just been appointed ambassador at Venice. He owed his ambassadorship to Barjac, to whom he assiduously paid court. His brother, the Chevalier de Montaigu, *gentilhomme de la manche*¹ to the Dauphin, was acquainted with these two ladies, and with the Abbé Alary, of the French Academy, whom I also saw sometimes. Madame de Broglie, knowing that the ambassador was looking out for a secretary, proposed me. We entered into negotiations. I asked fifty *louis* as salary, which was little enough for a post in which it was necessary to keep up an appearance. He only offered a hundred *pistoles*,² and I was to pay my own travelling expenses. The proposal was ridiculous. We were unable to come to terms. M. de Francueil, who did his utmost to prevent me from going, in the end prevailed. I remained, and M. de Montaigu departed, taking with him another secretary, named M. Follau, who had been recommended to him at the Foreign Office. No sooner had they arrived at Venice than they quarrelled. Follau, seeing that he had to do with a madman, left him in the lurch; and M. de Montaigu, having no one but a young abbé named de Binis, who wrote under the secretary's instruction, and was not in a position to fill the place, was obliged to have recourse to me again. The chevalier, his brother, a man of intelligence, by giving me to understand that there were certain privileges connected with the post of secretary, succeeded in inducing me to accept the thousand francs. I received twenty *louis* for my travelling expenses, and set out.

[1743-1744.]—At Lyons, I should have liked to take the route by way of Mont Cenis, in order to pay a passing visit to my poor mamma; but I went down the Rhône, and took ship

¹ *Gentilshommes de la manche* was the name given to noblemen who attended on the French princes until they had finished their education.

² A *louis* was then worth twenty-four francs, a *pistole* ten.

at Geneva for Toulon, on account of the war and for the sake of economy, and also in order to procure a passport from M. de Mirepoix, at that time commander in Provence, to whom I had been directed. M. de Montagu, finding himself unable to do without me, wrote me letter after letter to hasten my journey. An incident delayed it.

It was the time of the plague at Messina. The English fleet was anchored there, and visited the felucca on which I was. On our arrival at Genoa, after a long and tedious passage, we were subjected to a quarantine of twenty-one days. The passengers were allowed the choice of performing it on board or in the lazaretto, where we were warned that we should find nothing but the four walls, since there had been no time to furnish it. All chose the felucca except myself. The insupportable heat, the confined space, the impossibility of taking exercise, and the vermin on board, made me prefer the lazaretto at all hazards. I was conducted into a large two-storeyed building, absolutely bare, in which I found neither windows, nor table, nor bed, nor chair—not even a stool to sit upon, nor a bundle of straw to lie on. They brought me my cloak, my travelling bag, and my two trunks; the heavy doors with huge locks were shut upon me, and I remained at liberty to walk as I pleased, from room to room and from storey to storey, finding everywhere the same solitude and the same bareness.

In spite of all this, I did not regret having chosen the lazaretto in preference to the felucca; and, like a second Robinson Crusoe, I began to make the same arrangements for my twenty-one days as I should have done for my whole life. At first, I had the amusement of hunting the lice which I had picked up in the felucca. When, after frequent changes of clothing and linen, I had at length succeeded in getting myself clean, I proceeded to furnish the room which I had chosen. I made myself a good mattress out of my waistcoats and shirts, some sheets out of a number of napkins which I sewed together, a blanket out of my dressing-gown, a pillow out of my cloak rolled up. I made a seat of one of my trunks laid flat, and a table of the other set on end. I took out an inkstand and some paper; and arranged about a dozen books which I had by way of a library. In short,

I made myself so comfortable that, with the exception of windows and curtains, I was almost as well lodged in this absolutely bare lazaretto as in my Tennis-Court in the Rue Verdelet. My meals were served with much ceremony. Two grenadiers, with fixed bayonets, accompanied them; the staircase was my dining-room, the landing did duty for a table, the bottom step for a seat, and, as soon as my dinner was served, they retired, after having rung a bell, to inform me that I might sit down to table. Between my meals, when I was not reading, writing, or working at my furnishing, I went for a walk in the Protestant cemetery, which served me as a courtyard, or I ascended a turret, from which I could see the ships entering and leaving the harbour. In this manner I spent fourteen days; and I could have spent the whole twenty-one there without a moment's weariness, had not M. de Jonville, the French ambassador, to whom I managed to send a letter saturated with vinegar, perfumed, and half-burnt, procured me a remission of eight days, which I spent at his house, where, I confess, I found myself more comfortably lodged than at the lazaretto. He treated me with very great kindness. Dupont, his secretary, was a good fellow, who introduced me to several houses, both in Genoa and in the country, where we were agreeably entertained. We became very good friends, and kept up a correspondence for a long time afterwards. I had a pleasant journey through Lombardy. I visited Milan, Verona, Brescia, and Padua, and at length reached Venice, where the ambassador was impatiently expecting me.

I found heaps of despatches from the Court and the other ambassadors, of which he had been unable to read the parts written in cypher, although he possessed the key. As I had never worked in any office, and had never in my life seen a government cypher, I was at first afraid of finding myself perplexed; but I found that nothing could be more simple, and in less than a week I had deciphered the whole, which certainly was not worth the trouble, for the embassy at Venice has seldom much to do, and, besides, the government would not have cared to intrust the most trifling negotiation to a man like M. de Montaignu. Until my arrival he had found himself in great difficulties, since he did not know how to dictate or to write legibly. I was very useful to him; he was

aware of it, and treated me well. He had another reason for this. After the departure of his predecessor, M. de Froulay, who had gone out of his mind, the French consul, M. de Blaud, had taken over the affairs of the embassy, and even after the arrival of M. de Montagu, continued to manage them until he had familiarised the latter with the routine. M. de Montagu, in his jealousy at the performance of his duties by another, although he himself was incapable of them, conceived an aversion to the consul, and, as soon as I arrived, deprived him of the functions of ambassadorial secretary, in order to hand them over to me. These functions being inseparable from the title, he told me to assume it. As long as I remained with him, he never sent anyone, except myself, under this name to the Senate or persons sent by it to confer with him,¹ and really, it was very natural that he should prefer to have as ambassadorial secretary a person attached to himself than a consul or office-clerk appointed by the Court.

This made my situation tolerably agreeable and prevented his noblemen, who, like his pages and most of his people, were Italians, from disputing precedence with me in the house. I successfully made use of the authority attached to it to maintain his *droit de liste*, that is to say, the freedom of his quarter, against the attempts which were several times made to infringe it, and which his Venetian officers were unwilling or unable to resist. But I never allowed banditti to take refuge there, although I might thereby have gained considerable profit, which his Excellency would not have disdained to share.

He even presumed to lay claim to part of the perquisites of the secretaryship, which were called the *chancelleries*. Although it was in time of war, a number of passports had to be made out. For each of these passports a sequin² was paid to the secretary who drew out and countersigned them. All my predecessors had been in the habit of demanding this sequin from Frenchmen and foreigners alike. This practice appeared to me unfair, and, although I was not a Frenchman, I abolished it in the case of the French; but I exacted my perquisite so rigorously from everyone else that, when

¹ *Conférent*: the dignitary sent by the Senate of the Republic of Venice to confer with foreign ambassadors.

² Worth from nine to twelve francs.

the Marquis Scotti, the brother of the favourite of the Queen of Spain, had sent a messenger to me for a passport without my perquisite, I sent to ask him for it—a piece of audacity which the revengeful Italian did not forget. As soon as the reform which I had introduced in regard to the taxing of passports became known, nothing but crowds of pretended Frenchmen presented themselves in order to procure them, who, in a fearful jargon, called themselves Provençals, Picards and Burgundians. As I have a tolerably keen ear, I was rarely taken in, and I do not believe that a single Italian ever did me out of my sequin, or that a single Frenchman paid it. I was foolish enough to tell M. de Montaigu, who knew nothing about anything, of what I had done. The word sequin made him open his ears, and, without expressing any opinion upon the suppression of the fees for the French, he demanded that I should settle with him on account of the others, promising me other equivalent advantages in return. Indignant at this meanness, rather than influenced by feelings of self-interest, I scornfully rejected his proposal. He persisted; I grew warm. “No, monsieur,” I said to him in a decided tone, “let your Excellency keep what belongs to you, and leave me what is mine; I will never give up a sou.” When he saw that he could gain nothing by this means, he adopted another plan, and had the effrontery to say to me that, since I drew the perquisites of his *chancellerie*, it was only fair that I should bear the expenses of it. I did not care to squabble about such a trifle, and from that time I provided my own ink, paper, sealing-wax, candles, ribbon and even the seal, which I had repaired, without receiving a farthing from him by way of reimbursement. This did not prevent me from making over a small share of the fees to the Abbé de Binis, who was a good fellow, and never attempted to claim it. If he was civil to me, I was equally straightforward with him, and we always got on very well together.

I found the performance of my duties less difficult than I had expected, seeing that I had no experience, and was associated with an ambassador who was equally inexperienced, whose ignorance and obstinacy, in addition, seemed to delight in thwarting everything that good sense and some little knowledge suggested to me as likely to be useful for the King's service and his own. His most sensible act was to form a connection with the Marquis de

Mari, the Spanish ambassador, a clever and shrewd person, who could have led him by the nose if he had been so minded, but who, out of consideration for the common interests of the two Courts, usually gave him good advice, which was rendered useless by M. de Montaign, who always intruded some of his own ideas when carrying it out. The only thing they had to do in common was to induce the Venetians to observe neutrality. The latter, who continually protested their faithful observance of it, nevertheless publicly supplied the Austrian troops with ammunition, and even with recruits, under the pretence that they were deserters. M. de Montaign, who, I believe, desired to gain the goodwill of the Republic, in spite of my representations, invariably made me give assurances in all his despatches, that there was no fear that the Venetians would ever violate the conditions of neutrality. The obstinacy and stupidity of this poor man made me every moment write and commit absurdities, of which I was obliged to be the agent since he so desired it, but which sometimes rendered the performance of my duties unendurable and even almost impracticable. For instance, he insisted that most of his despatches to the King and the Minister should be written in cypher, although neither the one nor the other contained anything at all which rendered such a precaution necessary. I represented to him that, between Friday, when the despatches from the Court arrived, and Saturday, when our own were sent off, there was not sufficient time for so much writing in cypher and the large amount of correspondence which I had to get ready for the same courier. He discovered an admirable plan: this was, to begin on Thursday to write the answers to the despatches which were due on the following day. This idea appeared to him so happy that, in spite of all I could say as to the impossibility and absurdity of carrying it out, I was obliged to resign myself to it. For the rest of the time that I remained with him, after having kept note of a few words uttered by him at random during the week, and of some trifling pieces of information which I picked up here and there, provided with these scanty materials, I never failed to bring him on Thursday morning the rough draft of the despatches which had to be sent off on Saturday, with the exception of a few hurried additions or corrections, which were rendered necessary by the despatches

which arrived on Friday, to which ours were intended to be the reply. Another very amusing whim of his, which made his correspondence indescribably ridiculous, was to send back each item of news to its source, instead of making it follow its course. He sent the news from the Court to M. Amelot, the news from Paris to M. de Maurepas, the news from Sweden to M. d'Havrincourt, the news from St. Petersburg to M. de la Chetardie; and sometimes he sent back to each of these the news which came from him, after I had slightly altered it. As he only glanced through the despatches to the Court, out of all that I put before him to sign, and signed those to the other ambassadors without reading them, this gave me a little more liberty to revise the latter in my own way, and at least I made the information cross. But it was impossible for me to give a sensible turn to the important despatches. I thought myself lucky when it did not occur to him to interlard them with some impromptu lines out of his own head, which obliged me to return, in order to transcribe, in all haste, the despatch adorned with this new piece of imbecility, which was obliged to be honoured with the cypher, otherwise he would not have signed it. I was often tempted, out of regard for his reputation, to cypher something different from what he had dictated, but feeling that nothing could justify such a breach of good faith, I let him rave at his own risk, content with frankly expressing my opinion, and, at any rate, fulfilling my duty while I was in his service.

This I always did with an honesty, a zeal, and a courage which deserved on his part a different reward from that which I received in the end. It was time that I should for once be what Heaven, who had bestowed upon me a happy disposition, and what the education, which I had received from the best women, and that which I had given myself, had intended me to be, and that I was then. Left to myself, without friends, without advisers, without experience, in a foreign land, in the service of a foreign nation, surrounded by a crowd of rascals who, for the sake of their own interest and in order to remove the stumbling-block of a good example, urged me to imitate them—in spite of all this, far from doing anything of the kind, I faithfully served France, to whom I owed nothing, and, as was only right, her ambassador

even more faithfully, in all that depended upon myself. Irreproachable in a position which was sufficiently open to observation, I deserved and obtained the esteem of the Republic and of all the ambassadors with whom we corresponded, and the affection of all the French residents in Venice, not even excepting the consul, whom, to my regret, I supplanted in the performance of duties which I knew rightly belonged to him, and which brought me more trouble than pleasure.

M. de Montaigu, completely under the control of the Marquis Mari, who did not trouble himself about the details of his duty, neglected his own to such an extent, that the French who lived in Venice would never have known that there was a French ambassador resident in the city, had it not been for me. Being always dismissed without a hearing, whenever they sought his protection, they became disgusted, and none of them were ever seen in his suite or at his table, to which, in fact, he never invited them. I frequently took it upon myself to do what he ought to have done: I did all I could for the French who applied to him or me. In any other country I would have done more, but as, by reason of my official capacity, I could not see anyone who held any position, I was frequently obliged to refer to the consul, who, being settled in the country with his family, was obliged to be careful, which prevented him from doing as much as he would have liked. Sometimes, however, when he hung back and did not venture to speak, I was emboldened to take dangerous steps, which generally proved successful. I remember one instance which even now makes me laugh. It would hardly be suspected that it is to me that the theatre-goers of Paris are indebted for Coralline and her sister Camille; but nothing is more true. Veronese, their father, had accepted an engagement for himself and his children in the Italian company, and, after having received 2,000 francs for travelling expenses, instead of starting for France, quietly entered into an engagement at the *théâtre de Saint-Luc*¹ in Venice, where Coralline, although quite a child, attracted large audiences. M. le Duc de Gevres, as lord high chamberlain, wrote to the ambassador to claim the

¹ I am not sure that it was not *Saint-Samuel*. I never can remember proper names.

father and daughter. M. de Montaignu handed me the letter, and simply said "See to this," without giving me any further instructions. I went to M. le Blond, and begged him to speak to the patrician to whom the theatre belonged, who was, I believe, a Giustiniani, and persuade him to dismiss Veronese, as being engaged in the King's service. Le Blond, who was not very eager to accept the commission, performed it badly. Giustiniani had recourse to various subterfuges, and Veronese was not discharged. I felt annoyed. It was the time of the Carnival. I took a domino and a mask and rowed to the palace Giustiniani. All who saw my gondola arrive with the ambassador's livery were astounded; such a thing had never been seen in Venice. I entered, and ordered myself to be announced as "a lady in a mask." As soon as I was introduced, I removed my mask and announced myself. The senator turned pale, and stood astounded. "Monsieur," I said to him in Venetian, "I regret to trouble your Excellency with this visit, but you have at your theatre a man named Veronese, who is engaged in the King's service, who has been claimed from you, but without success. I come to demand him in His Majesty's name." This brief speech took effect. No sooner had I left, than Giustiniani ran to give an account of the incident to the State Inquisitors, who reprimanded him severely. Veronese was dismissed the same day. I sent him a message that, if he did not start in a week, I would have him arrested, and he set out without delay.

On another occasion, by my own efforts and almost without anyone's assistance, I extricated the captain of a merchant ship from a difficulty. He was a Marseillais, named Olivet. I have forgotten the name of the ship. A quarrel had broken out between his crew and the Slavonians in the service of the Republic. Acts of violence had been committed, and the vessel had been placed under such strict embargo that no one, with the exception of the captain, was allowed to go on board or leave it without permission. He appealed to the ambassador, who told him to go to the devil. Next he applied to the consul, who told him that it was not a commercial matter, and that he could not interfere. At his wits' end, he came to me. I represented to M. de Montaignu, that he ought to allow me to present a note

on the subject to the Senate. I do not know whether he gave me permission, and whether I did so, but I well remember that, as my attempts proved ineffectual and the embargo was not removed, I resolved upon a course of action which proved successful. I inserted an account of the affair in a despatch to M. de Maurepas, although I had great difficulty in persuading M. de Montaigne to allow it to stand. I knew that our despatches, although they were hardly worth the trouble, were opened at Venice. I had proof of this: for I found passages from them reproduced word for word in the "Gazette"—a breach of faith of which I had vainly endeavoured to induce the ambassador to complain. My object, in speaking of this annoying circumstance in the despatch, was to make use of the curiosity of the Venetians, in order to frighten them and induce them to release the vessel; for if it had been necessary to wait for an answer from the Court upon the matter, the captain would have been ruined before it arrived. I did more. I went on board to question the crew. I took with me the Abbé Patizel, chancellor of the consulate, who only accompanied me with reluctance, for all these poor creatures were greatly afraid of offending the Senate. Being unable to go on board, on account of the prohibition, I remained in my gondola and drew up my report, interrogating all the crew in a loud voice, one after the other, and framing my questions in such a manner as to obtain replies which might be to their advantage. I wanted to induce Patizel to put the questions and draw up the report himself, which, in fact, was more his business than mine, but he refused. He never said a word, and would scarcely consent to sign the report after me. However, this somewhat bold course proved successful, and the vessel was released long before the minister's answer arrived. The captain wanted to make me a present. Without showing any displeasure, I slapped him on the shoulder and said, "Capitaine Olivet, do you think that a man who does not demand from the French the fee for passports, which he finds established as a right, is likely to sell them the protection of the King?" He asked me at least to dine on board. I accepted the invitation, and took with me Carrio, the secretary to the Spanish embassy, an amiable and talented man, who has since held a similar position at Paris, as well as that

of *chargé d'affaires*, and with whom I had formed an intimacy, after the manner of our ambassadors.

I should have been happy if, when I was doing all the good I was able to do with the most absolute disinterestedness, I had known how to introduce sufficient order and accuracy into all my trifling affairs, so as to avoid being taken in myself and serving others at my own expense! But, in positions such as that which I held, in which the slightest mistakes are not without consequences, I exhausted all my attention in the effort not to commit any errors detrimental to my service. In all that concerned the essential duties of my office, I was to the last most regular and exact. With the exception of a few errors, which excessive haste caused me to make in cyphering, of which M. Amelot's clerks once complained, neither the ambassador nor anyone else had ever to reproach me with carelessness in the performance of any of my duties, which was remarkable for a man so careless and thoughtless as I am; but I was sometimes forgetful and careless in the conduct of special commissions which I undertook, and my love of justice always made me take the blame upon myself of my own accord, before anyone thought of making a complaint. I will merely mention one instance, which has reference to my departure from Venice, and of which I subsequently felt the effects in Paris.

Our cook, named Rousselot, had brought from France an old two-hundred-franc bill, which a wig-maker of his acquaintance had received from a Venetian noble, Zanetto Nani, in payment for some wigs supplied. Rousselot brought this bill to me, and begged me to see whether anything could be made out of it by arrangement. I knew, and he knew, also, that it is the regular practice of Venetian nobles never to pay debts contracted in a foreign country when once they have returned home; if any attempt is made to compel them to do so, they wear out the unhappy creditor with so many delays, and put him to such expense, that he becomes disheartened, and finally abandons his claim altogether, or accepts the most trifling composition. I asked M. le Blond to speak to Zanetto, who acknowledged the bill, but refused to pay. After a long struggle he promised to pay three sequins. When Le Blond took him the bill, the three sequins were not ready, and there was nothing for it but to wait. During

the interval occurred my quarrel with Mr de Montaigu and my retirement from his service. I left the ambassador's papers in perfect order, but Rousselot's bill could not be found. M. le Blond assured me that he had returned it to me. I knew his honourable character too well to doubt his word, but I was utterly unable to recall to mind what had become of the bill. As Zanetto had acknowledged the debt, I begged Le Blond to try and get the three sequins by giving him a receipt, or to induce him to renew the bill in duplicate; but Zanetto, when he knew that the bill was lost, refused to do either. I offered the three sequins to Rousselot out of my own pocket, in order to discharge the bill. He refused to take them, and told me to arrange the matter with the creditor in Paris, whose address he gave me. But the wig-maker, who knew what had happened, demanded his bill or payment in full. In my indignation, what would I not have given to find the accursed bill! I paid the two hundred francs myself, and that at a time when I was greatly pressed for money. Thus, the loss of the bill procured for the creditor payment of the debt in full, whereas if, unfortunately for him, it had been found, he would have experienced a difficulty in getting the ten crowns promised by his Excellency Zanetto Nani.

The capacity for my employment, which I believed I possessed, made my work agreeable; and, with the exception of the society of my friend Carrio, and the excellent Altuna (of whom I shall speak presently), the very innocent recreations of the theatre and the Piazza di San Marco, and a few visits which we nearly always paid together, I found my only pleasure in the performance of my duties. Although my work was not very laborious, especially as I had the assistance of the Abbé de Binis, I was always tolerably busy, since our correspondence was very extensive and war was going on. Every day I worked for the greater part of the morning, and on post-days sometimes until midnight. I devoted the remainder of my time to the study of the profession which I was entering upon, and in which I hoped, in consequence of my successful *début*, to be appointed to a more lucrative post. In fact, there was only one opinion concerning me, beginning with that of the ambassador, who was thoroughly satisfied with my services, and never

made a single complaint. His subsequent rage arose from the fact that, finding that my complaints were not listened to, I demanded my discharge. The ambassadors and ministers of the King, with whom we were in correspondence, paid him compliments upon the efficiency of his secretary, which ought to have been flattering to him, but which produced quite the contrary effect in his perverse head. One compliment, in particular, which he received on a special occasion, he never forgave me. The circumstances deserve explanation.

He was so little capable of imposing any constraint upon himself, that even on Saturday, the day on which nearly all the couriers left, he could not wait till the work was finished before going out; and, incessantly urging me to finish the despatches for the King and the ministers, he hurriedly signed them and ran off I know not whither, generally leaving the rest of the letters unsigned. This obliged me, when there was nothing but news, to throw them into the form of a bulletin; but when it was a question of affairs relating to the service of the King, someone was obliged to sign them, and I did so. I did this in the case of an important despatch, which we had just received from M. Vincent, the King's *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna. This was at the time when the Prince de Lobkowitz was marching to Naples, and the Comte de Gages carried out that memorable retreat, the finest military achievement of the century, which attracted too little attention in Europe. The information that reached us was, that a man, of whom M. Vincent sent us the description, was setting out from Vienna, with the intention of secretly passing by way of Venice to the Abruzzi, in order to bring about a rising of the people in that quarter, on the approach of the Austrians. In the absence of M. de Montaigu, who took no interest in anything, I sent on to M. le Marquis de l'Hôpital this information, which was so opportune, that it is perhaps to the much-abused Jean Jacques that the house of Bourbon owes the preservation of the kingdom of Naples.

The Marquis de l'Hôpital, as was proper, thanked his colleague, and spoke to him about his secretary and the service which he had just rendered to the common cause. The Comte de Montaigu, who had to reproach himself with carelessness in the matter,

thought that he saw in this a reproof intended for himself, and spoke to me somewhat angrily about it. I had had occasion to do the same for the Comte de Castellane, ambassador at Constantinople, although in a less important matter. As there was no other communication with Constantinople except the couriers sent by the Senate, from time to time, to its Baile,¹ notice of the departure of these couriers was given to the French ambassador, in order that he might take the opportunity of writing to his colleague, if he thought fit. This notice was usually given a day or two beforehand, but so little was thought of M. de Montaignu, that it was considered sufficient to send to him an hour or two before the courier's departure, merely for form's sake, so that I frequently had to write the despatch in his absence. M. de Castellane, in replying, made honourable mention of me. M. de Jonville, at Genoa, did the same: and each token of their good opinion of me became a fresh cause for grievance.

I confess that I did not try to avoid the opportunity of making myself known, but neither did I seek it unbecomingly. It appeared to me only fair that I should look for the natural reward of valuable services, that is to say, the esteem of those who are in a position to estimate and reward them. I do not know whether my assiduity in the fulfilment of my duties afforded the ambassador a legitimate reason for complaint, but I certainly know that it was the only complaint that he uttered up to the day of our separation.

His house, which he had never put upon a proper footing, was always full of rabble. The French were badly treated; the Italians had the upper hand; and, even amongst them, those good servants who had long been attached to the embassy were all rudely discharged, amongst them his first gentleman, who had already held that position with the Comte de Fronlay, whose name, I believe, was the Comte Peati, or something very like it. The second gentleman, whom he had chosen himself, was a bandit from Mantua, by name Domenico Vitali, whom the ambassador intrusted with the care of his house, and who, by dint of toadying and sordid stinginess, gained his confidence and

¹ The title of the Venetian ambassador at Constantinople.

became his favourite, to the detriment of the few honest persons who were still around him, and of the secretary who was at their head. The honest eye of an upright man always makes rogues uneasy. This alone would have been enough to make him hate me, but there was yet another reason for his hatred, which aggravated it considerably. I must state what this reason was, and I am willing to be condemned if I was wrong.

According to long-established custom, the ambassador had a box at each of the five theatres. Every day at dinner he named the theatre to which he intended to go ; I had the next choice, and his gentlemen disposed of the other boxes between them. As I went out, I took the key of the box which I had chosen. One day, as Vitali was not there, I commissioned the lackey who attended upon me to bring me my key to a house which I named to him. Vitali, instead of sending me the key, said that he had disposed of it. I was the more incensed, as the footman gave me an account of his errand before everybody. In the evening, Vitali tried to utter a few words of apology, to which I refused to listen. "Sir," said I to him, "you will come to-morrow, at a stated time, to the house in which I received the insult, and will make your apologies to me in the presence of those who witnessed it ; otherwise, the day after to-morrow, whatever happens, I declare that either you or I will leave this house." My resolute tone inspired him with respect. He came to the house at the appointed time, and apologised publicly, in an abject manner worthy of him ; but he laid his plans at leisure, and, while cringing to me in public, in secret he worked so successfully in true Italian fashion, that, although he could not persuade the ambassador to dismiss me, he obliged me to resign my position myself.

Such a wretch was certainly not capable of understanding me, but he knew enough of me to serve his own ends. He knew that I was good-natured and mild to excess in enduring involuntary injustice, proud and hasty when insulted with malice aforethought, a lover of decency and dignity on proper occasions, and no less exacting in the respect that was due to me, than careful in showing to others the respect that I owed to them. He resolved to take advantage of this to disgust me, and succeeded. He turned the house upside down, and banished from it the regularity, subordination, order

and decency, which I had endeavoured to maintain there. An establishment without a woman at its head requires a somewhat severe discipline, in order to introduce the rule of decency which is inseparable from dignity. He soon made ours a house of dissoluteness and debauchery, a haunt of rogues and profligates. Having procured the dismissal of the second gentleman, he bestowed his place upon another pimp like himself, who kept a public brothel at the "Maltese Cross"; and these two rascals, who understood each other perfectly, were as shameless as they were insolent. With the exception of the ambassador's room, and even that was not in very good order, there was not a corner in the house endurable for a respectable man.

As his Excellency did not take supper, the gentlemen and myself had a special meal, of which the Abbé de Binis and the pages also partook. In the commonest beershop one would have been served with more cleanliness and decency, and provided with cleaner table-linen and better food. We had nothing but one small dirty tallow candle, pewter plates, and iron forks. I might have endured what went on in private; but I was deprived of my gondola. Of all the ambassadorial secretaries, I was the only one who was obliged to hire one or to go on foot; and I was only attended by his Excellency's servants when I went to the Senate. Besides, all that went on in the house was known in the city. All the ambassador's officials cried out loudly. Domenico, who was the sole cause of all, cried the loudest, since he knew well that the indecent manner in which we were treated affected me more than all the rest. I was the only person in the house who said nothing outside, but I complained loudly to the ambassador, not only of what went on, but also of himself; and he, being secretly urged on by his evil genius, daily put some new affront upon me. Being obliged to spend a considerable sum in order to keep on a level with my colleagues, and to live in a manner befitting my position, I could not save a *son* out of my salary; and, when I asked him for money, he talked to me of his esteem and of his confidence in me, as if that ought to have been enough to fill my purse and provide for all my wants.

These two bandits at length succeeded in completely turning

their master's head, which was already weak enough. They ruined him by continual dealings in old curiosities, and induced him to conclude bargains, in which he was always taken in, but which they persuaded him were marvels of sharpness. They made him rent a palace on the Brenta for twice as much as it was worth, and shared the surplus with the proprietor. The rooms were inlaid with mosaic, and adorned with pillars and columns of beautiful marble, after the fashion of the country. M. de Montaigu had all this covered with a magnificent fir panelling, for the simple reason that the rooms in Paris are wainscoted in this manner. For a similar reason, he was the only ambassador in Venice who deprived his pages of their swords and his footmen of their sticks. Such was the man who, perhaps for the same reason, took a dislike to me, solely because I served him faithfully.

I patiently endured his neglect, his brutality and ill-treatment as long as I thought I saw in it only bad temper, and no signs of hatred; but as soon as I saw that the design had been formed of depriving me of the consideration I deserved for my faithful services, I determined to resign my post. The first proof of his ill-will which I received was on the occasion of a dinner, which he intended to give to the Duke of Modena and his family, who were at Venice, at which he informed me that I could not be present. I answered, with some annoyance but without anger, that, as I had the honour of dining there every day, if the Duke of Modena, when he arrived, required that I should not be present, it would be a point of honour for his Excellency and a duty for me, not to yield to his request. "What!" said he, in a rage, "does my secretary, who is not even a gentleman, claim to dine with a Sovereign, when my gentlemen do not?" "Yes, sir," I replied; "the post with which your Excellency has honoured me confers such high rank upon me, as long as I hold it, that I even take precedence of your gentlemen or those who call themselves such, and I am admitted where they cannot appear. You are aware that, on the day when you make your public entry, I am required, by etiquette and immemorial custom, to follow you in state robes, and have the honour of dining with you in the palace of St. Mark; and I do not see why a man, who is allowed and required to dine in public with the Doge and

Senate of Venice, should not be allowed to dine in private with the Duke of Modena." Although my argument was unanswerable, the ambassador would not give in; but we had no occasion to renew the dispute, for the Duke of Modena did not come to dinner.

From that time he never ceased to cause me annoyance, and to treat me with injustice, by doing his utmost to deprive me of the trifling privileges attached to my post, in order to hand them over to his dear Vitali; and I am sure that, if he had dared to send him to the Senate in my place, he would have done so. He usually employed the Abbé de Binis to write his private letters in his study; he commissioned him to write an account of the affair of Capitaine Olivet to M. de Maurepas, in which, without making any mention of me, who alone had interfered in the matter, he even deprived me of the honour of the report, of which he sent him a duplicate, and gave the credit of it to Patizel, who had not said a single word. He wanted to annoy me and please his favourite, without, however, getting rid of me. He felt that it would not be so easy to find a successor to me as to M. Follau, who had already spread abroad what kind of a man he was. A secretary who knew Italian was absolutely necessary to him, on account of the answers from the Senate; one who was able to write all his despatches and manage all his affairs without his interference; who combined with the merit of serving him faithfully the meanness of playing the agreeable to his contemptible gentlemen. He accordingly desired to keep me and mortify me at the same time, by keeping me far from my country and his own, without money to return; and he would perhaps have succeeded, if he had set about it more prudently. But Vitali, who had other views, and wanted to force me to make up my mind, succeeded. As soon as I saw that I was wasting my trouble, that the ambassador regarded my services as crimes, instead of being grateful to me for them, that I had nothing more to look for, as long as I was with him, but annoyance in the house and injustice outside, and that, amidst the general discredit which he had brought upon himself, the harm he attempted to do me might injure me more than his good offices could benefit me, I made up my mind and asked permission to resign, giving him time, however, to provide himself with another secretary. Without

saying yes or no, he continued to behave as before. Seeing that matters did not improve, and that he took no steps to find another secretary, I wrote to his brother and, telling him my reasons, begged him to obtain my dismissal from his Excellency, adding that, in any case, it was impossible for me to remain. I waited for some time, but received no answer. I was beginning to feel greatly embarrassed, when the ambassador at length received a letter from his brother. It must have been very outspoken, for, although he was subject to most violent outbreaks of rage, I never saw him so furious before. After a torrent of horrible abuse, not knowing what else to say, he accused me of having sold the key of his cypher. I began to laugh, and asked him, scoffingly, if he thought that there was in all Venice a man who would be fool enough to give him a crown for it. This answer made him foam with rage. He made a pretence of calling his servants, as he said, to throw me out of the window. Until then I had been very quiet, but, at this threat, anger and indignation got the mastery of me in my turn. I rushed to the door, and, having drawn the bolt which fastened it inside, I gravely went up to him and said, "No, Monsieur le Comte, your people shall not interfere in this matter; be good enough to allow it to be settled between ourselves." This action on my part and my demeanour calmed him at once; his whole attitude betrayed surprise and alarm. When I saw that he had recovered from his frenzy, I bade him adieu in a few words, and then, without waiting for him to answer, I opened the door, left the room, and walked quietly through the ante-room in the midst of his people, who rose as usual, and who, I really believe, would rather have assisted me against him than him against me. Without going up to my room again, I immediately went downstairs, and left the palace, never to enter it again.

I went straight to M. le Blond to tell him what had taken place. He was not much surprised; he knew the man. He kept me to dinner. The dinner, though impromptu, was splendid. All the French in Venice who were of any importance were present. There was not a single person at the ambassador's. The consul related my case to the company. At the recital, all cried out with one voice, but not in favour of his Excellency. He had not

settled my account, and had not given me a *sou*; and, reduced to a few *louis* which I had in my purse, I did not know how I was to pay the expenses of my return. Everyone offered me the use of his purse. I borrowed twenty sequins from M. le Blond, and the same amount from M. de Saint-Cyr, with whom, next after him, I was most intimate. I thanked the others, and, until I left, I lodged with the chancellor of the consulate, in order to prove to the public, that the nation had no share in the unjust behaviour of the ambassador. The latter, enraged at seeing me fêted in my misfortune, while he, in spite of being an ambassador, was neglected, lost his head altogether and behaved like a madman. He so far forgot himself as to present a written memorial to the Senate demanding my arrest. The Abbé de Binis having given me a hint of this, I decided to remain another fortnight, instead of leaving on the second day, as I had intended. My conduct had been seen and approved. I was universally esteemed. The Seigneurie did not even condescend to reply to the ambassador's extravagant memorial, and informed me, through the consul, that I could remain in Venice as long as I pleased, without troubling myself about the vagaries of a madman. I continued to visit my friends. I went to take leave of the Spanish ambassador, who received me very kindly, and of the Comte de Finochietti, the Neapolitan minister, whom I did not find at home. I wrote to him, however, and received a most courteous reply from him. At last I set out, and, in spite of my difficulties, I left no other debts than the loans of which I have just spoken, and about fifty crowns, which I owed to a merchant named Morandi, which Carrlo undertook to pay, and which I have never returned to him, although we have often seen each other since then. As for the two loans, I punctually repaid them as soon as it was in my power to do so.

I must not leave Venice without saying a few words about the famous amusements of this city, or, at least, the small share of them which I enjoyed during my stay. The reader has seen how little I sought after the pleasures of youth, or, at least, those which are so called. My tastes underwent no alteration at Venice, but my occupations, which would have prevented me from seeking them, gave a greater relish to the simple pleasures which I allowed

myself. Foremost and most delightful of these was the company of persons of distinction, such as MM. le Blond, de Saint-Cyr, Carrio, Altuna, and a Forlan¹ gentleman, whose name, to my great regret, I have forgotten, and whose amiability I cannot recall without emotion : of all the men whose acquaintance I have ever made, he was the one whose heart most resembled my own. We had also become intimate with two or three witty and well-educated Englishmen, who were as passionately fond of music as ourselves. All these gentlemen had their wives or female friends or mistresses ; the latter were nearly all women of education, at whose houses music and dancing took place. A little gambling also went on ; but our lively tastes, talents, and fondness for the theatre rendered this amusement insipid. Gambling is only the resource of those who do not know what to do with themselves. I had brought with me from Paris the national prejudice against Italian music, but Nature had also endowed me with that fine feeling against which such prejudices are powerless. I soon conceived for this music the passion which it inspires in those who are capable of judging it correctly. When I heard the barcarolles,² I discovered that I had never heard singing before ; and I soon became so infatuated with the opera that, tired of chattering, eating, and playing in the boxes, when I only wanted to listen, I often stole away from the company in order to find another seat, where, quite alone, shut up in my box, in spite of the length of the performance, I abandoned myself to the pleasure of enjoying it, without being disturbed, until it was over. One day, at the theatre of St. Chrysostom, I fell asleep more soundly than I could have done in my bed. The noisy and brilliant airs failed to wake me ; but it would be impossible to describe the delightful sensation produced upon me by the sweet harmony and angelic music of the air which finally aroused me. What an awaking ! what rapture ! what ecstasy, when I opened, at the same moment, my eyes and my ears ! My first idea was to believe myself in Paradise. This delightful piece,

¹ *Forlan* : from the country of Frioul, part of which is now included in the Austrian States and part in the kingdom of Italy. It has given name to a dance (*forlane*).

² The gondoliers' songs.

which I still recollect, and which I shall never forget while I live, began as follows :

" Conservami la bella
Che si m' accende il cor."

I wanted to have the music. I procured it and kept it for a long time, but it was not the same on paper as in my memory. The notes were certainly the same, but it was not the same thing. This divine air can only be performed in my head, as it was really performed at the time when it awoke me.

The music, which, according to my taste, is far superior to that of the opera, and which has not its like, either in Italy or the rest of the world, is that of the *scuole*. The *scuole* are charitable institutions, founded for the education of young girls without means, who are subsequently portioned by the Republic, either for marriage or for the cloister. Amongst the accomplishments cultivated in these young girls music holds the first place. Every Sunday, in the church of each of these *scuole*, during Vespers, motets are performed with full chorus and full orchestra, composed and conducted by the most famous Italian masters, executed in the latticed galleries by young girls only, all under twenty years of age. I cannot imagine anything so voluptuous, so touching as this music. The abundant art, the exquisite taste of the singing, the beauty of the voices, the correctness of the execution—everything in these delightful concerts contributes to produce an impression which is certainly not "good style," but against which I doubt whether any man's heart is proof. Carrio and myself never missed going to Vespers in the Mendicanti, and we were not the only ones. The church was always full of amateurs; even operatic singers came to form their taste after these excellent models. What drove me to despair was the confounded gratings, which only allowed the sounds to pass through, and hid from sight the angels of beauty, of whom they were worthy. I could talk of nothing else. While speaking about it one day, at M. le Blond's, he said, "If you are so curious to see these young girls, it is easy to satisfy you. I am one of the directors of the institution. I will take you to a collation¹ with

¹ *Colation*: a light meal between dinner and supper.

them." I did not give him a moment's peace until he kept his word. When we entered the saloon which confined these longed-for beauties I felt an amorous trembling, which I had never before experienced. M. le Blond presented these famous singers to me one after the other, whose names and voices were all that I knew about them. Come, Sophie . . . she was a horrible fright. Come, Cattina . . . she had only one eye. Come, Bettina . . . she was disfigured by small-pox. Hardly one of them was without some noticeable defect. The cruel wretch laughed at my painful surprise. Two or three, however, appeared passable; they only sang in the chorus. I was in despair. During the collation we teased them, and they became quite lively. Ugliness does not exclude certain graces, which I found they possessed. I said to myself, they could not sing so delightfully without soul; they must possess one. At last, the feeling with which I regarded them was so altered that I left the room almost in love with all these ugly creatures. I hardly ventured to return to their Vespers: I had reason to feel that the danger was over. I continued to find their singing delicious, and their voices lent such a fictitious charm to their faces that, as long as they were singing, I persisted in thinking them beautiful, in spite of my eyes.

Music in Italy costs so little, that it is not worth while for anyone who is fond of it to deprive himself of it. I hired a piano, and for a crown I engaged four or five symphonists to come to my rooms, with whom, once a week, I practised the pieces which had afforded me most pleasure at the opera. I also made them try some symphonies from my *Muses galantes*. Either because they really pleased, or because he wanted to flatter me, the ballet-master of St. John Chrysostom asked me for two of them, which I had the pleasure of hearing performed by this admirable orchestra; they were danced by a little Bettina, a pretty and amiable girl, who was kept by one of our friends, a Spaniard named Fagoaga, at whose house we often spent the evening.

As for women, it is not in a city like Venice that a man abstains from them. Have you no confessions to make on this point? someone may ask. Yes, I have something to tell, and I will make this confession as frankly as the rest.

I have always disliked common prostitutes; however, at Venice there was nothing else within my reach, since my position excluded me from most of the distinguished houses in the city. M. de Blond's daughters were very amiable, but very reserved; besides, I had too much respect for their father and mother even to think of desiring them.

A young person named Mademoiselle de Catanéo, daughter of the agent of the King of Prussia, would have been more to my taste; but Carrio was in love with her—even marriage had been talked of. He was well-to-do, while I had nothing; his salary was a hundred *louis*, mine only a hundred *pistoles*; and, not to mention that I had no wish to poach on a friend's preserves, I knew that a man had no right to enter upon affairs of gallantry with a poorly-filled purse, wherever he was, especially in Venice. I had not lost the pernicious habit of satisfying my wants, and, being too much occupied to feel keenly those which the climate causes, I lived nearly a year in Venice as chastely as I had lived in Paris, and I left it at the end of eighteen months, without having had anything to do with women, except twice, in consequence of special opportunities, which I will mention.

The first was provided for me by that honourable gentleman Vitali, some time after the formal apology which I forced him to make to me. At table, the conversation turned upon the amusements of Venice. The company reproached me for my indifference to the most piquant of all, and extolled the graceful manners of the Venetian women, declaring that they had not their equals in the world. Domenico said that I must make the acquaintance of the most amiable of all; he expressed himself ready to introduce me, and assured me that I should be delighted with her. I began to laugh at this obliging offer, and Count Peati, an old man of high character, said, with greater frankness than I should have expected from an Italian, that he considered me too sensible to allow myself to be taken to see a woman by my enemy. In fact, I had neither the intention nor the inclination; but, in spite of this, by one of those inconsistencies which I can hardly understand myself, I ended by allowing myself to be dragged there, against my inclination, heart and reason, and even against my will, simply from weakness and shame of

exhibiting mistrust, and, in the language of the country, *per non parer troppo coglione*.¹ The *padoana*, to whose house we went, was good-looking, even handsome, but her beauty was not of the kind that pleased me. Domenico left me with her. I sent for *sorbetti*, asked her to sing to me, and, at the end of half an hour, I put a ducat on the table, and prepared to go. But she was so singularly scrupulous, that she refused to take it without having earned it, and, with equally singular foolishness, I satisfied her scruples. I returned to the palace, feeling so convinced that I had caught some complaint, that the first thing I did was to send for the physician and ask him to give me some medicine. Nothing can equal the feeling of depression from which I suffered for three weeks, without any real inconvenience, or the appearance of any symptoms to justify it. I could not imagine that it was possible to get off unscathed from the embraces of the *padoana*. Even the physician had the greatest trouble imaginable to reassure me. He only succeeded by persuading me that I was formed in a peculiar manner, which lessened the chance of infection; and, although I have perhaps exposed myself to this risk less than any other man, the fact that I have never suffered in this respect seems to prove that the physician was right. However, this belief has never made me imprudent; and, if Nature has really bestowed this advantage upon me, I can declare that I have never abused it.

My other adventure, although with a woman also, was of a very different kind, both in its origin and consequences. I had mentioned that Capitaine Olivet invited me to dinner on board, and that I took with me the secretary of the Spanish embassy. I expected a salute of cannon. The crew received us, drawn up in line, but not a grain of priming was burnt. This mortified me greatly, on account of Carri6, who I saw was a little annoyed at it. Certainly, on merchant ships, people by no means as important as ourselves were received with a salute of cannon, and besides, I thought that I had deserved some mark of distinction from the captain. I was unable to conceal my feelings, a thing which I have never been able to do; and although the dinner was a

1 In order not to appear too great a blockhead.

very good one, and Olivet did the honours admirably, I began it in an ill-humour, eating little, and speaking still less.

When the first health was drunk, I expected at least a volley. Nothing of the kind! Carrio, who read my thoughts, laughed to see me sulking like a child. Before the dinner was half over, I saw a gondola approaching. "Faith!" said the captain to me, "take care of yourself; here comes the enemy." I asked him what he meant, and he answered with a jest. The gondola lay to, and I saw a dazzlingly beautiful young woman step out, coquettishly dressed and very nimble. In three bounds she was in the cabin and seated at my side, before I perceived that a place had been laid for her. She was a brunette of twenty years at the most, as charming as she was lively. She could only speak Italian. Her accent alone would have been enough to turn my head. While eating and chatting, she fixed her eyes upon me, and then, exclaiming, "O holy Virgin! O my dear Brémond, how long it is since I saw you!" she threw herself into my arms, pressed her lips close to mine, and squeezed me almost to suffocation. Her large, black, Oriental eyes darted shafts of fire into my heart, and although surprise at first caused me some disturbance, my amorous feelings so rapidly overcame me that, in spite of the spectators, the fair enchantress was herself obliged to restrain me. I was intoxicated, or rather delirious. When she saw me worked up to the pitch she desired, she moderated her caresses, but not her liveliness; and, when she thought fit to explain to us the true or pretended reason of her forwardness, she told us that I was the very image of one M. de Brémond, a director of the Tuscan custom-house; that she had been, and still was, madly in love with him; that she had left him, because she was a fool; that she took me in his place; that she wanted to love me, since it suited her; that, in like manner, I must love her as long as it suited her, and, when she left me in the lurch, bear it patiently, as her dear Brémond had done. No sooner said than done. She took possession of me as if I had belonged to her, gave me her gloves to take care of, her fan, her girdle,¹ and her headgear. She ordered me to go here and there, to do this and that, and I obeyed. She told me to send

¹ Another interpretation suggested is "bouquet."



back her gondola, because she wanted to use mine, and I did so. She told me to change places with Carrio, because she had something to say to him, and I did so. They talked together for a long time in a low voice, and I did not disturb them. She called me: I went back to her. "Listen, Zanetto," she said to me; "I do not want to be loved in French fashion; indeed, it would lead to no good. The moment you are tired, go. But do not stop half-way, I warn you." After dinner we went to see the glass manufactory at Murano. She bought several little knickknacks, which without ceremony she left us to pay for; but she everywhere gave away in gratuities much more than we spent altogether. From the carelessness with which she threw away her money and allowed us to throw away our own, it was easy to see that she attached no value to it. When she demanded payment for herself, I believe it was more out of vanity than greed. She was flattered by the price men put upon her favours.

In the evening, we escorted her back to her apartments. While we were talking, I noticed two pistols on her dressing-table. "Ah!" said I, taking one up, "here is a beauty-spot box of new manufacture; may I ask what it is used for? I know you have other weapons, which fire better than these." After some pleasantries of the same kind, she said, with an ingenuous pride which made her still more charming, "When I am good-natured to those for whom I have no affection, I make them pay for the weariness which they cause me: nothing can be fairer; but, although I endure their caresses, I will not endure their insults, and I shall not miss the first man who shall show himself wanting in respect to me."

When I left her, I made an appointment for the next day. I did not keep her waiting. I found her in a more than wanton *dishabille*, which is only known in southern countries, and which I will not amuse myself with describing, although I remember it only too well. I will only say that her ruffles and tucker were edged with a silk border, ornamented with rose-coloured bows, which appeared to me to set off a very beautiful skin. I discovered later that this was the fashion at Venice; and the effect is so charming, that I am surprised that it has never been introduced into France. I had no idea of the pleasures which awaited me. I have spoken of Madame

de Larnage, in the transport which the recollection of her sometimes still awakens in me; but how old, ugly, and cold she was, compared to my Zuletta! Do not attempt to imagine the charms and graces of this bewitching girl; you would be far from the truth. The young virgins of the cloister are not so fresh, the beauties of the harem are not so lively, the houris of paradise are not so piquant. Never was such sweet enjoyment offered to the heart and senses of mortal man. Ah, if I had only known how to taste of it in its full completeness, at least, for a single moment! I tasted it, it is true, but without charm; I dulled all its delights; I killed them, as it were, intentionally. No! Nature has not created me for enjoyment. She has put into my wretched head the poison of that ineffable happiness, the desire for which she has planted in my heart.

If there is one circumstance in my life which well describes my character, it is that which I am about to relate. The vividness with which at this moment I recall the purpose of my book will, in this place, make me forget the false feeling of delicacy which would prevent me from fulfilling it. Whoever you may be, who desire to know the inmost heart of a man, have the courage to read the next two or three pages; you will become thoroughly acquainted with Jean Jacques Rousseau.

I entered the room of a courtesan as if it had been the sanctuary of love and beauty; in her person I thought I beheld its divinity. I should never have believed that, without respect and esteem, I could have experienced the emotions with which she inspired me. No sooner had I recognised, in the preliminary familiarities, the value of her charms and caresses than, for fear of losing the fruit of them in advance, I was anxious to make haste to pluck it. Suddenly, in place of the flames which consumed me, I felt a deathly chill run through my veins; my legs trembled under me; and, feeling ready to faint, I sat down and cried like a child.

Who would guess the reason of my tears, and the thoughts that passed through my head at that moment? I said to myself: This object, which is at my disposal, is the masterpiece of nature

and love; its mind and body, every part of it perfect; she is as good and generous as she is amiable and beautiful. The great ones of the world ought to be her slaves; sceptres ought to be laid at her feet. And yet she is a miserable street-walker, on sale to everybody; a merchant captain has the disposal of her; she comes and throws herself at my head, mine, although she knows that I am poor, while my real merits, being unknown to her, can have no value in her eyes. In this there is something incomprehensible. Either my heart deceives me, dazzles my senses, and makes me the dupe of a worthless slut, or some secret defect, with which I am unacquainted, must destroy the effect of her charms, and render her repulsive to those who would otherwise fight for the possession of her. I began to look for this defect with a singular intensity of mind, and it never occurred to me that the possible consequences of having anything to do with her might possibly have something to do with it. The freshness of her skin, her brilliant complexion, her dazzlingly white teeth, the sweetness of her breath, the general air of cleanliness about her whole person, so completely banished this idea from my mind, that, being still in doubt as to my condition since my visit to the *padœana*, I rather felt qualms of conscience as to whether I was in sufficiently good health for her, and I am quite convinced that I was not deceived in my confidence.

These well-timed reflections so agitated me that I shed tears. Zulietta, for whom this was certainly quite a novel sight under the circumstances, was astounded for a moment; but, after having walked round the room and looked in her glass, she understood, and my eyes convinced her, that dislike had nothing to do with this whimsical melancholy. It was an easy matter for her to drive it away, and to efface the slight feeling of shame; but, at the moment when I was ready to sink exhausted upon a bosom, which seemed to permit for the first time the contact of a man's hand and mouth, I perceived that she had only one nipple. I smote my forehead, looked attentively and thought I saw that this nipple was not formed like the other. I immediately began to rack my brains for the reason of such a defect, and, feeling convinced that it was connected with some remarkable natural imperfection, by brooding so long over this

idea, I saw, as clear as daylight, that, in the place of the most charming person that I could picture to myself, I only held in my arms a kind of monster, the outcast of nature, of mankind and of love. I pushed my stupidity so far as to speak to her about this defect. At first she took it as a joke, and said and did things in her frolicsome humour, which were enough to make me die of love; but as I was unable to conceal from her that I still felt a certain amount of uneasiness, she at last blushed, adjusted her dress, got up, and, without saying a word, went and seated herself at the window. I wanted to sit by her side, but she moved, sat down on a couch, got up immediately afterwards, and, walking about the room and fanning herself, said to me in a cold and disdainful tone, "*Zanotto, lascia le donne, et studia la matematica.*"¹

Before I left, I begged her to grant me another interview on the following day. She postponed it till the third day, adding, with an ironical smile, that I must want rest. I spent this interval very ill at ease, my heart full of her charms and graces, sensible of my folly, with which I reproached myself, regretting the moments which I had so ill employed, which it had only rested with myself to make the sweetest moments of my life, awaiting with the most lively impatience the time when I might repair their loss, but, nevertheless, still uneasy, in spite of myself, how I should reconcile the perfections of this adorable girl with her unworthy manner of life. I ran—I flew to her at the appointed hour. I do not know whether her ardent temperament would have been more satisfied with this visit. Her pride at least would have been flattered: and I enjoyed in anticipation the delight of proving to her, in every respect, that I knew how to repair my errors. She spared me the test. The gondolier, whom I sent to her apartments on landing, informed me that she had set out for Florence on the previous evening. If I had not felt my whole love for her when I had her in my arms, I felt it cruelly now, when I had lost her. My foolish regret has never left me. Amiable and enchanting as she was in my eyes, I could have consoled myself for the loss of her; but I confess that I have never been

1 x Give up the ladies, and study mathematics.

able to console myself for the thought that she only carried away a contemptuous recollection of me.

Such were my two adventures. The eighteen months which I spent at Venice have left me no more to tell, with the exception of a merely projected amour. Carrio, who was very fond of women, tired of always visiting those who belonged to others, took it into his head to keep one himself; and, as we were inseparable, he proposed to me an arrangement, common enough in Venice, that we should keep one between us. I agreed. The difficulty was to find one with whom we should run no risk. He was so industrious in his researches, that he unearthed a little girl between eleven and twelve years of age, whom her unworthy mother wanted to sell. We went together to see her. My compassion was stirred at the sight of this child. She was fair and gentle as a lamb; no one would have taken her for an Italian. Living costs little at Venice. We gave the mother some money, and made arrangements for the daughter's keep. She had a good voice, and, in order to provide her with a means of livelihood, we gave her a spinet and engaged a singing master for her. All this scarcely cost us two *sequins* a month, and saved us more in other expenses; but, as we were obliged to wait until she was of a riper age, this was sowing a long time before we could reap. However, we were content to pass our evenings, to chat and play innocently with this child, and amused ourselves perhaps more agreeably than if we had possessed her, so true is it that what most attaches us to women is not so much sensuality, as a certain pleasure which is caused by living with them. My heart became insensibly attached to the little Anzoletta, but this attachment was paternal. My senses had so little to do with it that, in proportion as it increased, the possibility of allowing them to have any influence in like manner diminished. I felt that I should have dreaded connection with this child, after she had grown up, as an abominable incest. I saw that the worthy Carrio's feelings, unknown to himself, took the same direction. We procured for ourselves, without thinking of it, pleasures as delightful, though very different from those we had originally contemplated; and I am convinced that, however beautiful she might have grown, far from being the corrupters of her innocence, we should have been its protectors. The

subsequent change in my affairs, which took place shortly afterwards, did not leave me time to take part in this good work, and I have nothing for which to commend myself in this matter except the inclinations of my heart. Let me now return to my journey.

My first intention, on leaving M. de Montaigne, was to retire to Geneva, until happier circumstances should have removed the obstacles which prevented me from rejoining my poor mamma. But the stir which our quarrel had caused, and the ambassador's folly in writing to the Court about it, made me resolve to go there in person to give an account of my own conduct and to lodge a complaint against that of a madman. From Venice I communicated my resolution to M. du Theil, who, after M. Arnelot's death, had been provisionally charged with the conduct of foreign affairs. I set out immediately after my letter, travelling by way of Bergamo, Como, and Duomo d'Ossola, and crossing the Simplon. Arrived at Sion, M. de Chaignon, the French *chargé d'affaires*, gave me a most kindly reception; at Geneva M. de la Closure did the same. I there renewed my acquaintance with M. de Gauffecourt, from whom I had to receive some money. I had passed through Nyon without seeing my father; not that it did not cost me a severe pang, but I had been unable to make up my mind to present myself to my stepmother after my ill-luck, feeling sure that she would condemn me unheard. Duvillard, an old friend of my father, reproached me severely for this neglect. I explained the reason of it, and, in order to repair it without exposing myself to the risk of meeting my stepmother, I hired a carriage, and we went to Nyon together and got down at the inn. Duvillard went to fetch my poor father, who came in all haste to embrace me. We supped together, and, after having spent a most delightful evening, I returned on the following morning to Geneva with Duvillard, to whom I have always felt grateful for the kindness which he showed me on this occasion.

My shortest route was not by way of Lyons, but I wanted to pass through it, in order to satisfy myself in regard to a very mean trick of M. de Montaigne. I had had a small chest sent to me from Paris, containing a gold-embroidered waistcoat, some pairs of ruffles, and six pairs of white silk stockings; that was all.

On his own proposal, I ordered this chest, or rather box, to be added to his luggage. In the apothecary's bill, which he wanted to make me take in payment of my salary, and which he had written out himself, he had set down the weight of this box, which he called a bale, as eleven hundredweight, and had charged the carriage of it to me at an enormous rate. Thanks to the exertions of M. Boy de la Tour, to whom I had been recommended by his uncle, M. Roguin, it was proved, from the custom-house registers of Lyons and Marseilles, that the bale in question only weighed forty-five pounds, and that the carriage had been charged accordingly. I added this authentic extract to M. de Montaignu's bill, and, armed with this and other evidence equally strong, I repaired to Paris, full of impatience to make use of it. During the whole of this long journey, I had little adventures at Como in Valais, and other places. Amongst other things, I saw the Borromean Islands, which are worth describing; but time presses—I am surrounded by spies, and I am obliged to accomplish, inefficiently and in haste, a task which would require peace of mind and leisure which I do not enjoy. Should Providence ever deign to cast its eyes upon me, and at last grant me a less troubled existence, I am determined to employ it in recasting this work, if possible, or, at least, in adding a supplement, which, I feel, it greatly needs.¹

The report of my story had preceded me; and, on my arrival, I found that everyone, both in the offices and in public, was scandalised at the ambassador's follies. But, in spite of this, in spite of the public outcry in Venice, in spite of the unanswerable proofs which I produced, I was unable to obtain justice. In fact, far from getting either satisfaction or reparation, I was even left to the tender mercies of the ambassador for my salary, simply because, not being a Frenchman, I had no claim to the protection of the nation, and it was a private matter that concerned only our two selves. Everyone agreed with me that I was insulted, injured, and unfortunate; that the ambassador was outrageously foolish, cruel, and unjust, and that the whole affair was a lasting disgrace to him. But—he was the

¹ I have now abandoned this idea.

ambassador; I was only the secretary. Good order, or that which is so called, required that I should not obtain justice, and I did not obtain it. I imagined that, by continued complaints, and by publicly treating this fool as he deserved, I should at last make people tell me to hold my tongue, which was just what I was waiting for, since I was firmly resolved not to obey until I had obtained justice. But at that time there was no Minister of Foreign Affairs. Others permitted, even encouraged, me to make an outcry, and joined in the chorus; but the matter never proceeded further, until at length, tired of being always in the right, and never obtaining justice, I became disheartened, and let it drop.

The only person who received me coldly, and from whom I should least have expected this unfair treatment, was Madame de Beuzenval. With her head full of the privileges conferred by rank and nobility, she could not understand that an ambassador could ever be wrong in his dealings with his secretary. The manner of her reception was in accord with this prejudice. I was so annoyed at it that, after leaving her house, I wrote to her one of the strongest and most violent letters that I have perhaps ever written, and I never went to her house again. Father Castel made me more welcome, but, at the bottom of his Jesuitical wheedling, I saw that he followed faithfully one of the grand principles of his society—always to sacrifice the weaker to the stronger. The lively consciousness of the justice of my cause and my natural pride did not allow me to endure this partisanship patiently. I gave up visiting Father Castel, and, consequently, the Jesuits, amongst whom I knew no one but himself. Besides, the tyrannical and intriguing disposition of his colleagues, so different from the amiability of good Father Hemet, caused me to feel such an aversion to their society, that, since then, I have never seen any of them except Father Berthier, whom I met two or three times at M. Dupin's, together with whom he was working with all his might at the refutation of Montesquieu.

Let me finish, once for all, what I still have to say concerning M. de Montaigu. I had told him, in the course of our disputes, that he did not want a secretary, but a lawyer's clerk. He fol-

lowed this advice, and actually engaged, as my successor, a real attorney, who, in less than a year, robbed him of twenty or thirty thousand *livres*. He dismissed him, and had him imprisoned; discharged his gentlemen in a manner that caused great scandal; quarrelled with everyone; put up with affronts that a lackey would not have endured; and at last, by his repeated acts of folly, succeeded in getting himself recalled and sent into retirement in the country. Amongst the reprimands which he received from the Court, his affair with me was apparently not forgotten. At any rate, shortly after his return, he sent his *maître d'hôtel* to me to settle my account and give me some money, which I sorely needed at the time, for my debts at Venice—debts of honour, if there ever were such—weighed heavily upon my mind. I seized the opportunity which was afforded me of discharging them, together with Zanetto Nani's bill. I took what was offered to me, paid all my debts, and, although this left me as penniless as before, I was relieved from a burden which had become unendurable to me. Since then, I never heard a word about M. de Montaignu until his death, which I learned through the newspapers. Heaven rest the poor man! He was as fit for the trade of an ambassador as, in my youth, I had been for that of an attorney. However, it had only rested with him to have maintained himself honourably with my assistance, and to have ensured my speedy promotion in the position for which the Comte de Gouvion had designed me in my youth, and which, by my own exertions at a more advanced age, I had qualified myself to fulfil.

The justice and uselessness of my complaints left in my mind the seeds of indignation against our foolish civil institutions, whereby the real welfare of the public and true justice are always sacrificed to an apparent order, which is in reality subversive of all order, and of which the only effect is, to bestow the sanction of public authority upon the oppression of the weak and the injustice of the strong. Two causes prevented these seeds from developing at that time, as they did afterwards. In the first place, it was a matter that concerned myself: and private interest, which has never produced anything great or noble, cannot draw from my heart the divine flights which only the purest love of

the just and the beautiful can produce; in the second place, the charm of friendship moderated and calmed my anger by the ascendancy of a gentler feeling. At Venice I had made the acquaintance of a Biscayan, a friend of my friend Carrio, and a person who deserved the friendship of every honourable man. This amiable young man, endowed with every accomplishment and virtue, had just travelled through Italy in order to cultivate a taste for the fine arts, and, thinking that he had nothing further to learn, intended to return direct to his own country. I told him that the arts were merely the recreation of a genius like his, which was made to cultivate the sciences; and I advised him, in order to acquire a taste for these, to take a journey to Paris and stay there for six months. He believed what I said, and, on my arrival at Paris, I found him waiting for me. His apartments were too large for him; he offered to share them with me, and I accepted. I found him full of enthusiasm for the higher branches of knowledge. Nothing was beyond his powers of comprehension; he devoured and digested everything with marvellous rapidity. How he thanked me for having provided him with this nourishment for his mind, which was tormented by a thirst after knowledge, without his being aware of it himself! What treasures of knowledge and virtue did I find in this vigorous soul! I felt that this was the friend I needed; we became intimate. Our tastes were not the same; we were always disputing. Both obstinate, we could never agree on a single subject. Notwithstanding, we were unable to separate; and, although we perpetually contradicted each other, neither of us would have wished the other to be different.

Ignacio Emmanuel de Aituna was one of those rare individuals, whom Spain alone produces, too seldom for her own glory. He was not a man of the violent national passions common to his countrymen; the idea of revenge was as far from his mind as the desire of it from his heart. He was too proud to be vindictive, and I have often heard him say, with great *sang-froid*, that no living man could offend him. He was gallant without being tender; he played with women as if they had been pretty children; he amused himself with his friends' mistresses, but I never knew him to have one

himself, or even to desire it. The flames of the virtue which consumed his heart never suffered the passions of desire to become excited.

After his travels, he married, died young, and left children; and I am as convinced as I am of my own existence, that his wife was the first and only woman with whom he enjoyed the pleasures of love. Outwardly, he was devout, like a Spaniard; in his heart he had the piety of an angel. With the exception of myself, he is the only tolerant person I have ever seen in my life. He never asked anyone what his religious views were. It made little difference to him whether his friend was a Jew, Protestant, Turk, bigot, or atheist, provided he was an honest man. Obstinate and headstrong in matters of little importance, the moment religion, or even morality, became the subject of discussion, he drew back, held his tongue, or simply said, "I have only myself to answer for." It is incredible that so elevated a mind could be associated with an attention to detail carried to minuteness. He divided and settled in advance the occupations of his day, by hours, quarters, and minutes, and he adhered so scrupulously to this arrangement, that, if the hour had struck while he was in the middle of a sentence, he would have shut the book without finishing it. Each of these portions of time, thus broken up, was set apart for a different occupation; reflection, conversation, divine service, Locke, telling his beads, visiting, music, painting; no pleasure, temptation, or desire to oblige, was permitted to interrupt this arrangement; only a duty to be fulfilled could have done so. When he gave me the list of his distribution of time, in order that I might follow it, I began by laughing, and ended with tears of admiration. He never bored others, or suffered them to bore him; he was somewhat abrupt with those who, out of politeness, attempted to do so. He was hot-tempered, but not sulky. I have often seen him in a passion, but never angry. Nothing could be more cheerful than his disposition. He knew how to make and take a joke; he was even brilliant in this respect, and had a talent for epigram. When anyone roused him, he was loud and noisy, and his voice could be heard at a distance; but,

whilst he exclaimed loudly, one could see him smile, and, in the midst of his excitement, he would utter some pleasantry, which made everyone burst out laughing. He had neither the phlegmatic disposition nor the complexion of a Spaniard. His skin was white, his cheeks ruddy, his hair light brown, almost fair. He was tall and well-built; his body was a worthy habitation for his soul.

This man, wise in heart as in understanding, was a man of the world, and was my friend. This is my only answer to those who are not. We became so intimate, that we formed the intention of spending our lives together. It was agreed that, in a few years, I should go and live with him on his estate at Ascoytia. All the details of this plan were arranged between us the day before he left. Nothing was wanting, except that which does not depend upon men in the best-concerted plans. Later events, my misfortunes, his marriage, and, lastly, his death, separated us for ever. One would feel inclined to say, that only the dark schemes of the wicked succeed; that the innocent projects of the good are hardly ever fulfilled.

Having felt the inconvenience of dependence, I firmly resolved never to expose myself to it again. Having seen the ambitious projects, which circumstances had caused me to form, overthrown almost at their birth, discouraged from again entering the career, which I had begun so successfully, and from which, notwithstanding, I had just been driven, I resolved never to attach myself to anyone again, but to remain independent, by making the best use of my talents, the extent of which I was at last beginning to appreciate, and of which I had hitherto entertained too modest an opinion. I resumed work at my opera, which had been discontinued owing to my journey to Venice, and, in order to devote myself to it with less interruption, after Altuna's departure, I returned to my old lodgings at the Hôtel St. Quentin, which was situated in an unfrequented quarter of the city, close to the Luxembourg, and was better suited for quiet work than the noisy Rue St. Honoré. There, the only real consolation, which Heaven has afforded me in my misery, and which alone renders it endurable, awaited me. As this is no passing acquaintance, I must enter in some detail upon the manner in which it was formed.

We had a new landlady, who came from Orleans. To help her with the linen, she had a young girl from her native place, about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, who, like the landlady, took her meals with us. This girl, whose name was Thérèse le Vasseur, was of respectable family, her father being an official at the Orleans mint, and her mother engaged in business. The family was a large one, and, as the mint stopped working, the father found himself without resources, while the mother, who had become bankrupt, managed her affairs badly, gave up business, and came to Paris with her husband and daughter, who, by her own exertions, supported all three.

The first time I saw this girl appear at table, I was struck by her modest behaviour, and, still more, by her lively and gentle looks, which, in my eyes, at that time appeared incomparable. The company at table, besides M. de Bonnefond, consisted of several Irish priests, Gascons, and others of the same description. Our hostess herself had led an irregular life. I was the only person who spoke and behaved decently. They teased the girl, I took her part, and immediately their railleries were turned against me. Even if I had not felt naturally inclined towards this poor girl, a feeling of compassion, even of opposition, would have aroused my sympathy. I have always admired decency in words and manners, especially in the opposite sex. I openly avowed myself her champion. I saw that she was touched by my sympathy, and her looks, enlivened by gratitude which she dared not express, were thereby rendered more eloquent.

She was very bashful, and so was I. The intimacy, which this similarity of disposition seemed to keep at a distance, was, however, very speedily formed. The landlady, who perceived it, became furious, and her brutal behaviour gained me greater favour with the little one, who, having no one in the house except myself to help her, was grieved to see me go out, and sighed for her protector's return. The relation of our hearts, and the similarity of our dispositions, soon exercised their usual effect. She thought that she saw in me an honourable man, and she was not mistaken. I thought that I saw in her a feeling, simple girl, free from coquetry, and I was not deceived either. I declared to her beforehand that I would never forsake her, but that I

would never marry her. Love, esteem, and simple sincerity secured my triumph, and it was because her heart was tender and virtuous, that I was happy without being too audacious.

Her fear that it would annoy me not to find in her that which she believed I expected, delayed my happiness more than anything else. I saw that she was disturbed and confused before she gave herself up to me, anxious to make herself understood, and yet afraid to explain herself. Far from suspecting the real cause of her embarrassment, I quite wrongly attributed it to another, the idea of which was highly insulting to her character. Believing that she intended me to understand that my health might be endangered, I was greatly perplexed, and, although this did not restrain my feelings, for several days it poisoned my happiness. As neither of us understood the other, our conversations on the subject were so many riddles and ridiculous misunderstandings. She was inclined to believe that I was utterly mad, and I hardly knew what to think of her. At last we came to an explanation. She confessed to me with tears that she had once misconducted herself in the early years of her womanhood, when a cunning seducer had taken advantage of her ignorance. As soon as I understood her, I uttered a cry of joy. "Virginity!" I cried; "Paris is the right place, twenty is the right age to look for it! Ah, my Thérèse! I am only too happy to possess you, modest and healthy, and not to find what I never looked for."

At first I had only sought amusement; I now saw that I had found more and had gained a companion. A little intimacy with this excellent girl, a little reflection upon my situation, made me feel that, while thinking only of my pleasures, I had done much to promote my happiness. To supply the place of my extinguished ambition, I needed a lively sentiment which should take complete possession of my heart. In a word, I needed a successor to mamma. As I should never live with her again, I wanted someone to live with her pupil, in whom I might find the simplicity and docility of heart which she had found in me. I felt it necessary that the gentle tranquillity of private and domestic life should make up to me for the loss of the brilliant career which I was renouncing. When I was quite alone, I felt a void

in my heart, which it only needed another heart to fill. Destiny had deprived me of, or, at least in part, alienated me from, that heart for which Nature had formed me. From that moment I was alone; for with me it has always been everything or nothing. I found in Thérèse the substitute that I needed. Thanks to her, I lived happily, as far as the course of events permitted. At first I tried to improve her mind, but my efforts were useless. Her mind is what Nature has made it; culture and teaching are without influence upon it. I am not ashamed to confess that she has never learnt how to read properly, although she can write fairly well. When I went to live in the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, opposite my windows, at the Hôtel de Pontchartrain, there was a clock. For more than a month I did my utmost to teach her how to tell the time by it, but, even now, she can hardly do so. She has never been able to give the names of the twelve months of the year in correct order, and does not know a single figure, in spite of all the trouble I have taken to teach her. She can neither count money nor reckon the price of anything. The words which she uses in speaking are often the very opposite of those which she means. I once made a dictionary of the phrases she used, to amuse Madame de Luxembourg, and her absurd mistakes have become famous in the society in which I lived. But this person, so limited in understanding—so stupid, if you will—is a most excellent adviser in cases of difficulty. Frequently, in Switzerland, in England, and in France, at the time of the misfortunes which befell me, she saw what I did not see myself, gave me the best advice to follow, rescued me from dangers into which I was rushing blindly, and, in the presence of ladies of the highest rank, of princes and the great ones of the world, her opinions, her good sense, her answers, and her behaviour have gained for her the esteem of all, and for me, compliments upon her good qualities, which I felt convinced were sincere.

When we are with those we love, sentiment nourishes the mind as well as the heart, and we have little need to search for ideas elsewhere. I lived with my Thérèse as pleasantly as with the most brilliant genius in the world. Her mother, who prided herself on having been formerly brought up with the Marquise de Mon-

pipeau, tried to play the wit, and wanted to undertake the mental guidance of her daughter, and, by her craftiness, spoiled the simplicity of our intercourse. The annoyance which her importunity caused me made me, in some degree, get over the foolish shame, which prevented me from venturing to show myself with Thérèse in public, and we took little walks together in the country, where we had little collations which were delightful to me. I saw that she loved me sincerely, and this increased my affection for her. This sweet intimacy made up for everything. I no longer felt any concern about the future, or, at least, I only thought of it as a prolongation of the present. I only desired to make sure that it would last.

This attachment rendered all other recreation superfluous and insipid. I never went out except to visit Thérèse; her place of abode became almost my own. This retired life proved so favourable to my work that, in less than three months, my opera, words and music, was finished, and nothing remained to be added, except some accompaniments and a few tenor notes.¹ This drudgery wearied me exceedingly. I proposed to Philidor to undertake it in return for a share of the profits. He came twice and put in a few notes in the act of "Ovid;" but he was unable to tie himself to a task which required such unremitting application, on the chance of remote and even doubtful profit. He did not come again, and I finished my task myself.

My opera being ready, the next thing was to make some money by it, which was a far more difficult task. It is impossible for a man who lives a solitary life to succeed in Paris. I thought of making my way with the aid of M. de la Poplinière, to whom I had been introduced by Gauffecourt on my return from Geneva. M. de la Poplinière was the Maecenas of Rameau; Madame de la Poplinière was his most humble pupil; Rameau was completely master in that house. Supposing that he would be glad to give his support to the work of one of his disciples, I wanted to show him mine. He refused to look at it, saying that he could not read scores; it was too fatiguing. La Poplinière suggested that it might be possible to get him to listen to it, and offered to

¹ *Remplissages*: the parts between bass and treble.

get an orchestra together to perform selections. I desired nothing better. Rameau grumblingly consented, repeating incessantly that the composition of a man, who had not been brought up to the profession, and who had learnt music entirely by himself, must be something fine. I hastened to copy out in parts five or six of the best passages. I had about ten instrumentalists, Albert, Bérard, and Mademoiselle Bourdonnais being the vocalists. As soon as the overture commenced, Rameau, by his extravagant praises, intended to make it understood that the work could not be my own composition. He exhibited signs of impatience at every passage; but, after a counter-tenor song, the execution of which was robust and powerful, and the accompaniment brilliant, he could no longer contain himself; he addressed me with a brutality which gave universal offence, and declared that part of what he had just heard was the work of a consummate master of the art, while the rest was by an ignorant fellow, who did not even understand music. It is true that my work, uneven and irregular, was sometimes sublime and sometimes insipid, as must be the work of everyone who only elevates himself by flashes of genius, without the support of scientific training. Rameau declared that he saw in me only a contemptible plagiarist, without talent or taste. The company present, and particularly the master of the house, thought differently. M. de Richelieu, who at that time, as is well known, was a frequent visitor, heard of my work, and wished to hear the whole of it played, intending, if it pleased him, to have it performed at Court. It was performed with full chorus and orchestra, at the King's expense, at the house of M. Bonneval, manager of the Court amusements.¹ Francœur directed the performance, and the effect was surprising. The Duke was never tired of loudly expressing his approval; and, at the end of a chorus in the act of "Tasso," he got up from his seat, came over to me, shook me cordially by the hand, and said, "M. Rousseau, that is a delightful harmony! I have never heard anything finer; I will have it performed at Versailles." Madame de la Poplinière, who was present, did not say a word. Rameau, although invited, had refused to come. The next day Madame

¹ *Intendant des menus (plaisirs)*. lit. Manager of the expenses connected with Court ceremonies, festivals, and theatrical and other performances.

de la Poplinière received me very ungraciously at her toilette, pretended to depreciate my work, and told me that, although a little false glitter had dazzled M. de Richelieu at first, he had recovered himself, and she advised me not to build any hopes upon my opera. The Duke arrived shortly afterwards, and spoke to me in quite a different tone, flattered me upon my talents, and seemed still disposed to get my work performed before the King. "Only the act of 'Tasso' would not be permitted at Court," said he; "you must write another instead of it." These words alone were enough to make me go and shut myself up in my room; and in three weeks I had composed another act in place of "Tasso," the theme of which was "Hesiod inspired by one of the Muses." I found means to introduce into the act part of the history of the development of my talents and of the jealousy with which Rameau had been pleased to honour them. In the new act, the flight was less gigantic and better sustained than in "Tasso." The music was equally grand and the composition far superior, and, if the other two acts had been equal to this, the whole piece might have been represented with success; but, while I was putting the last touches upon it, another undertaking interrupted its execution.

[1745-1747].—During the winter after the battle of Fontenoy, several fêtes took place at Versailles, and several operas were performed at the Théâtre des Petites-Écuries. Amongst these was Voltaire's drama, *La Princesse de Navarre*, set to music by Rameau, which had just been revised and the title changed to *Les Filles de Ramire*. This change of subject rendered several alterations necessary in the *divertissements*,¹ both in the words and music. The question was, to find someone capable of performing this two-fold task. Voltaire and Rameau being in Lorraine, where they were both engaged on the opera of *Le Temple de la Gloire*, and consequently unable to give their attention to it, M. de Richelieu thought of me, and proposed to me that I should undertake the task; and, in order that I should be better able to judge what there was to be done, sent me the poem and the music separately. Before all, I was

¹ The incidental songs and dances.

unwilling to touch the words without the author's consent, and I wrote to him on the subject a very polite and even respectful letter, as was only proper, and received the following answer, the original of which is to be found in the packet of papers, docketed A, No. 1 :

“ December 15th, 1745.

“ Sir,—Two accomplishments, which have hitherto always been separate, are united in you. These are two good reasons why I should esteem and endeavour to love you. I am sorry, for your own sake, that you should employ these accomplishments upon a work which is none too worthy of you. Some months ago, M. de Richelieu gave me strict orders to compose, at a moment's notice, a trifling and poor sketch of some insipid and unfinished scenes, which were to be adapted to *divertissements* utterly unsuited to them. I obeyed most scrupulously. I worked very rapidly and very badly. I sent the miserable skit to M. de Richelieu, feeling sure that he would not make use of it, or that I should have to correct it. Happily it is in your hands; you may do exactly what you please with it; I have entirely put it out of my sight. I have no doubt that you have corrected all the errors which must have occurred in the hasty composition of a simple sketch, and that you have filled in all that was wanting.

“ I remember that, amongst other stupid blunders, I have forgotten to explain, in the scenes which connect the *divertissements*, how the Princess Grenadine is suddenly transported from a prison into a garden or palace. As it is not a magician, but a Spanish nobleman, who gives the festival in her honour, it seems to me that nothing ought to take place by enchantment. I beg you, Sir, to look at this passage again, of which I have only a confused idea. See if it is necessary that the prison should open, and our princess be conducted from it to a beautiful gilded and varnished palace, already prepared for her. I know that all this is very wretched stuff, and that it is beneath the dignity of a thinking being to make a serious business of such trifles; but, since it is our duty to displease as little as possible, we must employ as much reason as we are able, even upon a miserable opera *divertissement*.

“ I entirely depend upon you and M. Ballod, and I trust soon to have the honour of thanking you, and of assuring you, Sir, how I have the honour to be,” &c. &c.

There is nothing to cause surprise in the excessive politeness

of this letter, compared with the almost rude tone of those which I have since then received from him. He thought that I was high in favour with M. de Richelieu, and his well-known courtly suppleness obliged him to show great politeness towards a new-comer, until he had become better acquainted with the measure of his importance.

Authorised by M. de Voltaire, and relieved from considering Rameau at all in the matter, since his only object was to injure me, I set to work, and in two months my task was executed. The poetry was a mere trifle; my only endeavour was to prevent the difference of style being noticed, and I was presumptuous enough to believe that I was successful. The music cost me more time and labour; besides being obliged to compose several introductory pieces, amongst others the overture, the whole of the recitative, which devolved upon me, presented very great difficulties, since I was obliged to connect, often in a few lines, and by means of very rapid modulations, symphonies and choruses in very different keys; for, in order that Rameau might not be able to accuse me of having spoilt his airs, I was determined not to alter or transpose a single one. The recitative was a success. It was well accented, full of vigour, and, above all, admirably modulated. The idea of the two great men, with whom I had the honour to be thus associated, had elevated my genius, and I can say that, in this thankless and inglorious task, of which the public could not even be informed, I nearly always kept myself up to the level of my models.

The piece, as revised by me, was rehearsed at the grand theatre of the Opera. Of the three authors I alone was present. Voltaire was away from Paris, and Rameau either did not come, or kept himself hidden.

The words of the first monologue were very melancholy. It began as follows:

"O mort ! viens terminer les malheurs de ma vie."

I had been obliged to set it to appropriate music; and yet it was just this upon which Madame de la Poplinière founded her criticism, and accused me, with considerable bitterness, of having composed a funeral anthem. M. de Richelieu judiciously began

by inquiring who had written the words of the monologue. I showed him the manuscript which he had sent me, which proved that it was Voltaire. "In that case," said he, "Voltaire alone is to blame." During the rehearsal, all my work was disapproved of by Madame de la Poplinière, and defended by M. de Richelieu. But in the end I found the opposition too strong, and it was notified to me, that I should have to make several alterations in my work, in regard to which it would be necessary to consult M. Rameau. Deeply grieved at such a result, instead of the praise which I had expected and certainly deserved, I returned home heart-broken. Worn out with fatigue, and consumed by grief, I fell ill, and for six weeks I was unable to leave my room.

Rameau, who was commissioned to make the alterations indicated by Madame de la Poplinière, sent to ask me for the overture of my great opera, in order to substitute it for that which I had just composed. Luckily, I perceived the trick and refused. As there were only four or five days before the representation, he had no time to compose a fresh overture, and was obliged to leave mine as it was. It was in the Italian style, at that time quite unknown in France. Nevertheless, it gave satisfaction, and I heard, through M. de Valmalette, the King's *maître d'hôtel*, the son-in-law of M. Mussard, a relative and friend of mine, that musical enthusiasts had expressed themselves well satisfied with my work, and that the general public had not been able to distinguish it from Rameau's. But the latter, in concert with Madame de la Poplinière, took measures to prevent anyone from knowing that I had anything at all to do with it. On the books of the words, which were distributed amongst the spectators, and in which the authors' names are always given, Voltaire alone was mentioned. Rameau preferred the suppression of his own name to seeing mine associated with it.

As soon as I was able to go out, I resolved to call upon M. de Richelieu. It was too late; he had just set out for Dunkirk, where he was to direct the embarkation of the troops for Scotland. When he returned, in order to justify my idleness, I said to myself that it was too late. As I never saw him again, I lost the honour which my work deserved, and the fee which it ought to have

brought me; while I never received the least return, or rather compensation, for my time, my trouble, my vexation, my illness, and the expense which it entailed. Nevertheless, I have always thought that M. de Richelieu was himself well disposed towards me, and entertained a favourable opinion of my abilities; but my ill-luck and Madame de la Poplinière combined prevented him from giving effect to his goodwill.

I was quite unable to understand the dislike with which I was regarded by this woman, whom I had done my utmost to please, and to whom I paid court regularly. Gauffecourt explained the reasons for it. "In the first place," said he, "her friendship for Rameau, whose avowed patroness she is, and who will brook no rival; and, in the second place, an original sin, which condemns you in her eyes, and which she will never forgive—the fact that you are a Genevese." In regard to this, he told me that the Abbé Hubert, who also came from Geneva, and was the sincere friend of M. de la Poplinière, had done his utmost to prevent him from marrying this woman, whose character he knew well, and that, after the marriage, she had sworn implacable hatred against him and all the Genevese as well. "Although M. de la Poplinière is well-disposed towards you," he added—"this I know to be a fact—do not reckon upon his support. He is very fond of his wife: she hates you; she is mischievous and cunning. You will never do any good in that house." I took the hint.

The same Gauffecourt also rendered me a very essential service about this time. I had just lost my worthy father; he was about sixty years of age. I did not feel this loss as keenly as I should have done at another time, when the difficulties of my situation occupied my attention less. During his lifetime, I had never attempted to claim the remainder of my mother's property, and had allowed him to draw the trifling interest it produced. After his death, I no longer felt any scruples about the matter, but the want of legal proof of my brother's death caused a difficulty which Gauffecourt undertook to remove, and did so, with the aid of the good offices of De Lolme, the advocate. As I had pressing need of this small addition to my finances, and the result was so

uncertain, I waited for definite information with the liveliest impatience.

One evening, on entering my lodgings, I found the letter which was bound to contain it; I took it up, in order to open it, with an impatient trembling, of which I inwardly felt ashamed. "What!" said I contemptuously to myself, "shall Jean Jacques suffer himself to be overcome by self-interest and curiosity?" I immediately put back the letter on the mantelpiece, undressed, went quietly to bed, slept better than usual, and got up rather late the next day, without thinking any more about my letter. While dressing, I caught sight of it, opened it leisurely, and found a bill of exchange inside. Many pleasant feelings entered my mind at once; but the liveliest of all was the consciousness of my victory over myself. I could mention a number of similar instances in the course of my life, but I am too pressed for time to relate everything. I sent a little of the money to poor mamma, regretting with tears the happy time when I should have laid the whole at her feet. All her letters showed signs of her distress. She sent me heaps of recipes and secret remedies, which she declared would make my fortune and her own. Already the thought of her wretchedness contracted her heart and narrowed her mind. The small sum which I was able to send her fell into the hands of the rascals by whom she was surrounded. She derived no benefit from anything. I was disgusted at the idea of sharing what I myself sorely needed with these wretches, especially after the fruitless attempts which I made to get her out of their hands, as will be afterwards related.

Time slipped away, and the money with it. We were two, even four in number, or, to speak more correctly, seven or eight; for, although Thérèse was disinterested to a degree almost unexampled, her mother was by no means the same. As soon as she found herself somewhat improved in circumstances—thanks to my attention—she sent for her whole family to share the fruits of it. Sisters, sons, daughters, grand-daughters—all came, with the exception of her eldest daughter, who was married to the manager of the carriage service at Angers. All that I did for Thérèse was

turned by her mother to the benefit of these starvelings. As I had not to do with a covetous person, and was not under the influence of a foolish passion, I committed no follies. Content to keep Thérèse decently, but without luxury, protected against pressing needs, I consented to her handing over to her mother all that she was able to earn by her own exertions, nor did I limit myself to that; but, by a fatality which always pursued me, while mamma was plundered by the rascals who surrounded her, Thérèse was preyed upon by her family, and I could render no assistance in either case which benefited her for whom it was intended. It was curious that Madame le Vasseur's youngest child—the only one who had not received a marriage portion—was the only one who supported her father and mother, and that, after having long endured the blows of her brothers and sisters, and even of her nieces, this poor girl was now plundered by them, without being able to offer a better resistance to their thefts than formerly to their blows. Only one of her nieces, named Goton Leduc, was of a tolerably amiable and gentle disposition, although she was spoiled by the example and lessons of the others. As I frequently saw them together I gave them the names which they gave to each other. I called the niece my niece, and the aunt my aunt, and both called me uncle. Hence the name of "aunt" by which I continued to call Thérèse, and which my friends sometimes repeated by way of a joke.

It will easily be understood that, in such a situation, I had not a moment to lose before attempting to extricate myself from it. Supposing that M. de Richelieu had forgotten me, and no longer expecting anything from the Court, I made some attempts to get my opera accepted in Paris; but I encountered difficulties which it required considerable time to overcome, and I became more hard pressed every day. I resolved to offer my little comedy of *Narcisse* to the Italian theatre. It was accepted, and I was given a free pass to the theatre, which pleased me greatly, but this was all. I could never get my piece performed, and at length, tired of paying court to comedians, I turned my back upon them. At length I had recourse to the last expedient which remained, and the only one which I ought to have adopted. While visiting at M. de la Poplinière's house, I had kept away

from M. Dupin's. The two ladies, although related, were not on good terms, and never visited. There was no intercourse between the two houses—Thieriot alone was at home in both. He was commissioned to endeavour to bring me back to M. Dupin. M. de Francueil at that time was studying natural history and chemistry, and was making a collection. I believe that his ambition was to be elected a member of the Academy of Sciences. With this object he wanted to write a book, and he thought that I might be useful to him in this undertaking. Madame Dupin, who also contemplated a book, had almost similar views in regard to me. They would have liked to engage me as a kind of secretary, to be shared between them; and this was the object of Thieriot's exhortations. I required, as a preliminary, that M. de Francueil should employ his own and Jelyote's influence to get my piece rehearsed at the opera. He consented. The *Muses galantes* was at first rehearsed several times at the Magasin,¹ and afterwards at the Grand Theatre. There was a large audience at the general rehearsal, and several pieces were warmly applauded. Nevertheless, during the performance—very badly conducted by Rebel—I felt myself that the piece would not be accepted, and, indeed, that it could not be presented to the public without great alterations. Accordingly I withdrew it without saying a word, and without exposing myself to the risk of rejection; but I clearly saw, from several indications, that, even if the work had been perfect, it would not have passed. M. de Francueil had certainly promised to get it rehearsed, not to secure its acceptance. He scrupulously kept his word. I have always fancied, on this and several other occasions, that neither he nor Madame Dupin were particularly anxious that I should acquire a certain reputation in the world, perhaps for fear that, when their own works appeared, it might be supposed that they had grafted their talents upon mine. However, as Madame Dupin had always entertained a very moderate idea of my abilities, and never employed me except to write at her dictation, or to undertake purely learned researches, this reproach, especially as far as she was concerned, might have been unjust.

¹ The place where the theatrical decorations, costumes, and accessories were kept.

[1747-1749.] --This last failure completely discouraged me. I abandoned every prospect of fame and promotion; and, without thinking further of my real or fancied talents, which were of such little service to me, I devoted my time and trouble to providing for the support of myself and my dear Thérèse, in a manner which might be agreeable to those who undertook to assist me in doing so. I accordingly attached myself entirely to Madame Dupin and M. de Francueil. This did not place me in a very affluent position, for the 800 or 900 *francs* which I received for the first two years was hardly sufficient for my most pressing needs, as I was obliged to rent a furnished room in their neighbourhood, in a somewhat expensive quarter, and to pay for another lodging quite at the other end of Paris, at the top of the Rue Saint-Jacques, where I went nearly every evening to supper, whatever the state of the weather might be. I soon got into the way of my new occupation, and even began to like it. I became interested in chemistry, and went through several courses at M. Rouelle's, together with M. de Francueil, and we proceeded, to the best of our ability, to fill quires of paper with our scribblings upon this science, of which we scarcely knew the elements. In 1747 we went to spend the autumn in Touraine, at the Château of Chenonceaux, a Royal mansion upon the Cher, built by Henri II. for Diana of Poitiers, whose monogram may still be seen there, and which is now in the possession of M. Dupin, a farmer-general. We enjoyed ourselves greatly in this beautiful place; we lived well, and I became as fat as a monk. We had a good deal of music. I composed several trios, full of vigour and harmony, of which I shall perhaps speak in my supplement, if I ever write one. We played comedies. I wrote one, in three acts, entitled *l'Engagement ténébreux*, which will be found amongst my papers, and has no other merit than that of great liveliness. I also composed some other trifles, amongst them a piece in verse, called *l'Allée de Sylvie*, from a walk in the park, on the banks of the Cher. This did not, however, interrupt my chemical studies, or the work which I was doing for Madame Dupin.

While I was growing fat at Chenonceaux, my poor Thérèse was increasing in size at Paris for another reason; and, on my return, I found the work which I had commenced in a more

forward condition than I had expected. Considering my position, this would have thrown me into the greatest embarrassment, had not some table companions furnished me with the only means of getting out of the difficulty. This is one of those essential pieces of information which I cannot give with too much simplicity, because, if I were to offer any explanation, I should be obliged either to excuse or to inculcate myself, and in this place I ought not to do either the one or the other.

During Altuna's stay at Paris, instead of going to an eating-house, we usually took our meals in our neighbourhood, nearly opposite the *cul-de-sac* of the Opera, at the house of one Madame la Selle, a tailor's wife, whose dinners were indifferent, but her table was always in request, on account of the good and respectable company which resorted there; no one was admitted unless he was known, and it was necessary to be introduced by one of the regular guests. Commandeur de Graville, an old rake, full of wit and politeness, but filthy in his language, lodged there, and attracted a jovial and brilliant company of young officers in the guards and musketeers; Commandeur de Nonant, protector of all the girls employed at the Opera, daily brought all the news from that haunt of vice; M. Duplessis, a retired lieutenant-colonel, a good and respectable old man; and Ancelet,¹ an officer in the musketeers, maintained a certain amount of order amongst these young people. The house was also frequented by merchants, financiers, and purveyors, but polite and honourable men, distinguished in their profession, M. de Besse, M. de Forcade, and others whose names I have forgotten. In short, good company of all classes was to be met there, with the exception of abbés and

1 It was to this Ancelet that I gave a little comedy of mine, entitled *Les Prisonniers de Guerre*, which I had written after the disasters of the French in Bavaria and Bohemia, but which I never ventured to show or acknowledge, for the singular reason that the King, France, and the French people have perhaps never been more highly or sincerely praised than in this piece; and, avowed Republican and censurer of the Government as I was, I did not dare to confess myself the panegyrist of a nation, whose principles were all exactly the opposite of my own. More grieved at the misfortunes of France than even the French themselves, I was afraid of being taxed with flattery and cowardice, on account of the expressions of sincere attachment, the date and origin of which I have mentioned in the first part of this work, and which I was ashamed to make public.

lawyers, whom I never saw there, and it was agreed that members of those professions were never to be introduced. The company, fairly numerous, was very gay without being noisy, and many broad stories were told, which, however, were free from vulgarity. Old de Graville, with all his risky stories, never lost his old-fashioned courtly politeness, and no indecency ever escaped his lips which was not so witty that any woman would have pardoned it. He gave the tone to the whole table; all these young people related their adventures of gallantry with equal freedom and grace; and there was no lack of stories of girls, as there was a stock of them close at hand, since the passage leading to Madame la Selle's house also led to the shop of Madame Duchapt, a famous dress-maker, who at the time employed some very pretty girls, with whom our gentlemen used to go and chat before or after dinner. I should have amused myself like the rest, if I had been bolder. I only needed to go in as they did, but I never ventured. As for Madame de la Selle, I often went to dine at her house after Altuna had left. I there heard a number of amusing anecdotes, and also gradually adopted, thank Heaven! not the morals, but the principles which I found established. Honourable people injured, husbands deceived, women seduced, secret accouchements, these were the most ordinary topics; and he who contributed most to the population of the Foundling Hospital was always most applauded. I caught the infection; I formed my manner of thinking upon that which I saw prevalent amongst very amiable and, in the main, very honourable people. I said to myself, "Since it is the custom of the country, one who lives here may follow it." Here was the expedient for which I was looking. I cheerfully resolved to adopt it, without the least scruples on my own part; I only had to overcome those of Thérèse, with whom I had the greatest trouble in the world to persuade her to adopt the only means of saving her honour. Her mother, who, in addition, was afraid of this new embarrassment in the shape of a number of brats, supported me, and Thérèse at last yielded. We chose a discreet and safe midwife, one Mademoiselle Gouin, who lived at the Pointe Saint-Eustache, to take care of this precious charge; and when the time came, Thérèse was taken to her house by her mother for her accouche-

ment. I went to see her several times, and took her a monogram, which I had written on two cards, one of which was placed in the child's swaddling clothes, after which it was deposited by the midwife in the office of the hospital in the usual manner. The following year the same inconvenience was remedied by the same expedient, with the exception of the monogram, which was forgotten. On my side there was no more reflection, no greater approval on the mother's; she obeyed with a sigh. Later, all the vicissitudes which this fatal conduct produced in my manner of thinking, as well as in my destiny, will become apparent; for the present, let us keep to this first period. Its consequences, as cruel as they were unforeseen, will force me to return to it only too frequently.

Here I will mention my first acquaintance with Madame d'Epinay, whose name will frequently recur in these Memoirs. Her maiden name was Mademoiselle d'Esclavelles, and she had just married M. d'Epinay, son of M. de Lalive de Bellegarde, farmer-general. Her husband, like M. de Francueil, was musical. She also was musical, and devotion to the art led to a great intimacy between the three. M. de Francueil introduced me to Madame d'Epinay, who sometimes invited me to supper. She was amiable, witty, and talented, and certainly a very desirable acquaintance. But she had a friend, Mademoiselle d'Ette, who was supposed to be very spiteful, and lived with the Chevalier de Valory, who did not enjoy a good reputation either. I believe that the society of these two people did harm to Madame d'Epinay, who, although of a very exacting disposition, was endowed by Nature with qualities admirably adapted to regulate or counterbalance its extravagances. M. de Francueil partly inspired her with the friendship he himself entertained for me, and confessed his relations with her, which, for this reason, I would not speak of here, had they not become public property, and even reached the ears of M. d'Epinay himself. M. de Francueil made singular revelations to me concerning this lady, which she never mentioned to me herself, and of which she never thought I had been informed. I never opened, and never will open, my lips on the subject, to her or anyone else. All these confidential communications from one quarter and another

rendered my situation very embarrassing, especially with Madame de Francueil, who knew me sufficiently well not to distrust me, although I was intimate with her rival. As well as I was able, I consoled this poor lady, whose husband certainly did not return the love which she felt for him. I listened to these three persons separately, and kept their secrets so faithfully, that not one of the three ever extracted from me any of the secrets of the other two, while at the same time I did not conceal from either of the women my attachment to her rival. Madame de Francueil, who wanted to make use of me in several ways, had to put up with a formal refusal, and Madame d'Épinay, who on one occasion wanted to intrust me with a letter for Francueil, not only met with a similar denial, but I plainly declared that, if she wanted to drive me from her house for ever, she had only to propose the same thing to me again. I must, however, do justice to Madame d'Épinay. Far from showing herself displeased with my conduct, she spoke in the highest terms of it to Francueil, and made me as welcome as ever. In this manner, amidst the stormy relations between these three persons, whom I had to manage most carefully, upon whom I in a manner depended, and to whom I was sincerely attached, I retained to the end their friendship, their esteem, and their confidence, while I behaved with gentleness and complaisance, but always with uprightness and firmness. In spite of my awkwardness and stupidity, Madame d'Épinay would take me with her to the gaieties at La Chevrette, a château near Saint-Denis belonging to M. de Bellegarde. There was a stage there, on which performances were frequently given. A part was given to me, which I studied for six months without intermission, but when the piece was performed, I had to be prompted in it from beginning to end. After this trial, no more parts were offered to me.

The acquaintance of Madame d'Épinay also procured me that of her step-sister, Mademoiselle de Bellegarde, who soon afterwards became Comtesse de Houdetot. When I first saw her, it was just before her marriage, and she conversed with me for a long time with that charming familiarity which is natural to her. I found her very amiable; but I was far from foreseeing that this young person would one day decide the

destiny of my life, and was fated to drag me down, although innocently, into the abyss in which I find myself to-day.

Although, since my return from Venice, I have not spoken of Diderot, or my friend Roguin, I had not neglected either, and with the former especially I had daily grown more and more intimate. He had a Nanette, just as I had a Thérèse: this was a further point of agreement between us. But the difference was, that my Thérèse, who was at least as good looking as his Nanette, was of a gentle disposition and an amiable character, calculated to gain the attachment of an honourable man, while his Nanette, who was a regular shrew and a fish-fag, exhibited no redeeming qualities which could compensate, in the eyes of others, for her defective education. However, he married her, which was very praiseworthy, if he had promised to do so. As for myself, having made no promise of the kind, I was in no hurry to imitate him.

I had also become connected with the Abbé de Condillac, who, like myself, was unknown in the literary world, but was destined to become what he is at the present day. I was, perhaps, the first who discovered his abilities, and estimated him at his proper value. He also seemed to have taken a fancy to me; and while, shut up in my room in the Rue Jean-Saint-Denis, near the Opera, I was composing my act of *Hésiode*, he sometimes dined with me *tête-à-tête*, and we shared the expenses. He was at that time engaged upon his "Essai sur l'Origine des Connaissances humaines," his first work. When it was finished, the difficulty was to find a bookseller to take it. The booksellers of Paris are always arrogant and hard towards a new author, and metaphysics, which was not much in fashion at the time, did not offer a very attractive subject. I spoke of Condillac and his work to Diderot, and introduced them to each other. They were made to suit each other, and did so. Diderot induced Durant the bookseller to accept the Abbé's manuscript, and this great metaphysician received for his first book—and that almost as a favour—one hundred crowns, and even that he would perhaps not have received but for me. As we lived at a great distance from one another, we all three met once a week at the Palais-Royal, and dined together at the Hôtel du Panier

Fleuri. These little weekly dinners must have been exceedingly agreeable to Diderot, for he, who nearly always failed to keep his other appointments, never missed one of them. On these occasions I drew up the plan of a periodical, to be called *Le Persifleur*, to be written by Diderot and myself alternately. I sketched the outlines of the first number, and in this manner became acquainted with D'Alembert, to whom Diderot had spoken of it. However, unforeseen events stopped the way, and the project fell into abeyance.

These two authors had just undertaken the "Dictionnaire Encyclopédique," which at first was only intended to be a kind of translation of Chambers's, almost like that of James's "Dictionary of Medicine," which Diderot had just finished. The latter wanted to secure my assistance in this second enterprise, and proposed that I should undertake the musical part of it. I consented, and completed it very hastily and indifferently, in the three months which were allowed to myself, and all the other collaborators in the work. But I was the only one who was ready at the time appointed. I handed him my manuscript, which I had had copied by one of M. de Francueil's lackeys, named Dupont, who wrote a very good hand, paying him ten crowns out of my own pocket, for which I have never been reimbursed. Diderot, on the part of the booksellers, promised me some remuneration, which neither of us ever mentioned again to the other.

The undertaking was interrupted by his imprisonment. His "*Pensées philosophiques*" had brought upon him a certain amount of annoyance, which led to no further consequences. It was different with his "*Lettre sur les Aveugles*," which contained nothing that deserved censure except a few personal allusions, at which Madame Dupré de Saint-Maur and M. de Réaumur took offence, and for which he was confined in the donjon of Vincennes. It is impossible to describe the anguish which my friend's misfortune caused me. My melancholy imagination, which always exaggerates misfortune, became alarmed. I thought that he would be imprisoned for the rest of his life; I nearly went mad at the idea. I wrote to Madame de Pompadour, entreating her to procure his release, or to get

me imprisoned with him. I received no answer to my letter; it was too unreasonable to produce any effect, and I cannot flatter myself that it contributed to the subsequent alleviation of the hardships of poor Diderot's confinement. Had its severity continued without relaxation, I believed that I should have died of despair at the foot of this accursed donjon. Besides, even if my letter produced but little effect, neither did I myself claim much merit for it, for I only mentioned it to one or two people, and never to Diderot himself.

BOOK VIII

[1749.]

I HAVE been obliged to pause at the end of the preceding book. With the present book commences, in its first origin, the long chain of my misfortunes.

Having lived in two of the most brilliant houses in Paris, I had made some acquaintances, in spite of my want of tact; amongst others, at Madame Dupin's, the young hereditary prince of Saxe-Gotha and Baron de Thun, his tutor; at M. de Poplinière's, M. Seguy, a friend of Baron de Thun, who was known in the literary world by his beautiful edition of Rousseau.¹ The Baron invited M. Seguy and myself to spend a day or two at Fontenay-sous-Bois, where the Prince had a country-house. We accepted the invitation. While passing Vincennes, I felt so distressed at the sight of the donjon, that the Baron perceived the effects of my emotion on my countenance. At supper the Prince spoke of Diderot's confinement. The Baron, in order to make me speak, accused the prisoner of imprudence, which I myself displayed by the impetuosity with which I defended him. This excess of zeal was excused in a man who was inspired by attachment to an unfortunate friend, and the conversation took another turn. Two Germans, belonging to the Prince's suite, were present: M. Klüpfel, a man of great ability, his chaplain, who afterwards supplanted the Baron, and became his tutor; and a young man named Grimm, who held the post of reader until he could find some other place, and whose modest equipment showed how urgent was his need for finding something of the kind. From that same evening, Klüpfel and myself formed an acquaintance which soon ripened into friendship. My acquaintance with M. Grimm did not advance so rapidly; he kept himself in the background, and gave no signs of the boastfulness which he after-

¹ Jean Baptiste Rousseau, the poet.

wards displayed when he became prosperous. At dinner the next day the conversation turned upon music; he spoke well upon the subject. I was delighted when I heard that he was able to accompany on the piano. After dinner, some music was sent for, and we amused ourselves for the rest of the day on the Prince's piano. In this manner began that friendship, at first so pleasant to me, and in the end so fatal, of which, from this time forth, I shall have so much to say.

On my return to Paris, I received the agreeable news that Diderot had been released from the donjon, and confined to the château and park of Vincennes on parole, with permission to see his friends. How painful it was to me not to be able to run to him on the spot! But I was detained for two or three days at Madame Dupin's by duties which I could not neglect, and, after what seemed three or four centuries of impatience, I flew into my friend's arms. O indescribable moment! He was not alone; D'Alembert and the treasurer of the Sainte-Chapelle were with him. When I entered, I saw no one except him. I made a single bound, I uttered a single cry; I pressed my face to his; I embraced him closely without an utterance, except that of my tears and sighs; I was choked with tenderness and joy. The first thing he did, after leaving my arms, was to turn towards the ecclesiastic and say to him: "You see, sir, how my friends love me!" Completely overcome by my emotion, I did not at that time think of this manner of turning it to advantage; but, when occasionally reflecting upon it afterwards, I have always thought that this would not have been the first idea that would have occurred to me had I been in Diderot's place.

I found him greatly affected by his imprisonment. The donjon had made a terrible impression upon him, and, although he was comfortable at the castle and allowed to walk where he pleased in a park that was not even surrounded by walls, he needed the society of his friends, to avoid giving way to melancholy. As I was certainly the one who had most sympathy with his sufferings, I believed that I should also be the one whose presence would be most consoling to him, and, in spite of very pressing engagements, I went at least every other day, alone or with his wife, to spend the afternoon with him.

The summer of 1749 was excessively hot. Vincennes is reckoned to be two leagues distant from Paris. Being unable to afford a conveyance, I set out at two o'clock in the afternoon on foot, when I was alone, and walked fast, in order to get there sooner. The trees on the road—always lopped after the fashion of the country—hardly afforded any shade, and often, exhausted by heat and fatigue, I threw myself on the ground, being unable to walk any further. In order to moderate my pacc, I bethought myself of taking a book with me. One day I took the *Mercurc de France*, and, while reading as I walked, I came upon the subject proposed by the Academy of Dijon as a prize essay for the following year: "Has the progress of the arts and sciences contributed more to the corruption or purification of morals?"

From the moment I read these words, I beheld another world and became another man. Although I have a lively recollection of the impression which they produced upon me, the details have escaped me since I committed them to paper in one of my four letters to M. de Malcshcrbes. This is one of the peculiarities of my memory which deserves to be mentioned. It only serves me so long as I am dependent upon it. As soon as I commit its contents to paper it forsakes me, and when I have once written a thing down, I completely forget it. This peculiarity follows me even into music. Before I learned it, I knew a number of songs by heart. As soon as I was able to sing from notes, I could not retain a single one in my memory, and I doubt whether I should now be able to repeat, from beginning to end, a single one of those which were my greatest favourites.

What I distinctly remember on this occasion is, that on my arrival at Vincennes I was in a state of agitation bordering upon madness. Diderot perceived it. I told him the reason, and read to him the *Prosopopœa* of Fabricius,¹ written in pencil under an oak-tree. He encouraged me to allow my ideas to have full play, and to compete for the prize. I did so, and from that moment I was lost. The misfortunes of the remainder of my life were the inevitable result of this moment of madness.

With inconceivable rapidity, my feelings became elevated to

¹ *Prosopopœa de Fabricius*: a soliloquy of the famous Roman general, introduced by Rousseau in his essay.

the tone of my ideas. All my petty passions were stifled by the enthusiasm of truth, liberty and virtue; and the most astonishing thing is, that this fervour continued in my heart for more than four or five years, in a higher degree, perhaps, than has ever been the case with the heart of any other man.

I worked at this Essay in a very curious manner, which I have adopted in almost all my other works. I devoted to it the hours of the night when I was unable to sleep. I meditated in bed with my eyes shut, and turned and re-turned my periods in my head with incredible labour. Then, when I was finally satisfied with them, I stored them up in my memory until I was able to commit them to paper; but the time spent in getting up and dressing myself made me forget everything, and when I sat down in front of my paper I could recall scarcely anything of what I had composed. I conceived the idea of making Madame le Vasseur my secretary. I had taken lodgings for her, her husband and her daughter, nearer to my own; and she, in order to save me the expense of a servant, came every morning to light my fire and attend to my little wants. When she came, I dictated to her from my bed the result of my labours of the preceding night; and this plan, to which I have long adhered, has saved me from forgetting much.

When the Essay was finished, I showed it to Diderot, who was pleased with it, and suggested a few corrections. This production, however, although full of warmth and vigour, is altogether destitute of logic and arrangement. Of all the works that have proceeded from my pen, it is the weakest in argument and the poorest in harmony and proportion; but, however great a man's natural talents may be, the art of writing cannot be learnt all at once.

I sent off the work without mentioning it to anyone, with the exception, I fancy, of Grimm, with whom I began to be on most intimate terms after he went to live with the Comte de Frièse. He had a piano, which formed our meeting-place, and at which I spent in his company all my spare moments, singing Italian airs and *barcarolles*, without break or intermission from morning till evening, or, rather, from evening till morning; and whenever I was not to be found at Madame Dupin's I was sure

to be found at Grimm's, or, at least, in his company, either on the promenade or at the theatre. I gave up going to the Comédie Italienne, where I had a free pass, but which he did not care for, and paid to go the Comédie Française, of which he was passionately fond. At length I became so powerfully attracted to this young man, and so inseparable from him, that even poor "aunt" was neglected—that is to say, I saw less of her, for my attachment to her has never once wavered during the whole course of my life.

This impossibility of dividing the little spare time I had in accordance with my inclinations, renewed more strongly than ever the desire, which I had long since entertained, of having only one establishment for Thérèse and myself; but the obstacle presented by her numerous family and, above all, want of money to buy furniture, had hitherto prevented me. The opportunity of making an effort to provide a home presented itself, and I seized it. M. de Francueil and Madame Dupin, feeling that 800 or 900 *francs* a year could not be sufficient for me, of their own accord raised my salary to fifty *louis*; and, in addition, Madame Dupin, when she heard that I wanted to furnish my own rooms, gave me some assistance. With the furniture, which Thérèse already had, we put all together, and, having rented some small rooms in the Hôtel de Languedoc, in the Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Honoré, kept by very respectable people, we settled there as comfortably as we could, and we lived there quietly and agreeably for seven years, until I removed to the Hermitage.

Thérèse's father was a good old man, of a very peaceful disposition and terribly afraid of his wife, upon whom he had bestowed the name of "Criminal Lieutenant,"¹ which Grimm afterwards jestingly transferred to the daughter. Madame le Vasseur was not lacking in intelligence, that is to say, in address; she even prided herself on her politeness and distinguished manners; but she had a confidential, wheedling tone, which was unendurable to me. She gave her daughter bad advice, tried to make her dissemble with me, and cajoled

¹ *Lieutenant Criminel*: a former magistrate of the Châtelet (the name of two old courts, civil and criminal) of Paris.



shared my table. These meals, somewhat more than simple, were enlivened by the witty and broad jokes of Klüpfel and the humorous Germanisms of Grimm, who had not yet become a purist.

Sensuality did not preside at our little orgies; its place was supplied by gaiety, and we were so well satisfied with each other that we were unable to separate. Klüpfel had furnished a room for a little girl, who, notwithstanding, was at everybody's disposal, since he was unable to keep her by himself. One evening, as we were entering the *café*, we met him coming out to go and sup with her. We rallied him; he revenged himself gallantly by taking us to share the supper, and then rallied us in turn. The poor creature appeared to me to be of a fairly good disposition, very gentle, and little adapted for her profession, for which an old hag, whom she had with her, dressed her as well as she was able. The conversation and the wine enlivened us to such a degree that we forgot ourselves. The worthy Klüpfel did not desire to do the honours of his table by halves, and all three of us, in turn, went into the adjoining room with the little one, who did not know whether she ought to laugh or cry. Grimm has always declared that he never touched her, and that he remained so long with her simply in order to amuse himself at our impatience. If he really did not touch her, it is not likely that he was prevented by any scruples, since, before going to live with the Comte de Frièse, he lived with some girl in the same quarter of Saint-Roch.

I left the Rue des Moineaux, where this girl lived, feeling as ashamed as Saint-Preux, when he left the house where he had been made drunk, and I had a vivid remembrance of my own story when writing his. Thérèse perceived, from certain indications, and, above all, from my confused air, that I had something to reproach myself with; I relieved my conscience of the burden by making a prompt and frank confession. In this I did well; for, the next morning, Grimm came in triumph to her, to give her an exaggerated account of my offence, and since that time he has never failed spitefully to remind her of it. This was the more inexcusable in him, since I had freely and voluntarily taken him into my confidence and had the right to expect from him that he would not give me cause to repent it. I never felt

so much as on this occasion the goodness of my Thérèse's heart, for she was more indignant at Grimm's conduct than offended at my unfaithfulness, and I only had to submit to tender and touching reproaches on her part, in which I did not detect the slightest trace of anger.

This excellent girl's good-heartedness was equalled by her simplicity of mind. Nothing more need be said; however, I may be permitted to mention an example of it, which I recollect. I had told her that Klüpfel was preacher and chaplain to the Prince of Saxe-Gotha. In her estimation a preacher was so extraordinary a person that, oddly confounding two most dissimilar ideas, she got it into her head to take Klüpfel for the Pope. I thought she was mad when she told me, for the first time, on my return home, that the Pope had called to see me. I made her explain herself, and made all haste to go and tell the story to Grimm and Klüpfel, whom we ever afterwards called Pope, and gave the name of Pope Joan to the girl in the Rue des Moineaux. Our laughter was inextinguishable, and almost choked us. Those who have made me say, in a letter which they have been pleased to attribute to me, that I have only laughed twice in my life, were not acquainted with me at that time or in my youthful days; otherwise, this idea would certainly never have occurred to them.

[1750-1752.]—In the following year (1750) I heard that my Essay, of which I had not thought any more, had gained the prize at Dijon. This news awoke again all the ideas which had suggested it to me, animated them with fresh vigour, and stirred up in my heart the first leavening of virtue and heroism, which my father, my country, and Plutarch had deposited there in my infancy. I considered that nothing could be grander or finer than to be free and virtuous, above considerations of fortune and the opinion of mankind, and completely independent. Although false shame and fear of public disapproval at first prevented me from living in accordance with my principles, and from openly insulting the maxims of my age, from that moment my mind was made up, and I delayed carrying out my intention no longer than was necessary for contradiction to irritate it and render it victorious.

While philosophising upon the duties of man, an event occurred which made me reflect more seriously upon my own. Thérèse became pregnant for the third time. Too honest towards myself, too proud in my heart to desire to belie my principles by my actions, I began to consider the destination of my children and my connection with their mother, in the light of the laws of nature, justice, and reason, and of that religion—pure, holy and eternal, like its author—which men have polluted, while pretending to be anxious to purify it, and which they have converted, by their formulas, into a mere religion of words, seeing that it costs men little to prescribe what is impossible, when they dispense with carrying it out in practice.

If I was wrong in my conclusions, nothing can be more remarkable than the calmness with which I abandoned myself to them. If I had been one of those low-born men, who are deaf to the gentle voice of Nature, in whose heart no real sentiment of justice or humanity ever springs up, this hardening of my heart would have been quite easy to understand. But is it possible that my warm-heartedness, lively sensibility, readiness to form attachments, the powerful hold which they exercise over me, the cruel heartbreakings I experience when forced to break them off, my natural goodwill towards all my fellow-creatures, my ardent love of the great, the true, the beautiful, and the just; my horror of evil of every kind, my utter inability to hate or injure, or even to think of it; the sweet and lively emotion which I feel at the sight of all that is virtuous, generous, and amiable; is it possible, I ask, that all these can ever agree in the same heart with the depravity which, without the least scruple, tramples underfoot the sweetest of obligations? No! I feel and loudly assert—it is impossible. Never, for a single moment in his life, could Jean Jacques have been a man without feeling, without compassion, or an unnatural father. I may have been mistaken, never hardened. If I were to state my reasons, I should say too much. Since they were strong enough to mislead me, they might mislead many others, and I do not desire to expose young people, who may read my works, to the danger of allowing themselves to be misled by the same error. I will content myself with observing, that my error was such that, in handing over my children

to the State to educate, for want of means to bring them up myself, in deciding to fit them for becoming workmen and peasants rather than adventurers and fortune-hunters, I thought that I was behaving like a citizen and a father, and considered myself a member of Plato's Republic. More than once since then, the regrets of my heart have told me that I was wrong; but, far from my reason having given me the same information, I have often blessed Heaven for having preserved them from their father's lot, and from the lot which threatened them as soon as I should have been obliged to abandon them. If I had left them with Madame d'Epinay or Madame de Luxembourg, who, from friendship, generosity, or some other motive, expressed themselves willing to take charge of them, would they have been happier, would they have been brought up at least as honest men? I do not know; but I do know that they would have been brought up to hate, perhaps to betray, their parents; it is a hundred times better that they have never known them.

My third child was accordingly taken to the Foundling Hospital, like the other two. The two next were disposed of in the same manner, for I had five altogether. This arrangement appeared to me so admirable, so rational, and so legitimate, that, if I did not openly boast of it, this was solely out of regard for the mother; but I told all who were acquainted with our relations. I told Grimm and Diderot. I afterwards informed Madame d'Epinay, and, later, Madame de Luxembourg, freely and voluntarily, without being in any way obliged to do so, and when I might easily have kept it a secret from everybody; for Gouin was an honourable woman, very discreet, and a person upon whom I could implicitly rely. The only one of my friends to whom I had any interest in unbosoming myself was M. Thierry, the physician who attended my poor "aunt" in a dangerous confinement. In a word, I made no mystery of what I did, not only because I have never known how to keep a secret from my friends, but because I really saw no harm in it. All things considered, I chose for my children what was best, or, at least, what I believed to be best for them. I could have wished, and still wish, that I had been reared and brought up as they have been.

While I was thus making my confessions, Madame le Vasseur on her part did the same, but with less disinterested views. I had introduced her and her daughter to Madame Dupin, who, out of friendship for me, did them a thousand kindnesses. The mother confided her daughter's secret to her. Madame Dupin, who is good-hearted and generous, whom she never told how attentive I was to provide for everything, in spite of my moderate means, herself made provision for her with a generosity which, by her mother's instructions, the daughter always kept a secret from me during my stay in Paris, and only confessed to me at the Hermitage, after several other confidences. I did not know that Madame Dupin, who never gave me the least hint of it, was so well informed. Whether Madame de Chenonceaux, her daughter-in-law, was equally well informed, I do not know; but Madame de Francueil, her step-daughter, was, and was unable to hold her tongue. She spoke to me about it the following year, after I had left their house. This induced me to address a letter to her on this subject, which will be found in my collections, in which I have set forth those reasons for my conduct, which I was able to give without compromising Madame le Vasseur and her family, for the most decisive of them came from that quarter, and upon them I kept silence.

I can rely upon the discretion of Madame Dupin and the friendship of Madame de Chenonceaux; I felt equally sure in regard to Madame de Francueil, who, besides, died long before my secret was noised abroad. It could only have been disclosed by those very people to whom I had confided it, and, in fact, it was not until after I had broken with them, that it was so disclosed. By this single fact they are judged. Without desiring to acquit myself of the blame which I deserve, I would rather have it upon my shoulders than that which their malice deserves. My fault is great, but it was due to error; I have neglected my duties, but the desire of doing an injury never entered my heart, and the feelings of a father cannot speak very eloquently on behalf of children whom he has never seen; but, to betray the confidence of friendship, to violate the most sacred of all agreements, to disclose secrets poured into our bosoms, deliberately to dishonour the friend whom one has deceived, and who still

respects us while leaving us—these are not faults; they are acts of meanness and infamy.

I have promised my confession, not my justification; therefore I say no more on this point. It is my duty to be true; the reader's to be just. I shall never ask more from him than that.

The marriage of M. de Chenonceaux made his mother's house still more pleasant to me, owing to the accomplishments of his young wife—a very amiable person, who appeared to take especial notice of me amongst M. Dupin's secretaries. She was the only daughter of Madame la Vicomtesse de Rochechouart, a great friend of the Comte de Frièse, and, consequently, of Grimm, who was attached to him. It was I, however, who introduced him to his daughter; but, as their dispositions did not agree, the acquaintance did not last long, and Grimm, who from that time only had eyes for that which was solid, preferred the mother, who belonged to the great world, to the daughter, who desired friends on whom she could rely and who were agreeable to her, who were neither mixed up in any intrigues nor sought to gain credit amongst the great. Madame Dupin, not finding in Madame de Chenonceaux all the docility which she expected from her, made her house very dull for her, and Madame de Chenonceaux, proud of her own merits, and perhaps also of her birth, preferred to renounce the pleasures of society, and to remain almost alone in her room, than to bear a yoke for which she felt she was not adapted. This species of exile increased my attachment for her, from the natural inclination which attracts me towards the unfortunate. I found in her a metaphysical and thoughtful mind, although at times somewhat sophistical. Her conversation, which was by no means that of a young woman just leaving the convent, was very attractive to me; and yet she was not twenty years of age. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair. Her figure would have been dignified and beautiful, if she had carried herself better. Her hair, which was ashen-grey and of rare beauty, reminded me of my dear mamma's in her youth, and caused a lively emotion in my heart. But the strict principles which I had just laid down for myself, and which I was resolved to act up to at all cost, protected me against her and her charm. During a whole summer I spent three or four hours every day

alone with her, solemnly teaching her arithmetic, and wearying her with my everlasting figures, without ever uttering a single word of gallantry or casting a glance of admiration upon her. Five or six years later, I should have been neither so wise nor so foolish; but it was destined that I should only love truly once in my life, and that the first and last sighs of my heart should be given to another than her.

Since I had lived at Madame Dupin's, I had always been satisfied with my lot, without showing any desire to see it improved. The increase in my salary, due to her and M. de Francueil together, was quite voluntary on their part. This year, M. de Francueil, whose friendship for me increased daily, wanted to make my position somewhat more comfortable and less precarious. He was Receiver-General of Finance. M. Dudoyer, his cashier, was old, well to do, and anxious to retire. M. de Francueil offered me his place; and, in order to make myself fit to take it, I went for a few weeks to M. Dudoyer's house, to receive the necessary instructions. But, whether it was that I had little talent for this occupation, or that Dudoyer, who seemed to me to have someone else in his eye as his successor, did not instruct me in good faith, my acquisition of the knowledge required was slow and unsatisfactory, and I was never able to get into my head the state of accounts, which perhaps had been purposely muddled. However, without having grasped the intricacies of the business, I soon acquired sufficient knowledge of its ordinary routine to undertake the general management. I even commenced its duties. I kept the ledgers and the cash; I paid and received money, and gave receipts; and although I had as little inclination as ability for such employment, advancing years made me more sensible: I determined to overcome my dislike, and to devote myself entirely to my duties. Unfortunately, just as I was beginning to get used to them, M. de Francueil went away on a short journey, during which I remained in charge of his cash, which at that time, however, did not amount to more than 25,000 or 30,000 francs. The care and anxiety which this deposit caused me convinced me that I was not made for a cashier, and I have no doubt that the impatience with which I awaited his return contributed to the illness which subsequently attacked me.

I have already mentioned, in the first part of this work, that I was almost dead when I was born. A defective formation of the bladder caused, during my childhood, an almost continual retention of urine; and my aunt Suzon, who took care of me, had the greatest difficulty in keeping me alive. However, she at length succeeded: my robust constitution at length gained the upper hand, and my health improved so much during my youth that, with the exception of the attack of languor which I have described, and the frequent necessity of making water, which the least heating of the blood always rendered a matter of difficulty, I reached the age of thirty without feeling my early infirmity at all. The first touch of it which I had was on my arrival at Venice. The fatigue of the journey, and the fearful heat which I had suffered, brought on a constant desire to make water and an affection of the kidneys, which lasted till the beginning of the winter. After my visit to the *padoana*, I looked upon myself as a dead man, and yet I never suffered the slightest inconvenience from it. After having exhausted myself more in imagination than in reality for my Zulietta, I was in better health than ever. It was only after Diderot's confinement that the overheating, caused by my journeys to Vincennes during the fearful heat, brought on a violent pain in the kidneys, and since that time I have never recovered my health completely.

At the time of which I am speaking, having perhaps overtired myself with my distasteful work at the confounded office, I became worse than before, and was confined to my bed for five or six weeks in the most melancholy condition that can be imagined. Madame Dupin sent the celebrated Morand to see me, who, in spite of his cleverness and delicacy of touch, caused me incredible suffering, and could never get to probe me. He advised me to consult Daran, who managed to introduce his bougies, which were more flexible, and afforded me some relief; but, when giving Madame Dupin an account of my condition, he declared that I had less than six months to live.

This verdict, which I afterwards heard, caused me to reflect seriously upon my condition, and upon the folly of sacrificing the repose and comfort of my few remaining days

CONFESSIONS OF

to the slavery of an employment for which I felt nothing but aversion. Besides, how could I reconcile the strict principles which I had just adopted with a situation which harmonised so ill with them? Would it not have been very bad taste in me, cashier of a Receiver-General of Finance, to preach disinterestedness and poverty? These ideas fermented so strongly in my head together with the fever, and combined so powerfully, that from that time nothing could uproot them, and, during the period of my recovery, I quietly determined to carry out the resolutions which I had made during my delirium. I renounced for ever all plans of fortune and promotion. Resolved to pass my few remaining days in poverty and independence, I employed all my strength of mind in breaking away from the bonds of the opinion of the world, and in courageously carrying out everything which appeared to me to be right, without troubling myself about what the world might think of it. The obstacles which I had to overcome, the efforts which I made to triumph over them, are incredible. I succeeded as much as was possible, and more than I had myself hoped. If I had been as successful in shaking off the yoke of friendship as that of public opinion, I should have accomplished my purpose, perhaps the greatest, or, at any rate, the most conducive to virtue, that a mortal has ever conceived; but, while I trampled underfoot the senseless judgments of the common herd of the so-called great and wise, I suffered myself to be subjugated and led like a child by so-called friends, who, jealous of seeing me strike out a new path by myself, thought of nothing but how to make me appear ridiculous, and began by doing their utmost to degrade me, in order to raise an outcry against me. It was the change in my character, dating from this period, rather than my literary celebrity, that drew their jealousy upon me; they would perhaps have forgiven me for distinguishing myself in the art of writing; but they could not forgive me for setting an example, in my change of life, which seemed likely to cause them inconvenience. I was born for friendship; my easy and gentle disposition found no difficulty in cherishing it. As long as I was unknown to the world, I was loved by all who knew me, and had not a single enemy; but,

as soon as I became known, I had not a single friend. This was a great misfortune; it was a still greater one that I was surrounded by people who called themselves my friends, and who only made use of the privileges which this name allowed them to drag me to my ruin. The sequel of these memoirs will reveal this odious intrigue; at present I only point out its origin; my readers will soon see the first link forged.

In the state of independence in which I intended to live, it was necessary, however, to find means of subsistence. I bethought myself of a very simple plan: copying music at so much a page. If a more solid employment would have fulfilled the same end, I should have adopted it; but as I had taste and ability for this, and as it was the only occupation which would provide my daily bread without personal dependence, I was satisfied with it. Believing that I no longer had need of foresight, and silencing the voice of vanity, from cashier to a financier I became a copyist of music. I thought I had gained greatly by the choice, and I have so little regretted it, that I have never abandoned this employment except under compulsion, and then only to resume it as soon as I was able.

The success of my first Essay made it easier for me to carry out this resolution. After it had gained the prize, Diderot undertook to get it printed. While I was in bed he wrote me a note, informing me of its publication and the effect it had produced. "It has gone up like a rocket," he told me; "such a success has never been seen before." This voluntary approval of the public, in the case of an unknown author, gave me the first real assurance of my ability, as to which, in spite of my inner feelings, I had until then always been doubtful. I saw the great advantage I might derive from it in view of the resolution which I was on the point of carrying out, and I judged that a copyist of some literary celebrity would not be likely to suffer from want of work.

As soon as my resolution was taken and confirmed, I wrote a note to M. de Francueil to inform him of it, thanking him and Madame Dupin for all their kindness, and asking for their custom. Francueil, quite unable to understand the note, and believing that I was still delirious, came to me in all haste, but he found

my mind so firmly made up that he was unable to shake my resolution. He went and told Madame Dupin and everyone else that I had gone mad. I let him do so, and went my way. I commenced my reformation with my dress. I gave up my gold lace and white stockings, and put on a round wig. I took off my sword and sold my watch, saying to myself with incredible delight, "Thank Heaven, I shall not want to know the time again!" M. de Francueil was kind enough to wait some time before he found a successor to me. At last, when he saw that my mind was made up, he gave my post to M. d'Alibard, formerly tutor to the young Chenonceaux, known in the botanical world for his "*Flora Parisiensis*."¹

In spite of the strictness of my sumptuary reform, I did not at first extend it to my linen, which was good, and of which I had a large stock—the remains of my Venetian outfit—and for which I had a special fondness. I had considered it so much a matter of cleanliness that I ended by making it a matter of luxury, which was certainly expensive. Someone was kind enough to deliver me from this servitude. On Christmas Eve, while the women-folk were at vespers and I was at the "spiritual concert,"² the door of a garret in which all our linen was hung up after a wash, which was just finished, was broken open. Everything was stolen, amongst other things, forty-two fine linen shirts belonging to me—the principal part of my linen wardrobe. From the description given by the neighbours of a man who had been seen to leave the hotel carrying some bundles, Thérèse and myself suspected her brother, who was known to be a worthless fellow. The mother indignantly repudiated the suspicion, but it was confirmed by so many proofs that we could not abandon it, in spite of her indignation. I did not venture to make strict inquiries, for fear of discovering more than I might have liked. The brother never showed himself

¹ I have no doubt that Francueil and his associates now give a totally different account of all this, but I appeal to what he said about it at the time, and for a long time afterwards, to all his acquaintances, until the conspiracy was formed. Men of good sense and honour cannot have forgotten his words.

² At which only religious music was heard, and which, on certain days, was a substitute for secular concerts.

again, and at last disappeared altogether. I deplored Thérèse's misfortune and my own in being connected with so mixed a family, and I urged her more strongly than ever to shake off a yoke so dangerous. This adventure cured me of my passion for fine linen, and from that time I have only worn shirts of very common material, more in keeping with the rest of my dress.

Having thus completed my reforms, my only anxiety was to make them solid and lasting, by doing my utmost to root out of my heart everything which was still liable to be affected by public opinion; everything which, from fear of censure, might turn me aside from that which was good and reasonable in itself. In consequence of the stir which my Essay created, my resolution also made a sensation and brought me employment, so that I commenced my new profession with tolerable success. Nevertheless, several causes prevented me from succeeding as well as I might have done in other circumstances. In the first place, my bad health. My recent attack left after-effects which prevented me from ever regaining my former state of health: and it is my belief that the physicians, to whose treatment I intrusted myself, did me as much harm as my illness. I consulted, in succession, Morand, Daran, Helvétius, Malouin and Thierry, all very learned men, and my personal friends. Each treated me in his own way, afforded me no relief, and considerably weakened me. The more I submitted to their treatment, the yellower, thinner, and weaker I became. My imagination, which they terrified, judged of my condition by the effect of their drugs, and only set before my eyes a continuous succession of sufferings before my death—retention of urine, gravel, and stone. All the remedies which afford relief to others—ptisans, baths, and bleeding—only aggravated my sufferings. Finding that Daran's bougies, the only ones which had any effect, and without which I thought I could not live, only afforded me momentary relief, I proceeded, at great expense, to lay in an enormous stock of them, so that, in case of Daran's death, I might always have some for use. During the eight or ten years in which I made such constant use of them I must have spent at least fifty *louis*. It will be readily imagined that a treatment so expensive, painful, and troublesome distracted me

from my work, and that a dying man is not very eager about earning his daily bread.

Literary occupations were equally prejudicial to my daily work. No sooner had my Essay appeared, than the defenders of literature fell upon me as if by common consent. Indignant at the sight of so many Messieurs Josse,¹ who did not even understand the question, attempting to decide like masters, I took up my pen and treated some of them in such a manner that they no longer had the laugh on their side. One M. Gautier, from Nancy, the first who fell under my lash, was roughly abused in a letter to Grimm. The second was King Stanislaus himself, who did not disdain to enter the lists with me. The honour which he did me obliged me to change the tone of my answer. I adopted one that was more serious, but equally emphatic, and, without failing in respect towards the author, I completely refuted his work. I knew that a Jesuit, Father Menou, had had a hand in it. I trusted to my judgment to distinguish the work of the Prince from that of the monk; and, mercilessly attacking all the Jesuitical phrases, I brought into prominence, as I went along, an anachronism which I believed could only have proceeded from the pen of his reverence. This composition, which, for some reason or other, has made less stir than my other writings, is, in its way, unique. In it I seized the opportunity of showing the public, how a private individual could defend the cause of truth, even against a sovereign. It would be difficult to adopt, at the same time, a more dignified and respectful tone than that which I adopted in my answer to him. I was fortunate enough to have to deal with an adversary for whom I felt sincere esteem, which I could exhibit without servile adulation; this I did with tolerable success, and always in a dignified manner. My friends, alarmed on my behalf, thought they already saw me in the Bastille. I never once had any such fear, and I was right. This worthy Prince, after he had seen my reply, said, "I have had enough of it; I will have nothing more to do with it." Since then I have

¹ M. Josse was one of the characters in Molière's *L'Amour médecin*. The saying, "*Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse,*" is used to remind a man that he is personally interested in the success of anything which he strongly recommends or supports.

received from him various marks of esteem and kindness, some of which I shall have to mention presently; and my composition quietly circulated throughout France and Europe, without anyone finding anything in it to censure.

Shortly afterwards, I had another opponent, whom I had not expected, the same M. Bordes of Lyons, who, ten years previously, had shown me much friendship, and rendered me several services. I had not forgotten him, but had neglected him from simple laziness; and I had not sent him my writings, since I had had no convenient opportunity of getting them delivered to him. I was wrong; he attacked me, certainly with politeness, and I answered in the same tone. He made a more decided rejoinder, which drew from me a final answer, after which he remained silent. But he became my most violent enemy, profited by the time of my misfortunes to write a most fearful libel against me, and took a journey to London on purpose to do me harm there.

All these polemics took up a great deal of my time, which was lost to my copying, without any advantage to the cause of truth, or profit to my purse. Pissot, who was my publisher at the time, gave me very little for my brochures, and often nothing at all; for instance, I never received a *son* for my first Essay; Diderot gave it to him for nothing. I was obliged to wait a long time, and extract the little remuneration which he gave me, *son* by *son*. In the meantime, my copying was a failure. I carried on two trades, which was the way to fail in both.

They were contradictory in another way—the different mode of life which they forced me to adopt. The success of my first writings had made me the fashion. The position which I had taken up aroused curiosity; people were anxious to make the acquaintance of the singular man, who sought no one's society, and whose only anxiety was to live free and happy after his own fashion; this was sufficient to make this an impossibility for him. My room was never free from people who, under different pretexts, came to rob me of my time. Ladies employed a thousand artifices to get me to dine with them. The more I offended people, the more obstinate they

became. I could not refuse everybody. While I made a thousand enemies by my refusals, I was incessantly a slave to my desire to oblige; and, however I managed, I never had an hour to myself during the day.

I then discovered that it is by no means so easy as one imagines to be poor and independent. I wanted to live by my profession; the public would not have it. They invented a thousand ways of indemnifying me for the time which they made me lose. Presents of all kinds were always being sent to me. Soon I should have been obliged to show myself, like Punch, at so much a head. I know no slavery more cruel and degrading than that. I saw no remedy for it, except to refuse all presents, great and small, and to make no exception in favour of anyone. The only effect of this was to increase the number of the donors, who desired to have the honour of overcoming my resistance, and of compelling me to be under an obligation to them, in spite of myself. Many, who would not have given me a crown if I had asked for it, never ceased to importune me with their offers, and to avenge themselves when they found them rejected, charged me with arrogance and ostentation, in consequence of my refusal.

It will easily be understood that the resolution which I had taken, and the system which I desired to follow, were not at all to the liking of Madame le Vasseur. All the daughter's disinterestedness was unable to prevent her from following the instructions of her mother; and the *gouvernantes*, as Grimm used to call them, were not always as firm in their refusals as I was. Although many things were concealed from me, I saw enough to convince me that I did not see everything, and this tormented me, not so much on account of the charge of connivance, which I readily foresaw would be made, as by the cruel thought that I could never be master of my own household, or even of myself. I begged, entreated, and got angry—all in vain. Mamma gave me the reputation of an eternal grumbler and a surly boor. Continual whisperings with my friends went on; all was mystery and secrecy in my household; and, to avoid exposing myself to perpetual storms, I no longer ventured to make inquiries about what was going on. To deliver myself from all this disturbance,

would have needed a firmness of which I was incapable. I knew how to make a noise, but not how to act. They allowed me to speak and went their way.

These continual upsets and the daily importunities to which I was subjected at length made my apartments and my stay at Paris very unpleasant. When my ill-health permitted me to go out, and I did not allow myself to be dragged hither and thither by my acquaintances, I used to go for a solitary walk, during which, dreaming of my grand system, I jotted down some ideas on paper with the aid of a pocket-book and pencil, which I always carried about with me. In this manner the unforeseen unpleasantnesses of a condition which I had chosen for myself threw me entirely into a literary career, by way of escaping from them; and this is the reason why, in all my early works, I introduced the bitterness and ill-humour which caused me to write them.

Another circumstance contributed to this. Thrown, in spite of myself, into the great world, without possessing its manners, and unable to acquire or conform to them, I took it into my head to adopt manners of my own, which might enable me to dispense with them. Being unable to overcome my foolish and disagreeable shyness, which proceeded from the fear of offending against the rules of polite society, I resolved, in order to give myself courage, to trample them underfoot. Shame made me cynical and sarcastic. I affected to despise the politeness which I did not know how to practise. It is true that this rudeness, in harmony with my new principles, became ennobled in my mind and assumed the form of dauntless virtue; and on this lofty basis, I venture to assert, it supported itself longer and more successfully than would naturally have been expected from an effort so contrary to my disposition. However, in spite of the reputation for misanthropy, which my outward appearance and some happy remarks gained for me in the world, it is certain that, in private, I always sustained my part badly. My friends and acquaintances led this unsociable bear like a lamb, and, limiting my sarcasms to unpalatable but general truths, I was never capable of saying a single discourteous word to anyone whatsoever.

The *Devin du Village* made me quite the fashion, and soon there was not a man in Paris more sought after than myself. The history of this piece, which was an epoch in my life, is mixed up with that of the connections which I had formed at that time. In order that the sequel may be rightly understood, I must enter into details.

I had a tolerably large number of acquaintances, but only two chosen friends, Diderot and Grimm. Owing to the desire, which I always feel, to bring together all who are dear to me, I was so devoted a friend of both, that it was unavoidable that they should soon become equally devoted to each other. I brought them together; they suited each other, and soon became more intimate with each other than with me. Diderot had acquaintances without number; but Grimm, being a foreigner and a newcomer, had his to make. I desired nothing better than to assist him. I had introduced him to Diderot; I introduced him to Gauffecourt. I took him to Madame de Chenonceaux, to Madame d'Epinaÿ, to the Baron d'Holbach, with whom I found myself connected, almost in spite of myself. All my friends became his; that was simple enough. But none of his ever became mine; this was not so intelligible. While he lived with the Comte de Frièse, he often invited us to dine with him, but I have never received any proof of friendship from the Comte de Frièse or the Comte de Schomberg, his relative, who was very intimate with Grimm, or from any other person, male or female, with whom Grimm had any connection through their means. The only exception was the Abbé Raynal, who, although his friend, also proved himself mine, and, when I needed it, placed his purse at my disposal with a rare generosity. But I had known the Abbé long before Grimm himself, and I had always entertained a great regard for him since he had behaved to me in a most delicate and honourable manner, in a matter certainly of little importance, but which I never forgot.

The Abbé Raynal was certainly a warm friend. He gave me a proof of this about this time in a matter that concerned Grimm, with whom he was very intimate. Grimm, after having long been on very friendly terms with Mademoiselle Fel, suddenly took it into his head to conceive a violent passion for her, and wanted

to supplant Cahusac. The young lady, priding herself upon her constancy, showed her new admirer the door. The latter took the matter in a tragic light, and had a fancy that it would be his death. He suddenly began to suffer from the strangest illness that has perhaps ever been heard of. He passed days and nights in a state of continued lethargy, his eyes wide open, his pulse regular, but without speaking, eating, or stirring, sometimes seeming to hear, but never answering, even by signs; in other respects, he was free from agitation, pain, or fever. and lay as if he had been dead. The Abbé Raynal and myself took it in turns to watch him, the Abbé, being stronger and in better health, by night, and myself by day; he was never left alone, and neither of us ever quitted him before the other had come to take his place. The Comte de Frièse, being alarmed about him, brought Senac to see him, who, after a careful examination, declared that there was nothing the matter with the patient, and did not even prescribe for him. My anxiety about my friend made me carefully observe the physician's countenance, and I saw him smile as he left the room. Nevertheless, Grimm remained for several days without moving, without taking broth or anything else, except some preserved cherries which I laid upon his tongue from time to time, and which he eagerly swallowed. One fine morning, he got up, dressed himself, and resumed his ordinary occupations, without ever saying anything either to me, or, as far as I know, to the Abbé, or anyone else, about this singular lethargy, or of the attention and care, which we had bestowed upon him as long as it lasted.

This adventure, nevertheless, made a considerable stir; and it would really have been a wonderful story, if the cruelty of an opera-girl had caused a man to die of despair. This violent passion made Grimm the rage: he was soon looked upon as a prodigy of love, friendship, and devotion in every respect. This reputation caused him to be run after and fêted in the great world, which separated him from me, who had never been anything to him but a makeshift. I saw that he was on the point of being entirely estranged from me. This was very distressing to me, for all the lively feelings, of which he made such a show, were just those which I entertained for him, although I

did not make such a noise about it. I was glad that he should succeed in the world, but I should have wished him to do so without, at the same time, forgetting his friend. I said to him one day, "Grimm, you are neglecting me; I forgive you. When the first intoxication of noisy success has produced its effect, and you begin to perceive its emptiness, I hope that you will come back to me: you will always find me the same. For the present, do not put yourself out; I leave you to do as you please, and will wait for you." He told me that I was right, made his arrangements accordingly, and went his own way so completely, that I only saw him in the company of our mutual friends.

Our chief meeting-place, before he became so closely connected with Madame d'Epínay, was the Baron d'Holbach's house. This Baron was the son of a self-made man, who possessed an ample fortune, which he used nobly. He received at his house men of letters and learning, and, by his own knowledge and accomplishments, was well able to hold his own amongst them. Having been long intimate with Diderot, he had sought my acquaintance through him, even before my name became known. A natural repugnance for a long time prevented me from meeting his advances. One day he asked me the reason, and I said to him, "You are too wealthy." He persisted, and finally prevailed. My greatest misfortune has ever been inability to resist flattery, and I have always regretted yielding to it.

Another acquaintance, which ripened into friendship as soon as I had a reason to claim it, was that of M. Duclos. Several years had elapsed since I had seen him, for the first time, at La Chevrette, at the house of Madame d'Epínay, with whom he was on intimate terms. We only dined together, and he returned the same day; but we conversed for a few moments after dinner. Madame d'Epínay had spoken to him of me and my opera of *Les Muses Galantes*. Duclos, who was gifted with too great talent himself not to value those who possessed it, became prepossessed in my favour, and had invited me to go and see him. In spite of my early inclination, which was strengthened by acquaintance, my timidity and want of energy kept me back as long as I had no other passport to him except his courtesy; but, encouraged by my first success and his praises, which were repeated to me, I went to call upon

him, and he returned my call. In this manner commenced the connection between us, which will always cause me to regard him with affection, and to which, as well as the testimony of my own heart, I owe the knowledge, that uprightness and honour may sometimes be combined with literary culture.

Many other connections less lasting, which I here pass over, were the result of my early successes, and continued until curiosity was satisfied. I was a man who was so soon understood, that, after the first day, there was nothing more to be seen in me. One lady, however, who at that time sought my acquaintance, was more constant to me than any of the rest. This was Madame la Marquise de Créqui, niece of the Bailli de Froulay, the Maltese ambassador, whose brother had preceded M. de Montaigu in the embassy at Venice, and whom I had gone to see on my return from that city. Madame de Créqui wrote to me; I called upon her, and she conceived a friendship for me. I sometimes dined at her house, where I met several men of letters; amongst others, M. Saurin, the author of "Spartacus," "Barneveldt," and other works, who afterwards became my bitterest enemy, for no other reason that I can imagine, except that I bear the name of a man whom his father had persecuted disgracefully.

It will be seen that, for a copyist who ought to be occupied with his business from morning till evening, I had numerous distractions, which prevented my daily work from being very lucrative, and myself from paying sufficient attention to what I had to do, for me to do it well. I thus lost more than half the time I had left in erasing or scratching out mistakes, or beginning my work again on a fresh sheet of paper. This constant interruption made Paris daily more intolerable to me, and I eagerly seized every opportunity of going into the country. I went several times to spend a few days at Marcoussis, where Madame le Vasseur knew the vicar, at whose house we so arranged matters that he found himself at no disadvantage. Once Grimm went with us.¹ The vicar

¹ Since I have here omitted to mention a trifling, but memorable adventure which I had with the aforesaid Grimm, one morning when we were to dine at the Fountain of Saint-Vandrille, I will not return to it; but, on subsequent reflection, I concluded that, in the bottom of his heart, he was brooding over the conspiracy which he afterwards carried out with such marvellous success.

had a good voice and sang well; and, although not a musician, could learn his part with ease and accuracy. We spent the time in singing the trios which I had composed at Chenonceaux. I also wrote two or three new ones, to the words which Grimm and the vicar put together as well as they could. I cannot help regretting these trios, which were written and sung in moments of pure joy, and which I have left at Wootton with all my music. Mademoiselle Davenport has, perhaps, already made curl-papers of them; but they were worth preserving, and are mostly written in very good counterpoint. It was after one of these little excursions, when I was delighted to see "aunt" at her ease and very cheerful, and had also enjoyed myself very much, that I wrote to the vicar a letter in verse, hastily dashed off and a very poor composition, which will be found amongst my papers.

Nearer Paris, I found another place of refuge, very much to my taste, with M. Mussard, a countryman, relative, and friend, who had made a charming retreat for himself at Passy, where I have spent many peaceful moments. M. Mussard was a jeweller, a man of good sense, who, after having made a comfortable fortune in his business, married his only daughter to M. de Valmalette, the son of an exchange-broker, and *maître d'hôtel* to the King, and prudently left trade and business in his old age, in order to enjoy an interval of repose and enjoyment between the worries of life and his death. The worthy Mussard, a real practical philosopher, lived, free from cares, in a very nice house which he had built for himself, standing in a very pretty garden which he had planted with his own hands. While digging up the terraces of this garden, he found fossil shells in such quantities, that his lively imagination saw nothing but shells in the natural world, and he at last sincerely believed, that the universe consisted of nothing but shells, and remains of shells, and that the whole earth was nothing but so much shell sand. Thinking of nothing but this fact and his wonderful discoveries, he became so excited with these ideas, that they would soon have turned to a system in his head, that is to say, to madness, had not death—fortunately for his reason, but unfortunately for his friends, who were much attached to him, and found at his

house a most agreeable refuge—removed him from them by a most strange and painful disease. This was a constantly growing tumour in the stomach, which for a long time prevented him from eating before the reason was discovered, and which, after several years of suffering, caused his death from sheer starvation. I can never recall without the greatest anguish the last days of this unfortunate and worthy man, who still heartily welcomed Lenieps and myself, the only friends whom the sight of the sufferings which he endured did not drive away from him until his last hour, who, as I say, was reduced to devouring with his eyes the repast which he caused to be set before us, scarcely able to swallow a few drops of weak tea, which he was obliged to bring up the next moment. But, before these days of suffering, how many agreeable hours did I spend at his house with the select circle of his friends! At the head of these I place the Abbé Prévost, an amiable and simple person, whose heart inspired his writings, which deserved to be immortalised, and who, neither in his disposition nor in society, showed any traces of the sombre colouring which characterised his works; Procope the physician, a little Aesop, who was a great ladies' man; Boulanger, the famous posthumous author of "*Le Despotisme Oriental*," and who, I believe, extended Mussard's theories on the age of the world. Amongst his lady friends were Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece, who at that time was simple and unaffected, and made no pretence to be a wit; Madame Vanloo, who was certainly no beauty, but was charming and sang like an angel; and Madame de Valmalette herself, who also sang, and who, although very thin, would have been very amiable if she had made less pretence of being so. These made up nearly the whole of M. Mussard's friends; their society would have been very agreeable to me, had not his conchylomania been even more agreeable; and I can say that for six months or more I worked in his study with as much pleasure as himself.

He had for a long time insisted that the waters of Passy would be beneficial to me, and strongly advised me to come to his house and drink them. In order to get away from the noisy crowd of the city for a little while, I at last gave in, and spent

eight or ten days at Passy, which did me more good because I was in the country, than because I took the waters. Moussard played the violoncello, and was passionately fond of Italian music. One evening we had a long conversation about it before going to bed, especially about the *opera buffa*, which we had both seen in Italy, and with which we had both been delighted. During the night, being unable to sleep, I began to ponder how it would be possible to give an idea of this kind of drama in France, for the *Amours de Ragonle* had not the least resemblance to it. In the morning, while walking and drinking the waters, I hastily made up a few specimens of verse, and set them to the airs which came into my head as I composed them. I scribbled down the whole in a kind of vaulted *salon* at the top of the garden, and, at tea, I could not refrain from showing these airs to Moussard and Mademoiselle Duvernois, his housekeeper, who was really a most excellent and amiable young woman. The three pieces which I had sketched were the first monologue, *J'ai perdu mon serviteur*, the air of the *Devin du village*, *L'Amour croit s'il s'inquite*, and the last duet, *A jamais, Colin, je t'engage*, &c. I so little thought that it was worth the trouble of going on with it that, had it not been for the applause and encouragement of both, I should have thrown my scraps of paper into the fire and thought nothing more about it, as I had often done with other pieces which were at least as good; but I felt so encouraged, that in six days my drama was finished, with the exception of a few lines, and all the music sketched out, so that I had nothing more to do in Paris except to add a little recitative and fill up the tenor parts. I finished the whole so quickly, that in three weeks my scenes were copied out fairly and fit for representation. The only thing remaining was the *divertissement*, which was not composed until a long time afterwards.

[1752.]—The composition of this work had so excited me that I had a great desire to hear it, and I would have given all I possessed to have seen it performed, as I should have liked, with closed doors, as Lulli is said to have once had *Armide* performed before himself alone. As it was not possible for me to enjoy this pleasure except in company with the public, I was obliged to get my piece accepted at the Opera in order

to hear it. Unfortunately, it was in a style entirely new, to which the ears of the public were quite unaccustomed; and, besides, the failure of the *Muses galantes* make me expect the like for the *Devin*, if I presented it in my own name. Duclos helped me out of the difficulty, and undertook to get the piece tried without disclosing the author. To avoid betraying myself, I did not attend the rehearsal, and the "little violins"¹ themselves, who conducted, were ignorant of the composer's name, until the general approval had attested the excellence of the work. All who heard it were so delighted, that, the next day, nothing else was talked of in all circles. M. de Cury, manager of Court entertainments, who had been present at the rehearsal, asked for the piece, in order that it might be performed at Court. Duclos, who knew my intentions, and thought that I should have less control over my piece at the Court than in Paris, refused to deliver it. Cury demanded it by virtue of his office. Duclos persisted in his refusal, and the dispute between them became so lively that, one day, at the Opera, they would have gone out together to fight a duel, unless they had been separated. Cury wanted to treat with me. I left the decision with Duclos, and Cury was obliged to apply again to him. M. le Duc d'Aumont interfered. At length Duclos thought it right to yield to authority, and the piece was given up in order to be played at Fontainebleau.

The part to which I had devoted most attention, and in which I had made the greatest departure from the beaten track, was the recitative. Mine was accented in an entirely new manner and kept time with the delivery² of the words. This horrible innovation was not allowed to stand, for fear of shocking the ears of those who followed each other like a flock of sheep. I consented that Francueil and Jelyotte should compose another recitative, but I refused to have anything to do with it myself.

¹ These were the names given to Rebel and Francœur, who, from their youth, had been in the habit of going from house to house to play the violin.

² *Débit*: a term specially applied to the manner in which a recitative is sung.

When everything was ready and the day fixed for the performance, it was proposed to me that I should take a journey to Fontainebleau, to be present at the last rehearsal, at any rate. I went with Mademoiselle Fel, Grimm, and, I think, the Abbé Raynal, in one of the Royal carriages. The rehearsal was tolerable; I was better satisfied with it than I had expected to be. The orchestra was a powerful one, consisting of those of the Opera and the Royal band. Jelyotte played Colin; Mademoiselle Fel, Colette; Cuvitier, the Devin (soothsayer). The choruses were from the Opera. I said little. Jelyotte had arranged everything, and I did not desire to have any control over his arrangements; but, in spite of my Roman air, I was as bashful as a schoolboy amongst all these people.

On the following day, when the rehearsal was to take place, I went to breakfast at the *Café du Grand Commun*, which was full of people, talking about the rehearsal of the previous evening, and the difficulty there had been in getting in. An officer who was present said that he had found no difficulty, gave a long account of the proceedings, described the author, and related what he had said and done; but what astounded me most in his long description, given with equal confidence and simplicity, was that there was not a word of truth in it. It was perfectly clear to me, that the man who spoke so positively about this rehearsal had never been present, since he had before his eyes the author, whom he pretended he had observed so closely, and did not recognise him. The most remarkable thing about this incident was the effect which it produced upon me. This man was somewhat advanced in years; there was nothing of the coxcomb or swaggerer about him, either in his manner or tone; his countenance was intelligent, while his cross of Saint-Louis showed that he was an old officer. In spite of his unblushing effrontery, in spite of myself, he interested me; while he retailed his lies I blushed, cast down my eyes, and was on thorns; I sometimes asked myself whether it might not be possible to think that he was mistaken, and really believed what he said. At last, trembling for fear that someone might recognise me and put him to shame, I hurriedly finished my chocolate without saying a word, and, holding my head down as I passed him, I left the

café as soon as possible, while the company were discussing his description of what had taken place. In the street, I found that I was bathed in perspiration; and I am certain that, if anyone had recognised and addressed me by name before I left, I should have exhibited all the shame and embarrassment of a guilty person, simply from the feeling of humiliation which the poor fellow would have experienced, if his lies had been detected.

I now come to one of the critical moments of my life, in which it is difficult to confine myself to simple narrative, because it is almost impossible to prevent even the narrative bearing the stamp of censure or apology. However, I will attempt to relate how, and from what motives I acted, without adding an expression of praise or blame.

On that day I was dressed in my usual careless style, with a beard of some days' growth and a badly combed wig. Considering this want of good manners as a proof of courage, I entered the hall where the King, the Queen, the Royal Family, and the whole Court were presently to arrive. I proceeded to take my seat in the box to which M. de Cury conducted me; it was his own—a large stage box, opposite a smaller and higher one, where the King sat with Madame de Pompadour. Surrounded by ladies, and the only man in front of the box, I had no doubt that I had been put there on purpose to be seen. When the theatre was lighted up, and I found myself, dressed in the manner I was, in the midst of people all most elegantly attired, I began to feel ill at ease. I asked myself whether I was in my right place, and whether I was suitably dressed. After a few moments of uneasiness, I answered "Yes," with a boldness which perhaps was due rather to the impossibility of drawing back than to the force of my arguments. I said to myself: I am in my place, since I am going to see my own piece performed; because I have been invited; because I composed it solely for that purpose; because, after all, no one has more right than myself to enjoy the fruit of my labour and talents. I am dressed as usual, neither better nor worse. If I again begin to yield to public opinion in any single thing, I shall soon become its slave again in everything. To be consistent, I must not be ashamed, wherever I may be, to be dressed in accordance with the condition of life

which I have chosen for myself. My outward appearance is simple and careless, but not dirty or slovenly. A beard in itself is not so, since it is bestowed upon us by Nature, and, according to times and fashions, is sometimes even an ornament. People will consider me ridiculous, impertinent. Well, what does it matter to me? I must learn how to put up with ridicule and censure, provided they are not deserved. After this little soliloquy, I felt so encouraged that I should have behaved with intrepidity, if it had been necessary. But, whether it was the effect of the presence of the ruler, or the natural disposition of those near me, I saw nothing in the curiosity, of which I was the object, except civility and politeness. This so affected me, that I began to be uneasy again about myself and the fate of my piece, and to fear that I might destroy the favourable impressions which showed only an inclination to applaud me. I was armed against their raillery; but their kindly attitude, which I had not expected, so completely overcame me, that I trembled like a child when the performance began.

I soon found I had no reason for uneasiness. The piece was very badly acted, but the singing was good, and the music well executed. From the first scene, which is really touching in its simplicity, I heard in the boxes a murmur of surprise and applause hitherto unheard of at similar performances. The growing excitement soon reached such a height, that it communicated itself to the whole audience, and, in the words of Montesquieu, "the very effect increased the effect." In the scene between the two good little people, this effect reached its highest point. There is never any clapping when the King is present: this allowed everything to be heard, and the piece and the author were thereby benefited. I heard around me women, who seemed to me as beautiful as angels, whispering and saying to each other in a low tone, "Charming! delightful! every note speaks to the heart!" The pleasure of affecting so many amiable persons moved me to tears, which I was unable to restrain during the first duet, when I observed that I was not the only one who wept. For a moment I felt anxious, when I recalled the concert at M. de Treytorena's. This reminiscence produced upon me the same effect as the slave who held the crown over the head of a Roman general in his triumphal

procession, but it did not last long, and I soon abandoned myself, completely and without reserve, to the delight of tasting the sweets of my success. And yet I am sure that at this moment I was much more affected by sensual impulse than by the vanity I felt as an author. If none but men had been present, I am convinced that I should not have been consumed, as I was, by the incessant desire of catching with my lips the delightful tears which I caused to flow. I have seen pieces excite more lively transports of admiration, but never so complete, so delightful, and so moving an intoxication, which completely overcame the audience, especially at a first performance before the Court. Those who saw it on this occasion can never have forgotten it, for the effect was unique.

The same evening, M. le Duc d'Aumont sent word to me to present myself at the château on the following day at eleven o'clock, when he would present me to the King. M. de Cury, who brought me the message, added that he believed that it was a question of a pension, the bestowal of which the King desired to announce to me in person.

Will it be believed, that the night which succeeded so brilliant a day was for me a night of anguish and perplexity? My first thought, after that of this presentation, was a certain necessity, which had greatly troubled me on the evening of the performance, and had frequently obliged me to retire, and might trouble me again on the next day, in the gallery or the King's apartments, amongst all the great people, while waiting for His Majesty to pass. This infirmity was the chief cause which prevented me from going into society, or from staying in a room with ladies when the doors were closed. The mere idea of the situation in which this necessity might place me, was enough to affect me to such an extent, that it made me feel ready to faint, unless I should be willing to create a scandal, to which I should have preferred death. Only those who know what this condition is, can imagine the horror of running the risk of it.

I next pictured myself in the King's presence and presented to His Majesty, who condescended to stop and speak to me. On such an occasion, tact and presence of mind were indispensable in answering. Would my accursed timidity, which embarrasses me in the presence of the most ordinary stranger, abandon me

when I found myself in the presence of the King of France? would it suffer me to select, on the spur of the moment, the proper answer? It was my desire, without abandoning the austerity of tone and manner which I had assumed, to show that I was sensible of the honour which so great a monarch bestowed upon me. It was necessary that I should convey some great and useful truth in words of well-selected and well-deserved eulogy. To be able to prepare a happy answer beforehand, it would have been necessary to know exactly what he might say to me; and, even had this been possible, I felt perfectly certain that I should not be able to recollect in his presence a single word of all that I had previously thought over. What would become of me at this moment, before the eyes of all the Court, if, in my embarrassment, some of my usual silly utterances were to escape my lips? This danger alarmed, frightened, and made me tremble so violently, that I resolved, at all hazards, not to expose myself to it.

I lost, it is true, the pension, which was in a manner offered to me; but, at the same time, I escaped the yoke which it would have imposed upon me. Adieu truth, liberty, and courage! How could I, from that time forth, have dared to speak of independence and disinterestedness? I could only flatter or keep my mouth closed if I accepted this pension; and besides, who would guarantee the payment of it? What steps should I have had to take, how many people I should have been obliged to solicit! It would have cost me more trouble and far more unpleasantness to keep it, than to do without it. Consequently, in renouncing all thoughts of it, I believed that I was acting in a manner quite consistent with my principles, and sacrificing the appearance to the reality. I communicated my resolution to Grimm, who had nothing to say against it. To others I alleged my ill-health as an excuse, and I left the same morning.

My departure caused some stir, and was generally censured. My reasons could not be appreciated by everybody; it was much easier to accuse me of a foolish pride, and this more readily allayed the jealousy of all who felt they would not have acted like myself. The following day, Jelyotte wrote me a note, in which he gave me an account of the success of my piece and of the great fancy which the King himself had

conceived for it. "All day long," he informed me, "his Majesty is continually singing, with the most execrable voice in his kingdom, and utterly out of tune, *J'ai perdu mon serviteur; j'ai perdu tout mon bonheur.*" He added that, in a fortnight, a second performance of the *Devin* was to be given, which would establish in the eyes of all the public the complete success of the first.

Two days later, as I was going to supper at Madame d'Epinaÿ's, about nine o'clock in the evening, a coach passed me at the door. Someone inside made a sign to me to get in. I did so; the person was Diderot. He spoke to me about the pension more warmly than I should have expected a philosopher to speak on such a subject. He did not regard my unwillingness to be presented to the King as an offence; but he considered my indifference about the pension as a terrible crime. He said to me that, even if I was disinterested on my own account, I had no right to be so in regard to Madame le Vasseur and her daughter; that I owed it to them to neglect no honourable means, within my reach, of providing for their support; and as, after all, it could not be said that I had refused this pension, he insisted that, since there appeared a disposition to bestow it upon me, I ought to ask for it and obtain it, at any cost. Although I felt touched by his zeal, I was unable to approve of his principles, and we had a lively discussion on the subject, the first which had ever occurred between us. All our subsequent disputes were of the same kind, he dictating to me what he maintained I ought to do, while I as firmly refused, because I did not believe it was my duty.

It was late when we separated. I wanted to take him with me to supper at Madame d'Epinaÿ's, but he would not go; and, in spite of the efforts which the desire of bringing together those whom I regard with affection caused me to make from time to time, to induce him to visit her—I even went so far as to take her to his door, which he refused to open to us—he always declined to see her, and never spoke of her except with great contempt. It was only after my disagreement with both that they became intimate, and that he began to speak of her with respect.

From that time Diderot and Grimm seemed to make it their object to set the *gouverneuses*¹ against me, by giving them to understand that, if they were not better off, it was entirely my fault, and that they would never do any good with me. They tried to induce them to leave me, and promised them, through Madame d'Épinay's interest, a license to sell salt, or a tobacco-nist's shop, and I know not what besides. They even tried to drag Duclos and Holbach into their alliance, but the former persistently refused to join them. At the time I had some notion of their intrigues, but I only learned them clearly a long time afterwards, and I often had reason to lament the blind and indiscreet zeal of my friends, who, in endeavouring to reduce me, in my ill-health, to a state of most melancholy isolation, imagined that they were doing their utmost to make me happy by the very means which, beyond all others, were most adapted to make me utterly miserable.

[1753.]—In the following carnival, the *Devin* was played at Paris, and, during the interval, I had time to compose the overture and *divertissement*. The latter, as it was designed and engraved, was intended to keep up a sustained and connected action from one end of the piece to the other, which, in my judgment, gave opportunities for very agreeable tableaux. But, when I proposed this idea at the Opera, I was not even listened to, and I was obliged to patch together songs and dances in the ordinary manner. The result was that the *divertissement*, although full of charming ideas, which certainly did not damage the effect of the scenes, only enjoyed a very moderate success. I struck out Jolyotte's recitative and restored my own in its original form as it is engraved; and this recitative, somewhat Frenchified, I confess—that is to say, drawled out by the actors—far from offending anyone, was as successful as the music, and was considered, even by the people, equally well composed. I dedicated my piece to M. Duclos, who had taken it under his protection, and declared that this should be my only dedication. However, I wrote a second with his consent; but he must have thought himself still more honoured by the exception than if I had written none at all.

¹ A half-contemptuous term for the "women-folk."

I could relate a number of anecdotes about this piece, but more important matters which I must mention do not allow me time to dwell upon them here; I may, perhaps, on a future occasion return to them in a supplement. One, however, I must mention, which may have reference to all that follows. I was one day looking over the Baron d'Holbach's music in his study. After I had looked through a number of pieces of different kinds, he showed me a collection of pieces for the piano, and said, "These were written especially for me; they are very tasteful, and well-suited for singing. No one is acquainted with them, or shall ever see them, except myself. You ought to select one, and introduce it into your *divertissement*." As I already had in my mind far more subjects for airs and symphonies than I could ever make use of, I cared very little about his. However, he pressed me so earnestly that, to oblige him, I selected a shepherds' song, which I abridged and altered into a trio, for the entry of Colette's companions. Some months afterwards, while the *Devin* was still running, on going into Grimm's rooms, I found a number of people round his piano, from which he hastily got up on my arrival. Looking mechanically at his music-stand, I saw the identical collection of Baron d'Holbach, open exactly at the piece which he had pressed me to take, while assuring me that it should never leave his hands. Some time afterwards, I saw the same collection open on M. d'Epinay's piano, one day when there was some music at his house. Neither Grimm nor anyone else ever spoke to me about this air, and I should have said nothing about it myself, if it had not been rumoured, some time afterwards, that I was not the author of the *Devin du Village*. As I was never a great instrumentalist, I am convinced that, had it not been for my "Dictionary of Music," it would at last have been said that I knew nothing about the subject.¹

Some time before the *Devin du Village* was performed, some Italian comedians had arrived at Paris, and were ordered to play at the Opera. The effect which they were destined to produce could not be foreseen. Although they were detestable, and the orchestra, at that time very ill-trained, mutilated to its heart's

¹ I could not foresee that in spite of the "Dictionary," this would really be said of me.

content the pieces which they performed, they nevertheless fatally injured the French Opera. The comparison of the two kinds of music, heard the same day at the same theatre, opened the French ears; none of them could endure their drawling music after the lively and pronounced accentuation of the Italian; as soon as the comedians had finished, everyone left the house. It was found necessary to change the order of representation, and to put off the performance of the comedians to the last. *Égide*, *Pygmalion*, and *Le Sylphe* were played; nothing held its ground. The *Devin du Village* alone could bear comparison, and was listened to with pleasure, even after the *Servant padrona*. When I composed my interlude, I had my head full of these pieces, and borrowed my ideas from them; but I was far from suspecting that my piece would be criticised by the side of them. If I had been a plagiarist, how many thefts would then have been detected, and how eagerly would they have been pointed out! But nothing of the kind was discovered; all attempts to find in my music the slightest reminiscence of any other were in vain; and all my songs, when compared with the supposed originals, were found to be as new as the character of the music which I had created. If Mondonville or Rameau had been forced to submit to such a test, they would not have escaped without being torn to shreds. The comedians gained some very ardent support for Italian music. Paris was divided into two parties, more violently opposed than if it had been a matter of religion or of an affair of State. One, the more numerous and influential, composed of the great, the wealthy, and the ladies, supported the French music; the other, more lively, more proud, and more enthusiastic, was composed of real connoisseurs, persons of talent, and men of genius. This little group assembled at the Opera, under the Queen's box. The other party filled the rest of the pit and house; but its chief meeting-place was under the King's box. This was the origin of these celebrated party names, "King's corner" and "Queen's corner." The dispute, as it became more animated, gave rise to several brochures. If the "King's corner" attempted to be witty, it was ridiculed by the "Petit Prophète"; if it attempted to argue, it was crushed by the "Lettre sur la musique Française." These two little pamphlets, by Grimm and myself

respectively, are all that have survived the quarrel; all the rest are already forgotten.

But the "Petit Prophète," which, in spite of my denial, was for a long time attributed to me, was taken as a joke, and did not bring the least annoyance upon its author, whereas the "Lettre sur la musique" was taken seriously, and roused against me the whole nation, which considered itself insulted in its music. A description of the incredible effect of this brochure would be worthy of the pen of Tacitus. It was the time of the great quarrel between Parliament and clergy. The Parliament had just been banished; the ferment was at its height; everything pointed to an approaching outburst. From the moment the brochure appeared, all other quarrels were at once forgotten; nothing was thought of, except the perilous condition of French music, and the only outburst was against myself. It was such that the nation has never quite recovered from it. At Court, the only doubt was whether the Bastille or exile should be the punishment; and the Royal warrant of arrest would have been drawn up, had not M. de Voyer shown the ridiculous aspect of the affair. Anyone who sees it stated that this brochure possibly prevented a revolution in the State will believe that he is dreaming. It is, however, an actual truth, which all Paris can still attest, since it is at the present day no more than fifteen years since this singular incident took place.

Although my liberty was not attacked, I was unsparingly insulted, and even my life was in danger. The Opera orchestra entered into an honourable conspiracy to assassinate me when I left the theatre. Being informed of this, I only attended the Opera more frequently than before, and it was not until a long time afterwards that I learned that M. Ancelet, an officer in the Musketeers, who was friendly disposed towards me, had prevented the plot from being carried out, by causing me to be protected, unknown to myself, when I left the theatre. The city had recently taken over the management of the Opera. The first exploit of the *Prévôt des Marchands* was to deprive me of my free pass, in the most uncivil manner possible, by publicly refusing me admission when I presented myself, so that I was obliged to take a ticket for the amphitheatre to avoid the

mortification of going back. The injustice was the more outrageous, as the only recompense I had stipulated for, when I gave up my rights in the piece, was a free pass for life; for, although this was a privilege which all authors enjoyed—and I had thus a double claim to it—I nevertheless expressly stipulated for it in M. Duclos's presence. It is true that fifty *louis* were sent to me through the treasurer of the Opera by way of honorarium, which I had not asked for; but, besides that these fifty *louis* were not even equal to the amount which was due to me according to the regulations, this payment had nothing to do with the right of admission, which had been formally stipulated for, and which was entirely independent of it. In this behaviour there was such a combination of injustice and brutality, that the public, although at the height of its animosity against me, was nevertheless unanimously disgusted at it, and many, who had insulted me on the previous evening, cried out loudly on the following day in the house, that it was a shame to deprive an author in this manner of his right of admission, which he had well deserved and which he was even entitled to claim for two persons. So true is the Italian proverb, *Ognun' ama la giustizia in casa d'altrui*.

Under these circumstances, I had only one course to take—to demand the return of my work, since the recompense agreed upon was withheld. I wrote to that effect to M. d'Argenson, who had control of the Opera, adding to my letter an unanswerable memorandum. Letter and memorandum both remained unanswered, and produced no effect. This unjust man's silence wounded me deeply, and did not tend to increase the very moderate opinion which I had always entertained of his character and ability. Thus the Opera kept my piece and defrauded me of the recompense for which I had surrendered my rights in it. Between the weak and the strong, this would be called robbery; between the strong and the weak, it is simply called the appropriation of what belongs to one's neighbour.

As for the pecuniary profits of this work, although it did not bring me in a quarter of what it would have brought in in the hands of another, they were, nevertheless, large enough to enable me to live upon them for several years, and to make up for the

continued ill-success of my copying. I received a hundred *louis* from the King, fifty from Madame de Pompadour for the performance at Bellevue, at which she herself took the part of Colin, fifty from the Opera, and five hundred *francs* from Pissot for the engraving, so that this interlude, which cost me no more than five or six weeks' work, in spite of my ill-luck and stupidity brought me in almost as much as my "Émile," on which I spent twenty years of meditation and three years of labour. But I paid dearly for the pecuniary ease which this piece procured me, by the endless annoyance which it brought upon me. It was the germ of the secret jealousies, which did not break out until long afterwards. From the time of its success, I no longer found in Grimm, Diderot, or, with few exceptions, in any of the men of letters with whom I was acquainted, the cordiality, the frankness, or pleasure in my society, which I believed I had hitherto found in them. As soon as I appeared at the Baron's, the conversation ceased to be general. Those present collected in small groups and whispered together, so that I was left alone, without knowing whom to speak to. For a long time I endured this mortifying neglect, and, finding that Madame d'Holbach, who was gentle and amiable, always received me kindly, I put up with her husband's rudeness as long as it was possible. One day, however, he attacked me without reason or excuse, and with such brutality—in the presence of Diderot, who never said a word, and of Margency, who has often told me since then, that he admired the gentleness and moderation of my answers—that at last, driven away by this unworthy treatment, I left his house, resolved never to enter it again. However, this did not prevent me from always speaking respectfully of himself and his house; while he never expressed himself in regard to me in other than most insulting and contemptuous terms. He never spoke of me except as the little *cuisire*,¹ without, however, being able to point to a single wrong of any kind which I had ever done to him or anyone in whom he took an interest. This was the manner in which he fulfilled my predictions and my fears. As for myself, I believe that my friends would have forgiven me for writing books—even

¹ Corresponding somewhat to a "college servitor."

excellent books—because such a reputation was attainable by themselves; but they were unable to forgive me for having composed an opera, or for its brilliant success, because not one of them was capable of following the same career, or aspiring to the same honour. Ducloux alone, superior to such jealousy, seemed to become even more attached to me. He introduced me to Mademoiselle Quinault, by whom I was treated with as much attention, politeness, and friendliness as I had found wanting at the Baron's house.

While the *Devin* was being played at the Opera, its author was also discussed at the Comédie Française, but somewhat less favourably. Having vainly attempted, during seven or eight years, to get my *Narcisse* performed at the Italian Opera, I became disgusted with this theatre, since the actors performed so badly in French pieces, and I should have been glad to get my piece accepted at the Comédie Française rather than at the Italian Opera. I mentioned my wish to La Noue, the comedian, whose acquaintance I had made, and who, as is well known, was an author and an accomplished man. He was pleased with *Narcisse*, and undertook to get it performed anonymously; meanwhile, he procured me a pass, which was a great pleasure to me, since I have always preferred the Théâtre Français to the other two. The piece was received with applause, and performed without the author's name being given; but I have reason to believe that the actors and many others were not ignorant who it was. Mademoiselles Gaussin and Grandval played the love-parts; and, although, in my opinion, the performance showed a lack of intelligence generally, it could not be called absolutely bad. However, I was surprised and touched by the indulgence of the public, who had the patience to listen quietly from beginning to end, and even to allow it to be performed a second time, without exhibiting the least signs of impatience. As for myself, I was so bored with the first, that I could not sit out to the end. I left the theatre and went into the Café de Procope, where I found Boissy and others, who had probably been as much bored as myself. There I cried *peccavi*, and, humbly or proudly, confessed myself the author of the

piece, and spoke of it as everyone thought of it. This public confession of the authorship of a piece which had failed was much admired, and caused me little pain. I even found a certain satisfaction to my *amour-propre* in the courage with which I had made it; and I believe that, on this occasion, there was more pride in speaking, than there would have been false shame in keeping silence. However, as there was no doubt that the piece, although spoilt at the performance, would bear reading, I had it printed, and, in the preface, which is one of my best productions, I began to express my principles a little more freely than I had hitherto done.

I soon had an opportunity to disclose them unreservedly in a work of greater importance; for it was, I think, in this year (1753) that the "Origin of Inequality amongst Mankind" appeared as the subject proposed for discussion by the Academy of Dijon. Struck by this great question, I felt surprised that this Academy had ventured to propose it; but since it had had the courage to do so, I thought I might have the courage to discuss it, and undertook the task.

In order to consider this great subject at my ease, I went to Saint-Germain, on a seven or eight days' journey, with Thérèse, our hostess, who was a good sort of woman, and one of her friends. I count this trip as one of the most agreeable in my life. It was very fine weather: the good women took all the trouble and expense upon themselves. Thérèse amused herself with them, while I, relieved from all anxiety, joined them at meal-times, and diverted myself without having anything to trouble me. The remainder of the day, I buried myself in the forest, where I sought and found the picture of those primitive times, of which I boldly sketched the history. I demolished the pitiful lies of mankind; I dared to expose their nature in all its nakedness, to follow the progress of time and of the things which have disfigured this nature; and, comparing the man, as man has made him, with the natural man, I showed him, in his pretended perfection, the true source of his misery. My soul, uplifted by these sublime considerations, ascended to the Divinity; and, seeing my fellow creatures following blindly the path of their prejudices, their errors, their misfortunes, and their crimes,

I cried aloud to them with a feeble voice which they could not hear, "Fools, who continually complain of Nature, learn that you bring all your misfortunes upon yourselves."

The result of these meditations was the "Essay on Inequality," a work which was more to Diderot's taste than any of my other writings. He gave most useful advice concerning it,¹ but it only found few readers in Europe who understood it, and none of the latter ever chose to speak of it. It was written as a prize competition: I sent it, feeling certain beforehand that it would be unsuccessful, as I knew well that the prizes of Academies were not intended for works of the kind.

This excursion and occupation were beneficial to my health and temper. Several years before, tortured by my retention of urine, I had put myself unreservedly into the physicians' hands, and they, without alleviating my sufferings, had exhausted my strength and undermined my constitution. After my return from Saint-Germain, I found myself stronger and better. I took the hint, and determined to recover or die without the assistance of physicians or drugs. I said good-bye to them for ever, and began to live without any fixed rules, remaining quiet when I could not walk, and walking as soon as I was strong enough to do so. Life in Paris, amongst pretentious people, was little to my taste; the cabals of men of letters, their shameful quarrels, their lack of candour as exhibited in their books, the haughty airs they gave themselves in society, were all so hateful to me and so antipathetic, I found so little gentleness, open-heartedness, and frankness, even in the society of my friends, that, disgusted with this tumultuous life, I became to long earnestly for residence in the country; and, as I saw no prospect of my profession allow-

¹ At the time when I wrote these words, I had no suspicion of Diderot's and Grimm's great conspiracy; otherwise I should easily have seen how the former abused my confidence, in order to give my writings the harsh tone and air of gloominess which ceased to be found in them when he no longer guided me. The description of the philosopher who, in the course of an argument, stops up his ears, in order to harden himself against the complaints of a man in distress, is in his style; and he had supplied me with several others, even still stronger, which I could never bring myself to use. But, as I attributed to his confinement in the donjon of Vincennes this melancholy tinge, which may be found again, in considerable proportions, in his "Clairval," it never occurred to me to suspect any evil intention.

ing me to settle there, I hastened to spend in it at least the few hours which I had to spare. For several months, at first after dinner, I used to go for a walk by myself in the Bois de Boulogne, to think over subjects for future works, and did not return till nightfall.

[1754-1756.]—Gauffecourt, with whom I was at that time extremely intimate, found himself obliged to make a journey to Geneva on business, and proposed to me to accompany him; I consented. As I was not well enough to be able to dispense with the care of the *gouverneuse*, it was decided that she should go with us, and that her mother should look after the house. Having made all our arrangements, we all three set out together on the 1st of June, 1754.

I must mention this journey as the period of the first experience which, in the course of a life of forty-two years, gave a shock to the confidence of my naturally unsuspicious disposition, to which I had always abandoned myself without reserve and without inconvenience. We had a hired carriage, which conveyed us by very short daily stages without changing horses. I often got down and walked. We had scarcely performed half the journey, when Thérèse showed the greatest repugnance to remaining alone in the carriage with Gauffecourt, and when, in spite of her entreaties, I wanted to get down, she did the same, and walked with me. For some time I scolded her for this whim, and even opposed it so strongly, that she felt obliged to declare the reason for her conduct. I thought that I was dreaming, I fell from the clouds, when I heard that my friend de Gauffecourt, more than sixty years old, gouty, impotent, and worn out by a life of pleasure and dissipation, had been doing his utmost, since we had started, to corrupt a person who was no longer young or beautiful, and who belonged to his friend, and that by the lowest and most disgraceful means, even going so far as to offer her money, and attempting to excite her passions by reading a disgusting book to her and showing her the disgraceful pictures of which it was full. Thérèse, in a fit of indignation, once threw his villainous book out of the carriage; and she told me that, the very first day, when I had gone to bed before supper with a very violent headache, he had employed all the time, during which he was alone with her, in attempts and actions more worthy of a

satyr or he-goat than of an honourable man, to whom I had confided myself and my companion. What a surprise! what an entirely new cause of grief for me! I, who had until then believed that friendship was inseparable from all the amiable and noble sentiments which constitute all its charm, for the first time in my life found myself compelled to couple it with contempt, and to withdraw my confidence and esteem from a man whom I loved, and by whom I believed myself to be loved! The wretch concealed his disgraceful conduct from me; and, to avoid exposing Thérèse, I found myself compelled to conceal my contempt from him, and to keep hidden, in the bottom of my heart, feelings which he was never to know. Sweet and holy illusion of friendship! Gauffecourt was the first to lift thy veil before my eyes. How many cruel hands since then have prevented it from covering thy face again!

At Lyons I left Gauffecourt, to take the road through Savoy, as I could not bring myself to be so near mamma again, without seeing her once more. I saw her again—my God! in what a condition! How low had she fallen! What was left of her former virtue? Could it be the same Madame de Warens, once so brilliant, to whom M. Pontverre, the *curé*, had sent me? How my heart was torn! The only resource I could see for her was, that she should leave the country. I reiterated, earnestly but in vain, the entreaties which I had several times addressed to her in my letters, begging her to come and live quietly with me, and let me devote my life and Thérèse's to making her own happy. Clinging to her pension, from which, although it was regularly paid, she had for a long time drawn nothing, she refused to listen to me. I gave her a small portion of my money, much less than I ought to have given, much less than I should have given her, if I had not felt certain, that she would not have spent a *sou* upon herself. During my stay in Geneva, she took a journey to Chablais, and came to see me at Grange-Canal. She had no money to continue her journey. I had not as much with me as she wanted, and sent it to her by Thérèse an hour later. Poor mamma! Let me mention one more proof of her goodness of heart. Her sole remaining jewel was a little ring; she took it from her finger and placed it upon that of Thérèse, who

immediately replaced it, at the same time kissing and bathing in her tears that noble hand. Ah! then would have been the moment to pay my debt! I ought to have left all and followed her, to have never left her until her last hour, to have shared her lot, whatever it might have been. I did nothing of the kind. Occupied with another attachment, I felt the tie which bound us loosened, for want of any hope of being able to make it of any use to her. I wept over her, but did not follow her. Of all the stings of conscience that I have ever felt, this was the sharpest and most lasting. My conduct deserved the terrible punishment which since then has never ceased to overwhelm me; I hope it may have atoned for my ingratitude, which, indeed, showed itself in my conduct, but has wounded my heart too deeply for it ever to have been the heart of an ungrateful man.

Before I left Paris, I had sketched the dedication of my "Essay on Equality." I finished it at Chambéri, and dated it from that place, thinking it better, in order to avoid all unpleasantness, not to date it either from France or Geneva. On my arrival in this city, I gave myself up to the republican enthusiasm which had led me there. This enthusiasm was increased by the reception I met with. Fêted and made much of by all classes, I abandoned myself entirely to patriotic zeal, and, ashamed of being excluded from my rights as a citizen by the profession of a religion different from that of my fathers, I resolved publicly to return to the latter. As the Gospel was the same for every Christian, and as the essential part of the doctrine only differed in the attempts of different people to explain what they were unable to understand, I said to myself that, in each country, it was the right of the Sovereign alone to define the manner of worship and to settle this unintelligible dogma, and that it was consequently the duty of every good citizen to accept the dogma and to follow the manner of worship prescribed by the law. Constant association with the encyclopaedists, far from shaking my faith, had strengthened it, in consequence of my natural aversion to quarrels and schism. The study of man and the universe had everywhere shown me the final causes and the intelligence which directed them. The reading of the

Bible, especially the Gospels, to which I had for several years devoted myself, had taught me to despise the low and foolish interpretations given to the teaching of Jesus Christ by persons utterly unworthy of understanding it. In a word, philosophy, while firmly attaching me to what was essential in religion, had released me from the petty and rubbishy forms with which it has been obscured. Believing that, for an intelligent man, there could not be two ways of being a Christian, I also believed that all religious form and discipline, in each country, came under the jurisdiction of the law. From this reasonable, social, and pacific principle, which has brought upon me such cruel persecutions, it followed that, if I desired to become a citizen, I ought to be a Protestant, and to return to the religion of my country. I accordingly determined to do so. I even submitted to the instructions of the pastor of the parish, in which I was staying, which was outside the city. I only desired not to be obliged to appear before the consistory. However, the ecclesiastical law was definite in regard to this; but they were kind enough to make an exemption in my favour, and a commission of five or six members was appointed to receive my profession of faith in private. Unfortunately, Perdriau, the minister, a mild and amiable man, with whom I was on friendly terms, took it into his head to tell me that they were delighted at the idea of hearing me speak in this little assembly. The expectation of this so alarmed me, that, after having studied, night and day, for three weeks, a little speech which I had prepared, I became so confused at the moment when I had to deliver it, that I was unable to utter a single word of it, and, at this meeting, I behaved like the most stupid schoolboy. The members of the commission spoke for me; I answered "Yes" and "No" like a fool; after which I was admitted to the Communion, and reinstated in my rights as a citizen. I was enrolled as such in the list of the civic guards, who are paid by the citizens and full burgesses only, and I attended an extraordinary general council, to receive the oath from the syndic¹ Mussard. I was so touched by

¹ *Syndic*: the head of a corporation.

the kindness shown to me on this occasion by the Council and consistory, and by the courteous and polite behaviour of all the magistrates, ministers, and citizens, that, persuaded by the persistent entreaties of the excellent Deluc, and influenced still more by my own inclinations, I decided only to return to Paris to break up my establishment, arrange my little business matters, find a situation for Madame le Vasseur and her husband or provide for their wants, and then to return with Thérèse and settle at Geneva for the rest of my life.

This resolution once taken, I suspended all serious occupations, in order to enjoy myself with my friends, until it was time to set out for Paris. Of all my amusements, that which pleased me most was rowing round the lake with Deluc, his daughter-in-law, his two sons, and my Thérèse. We spent seven days in this excursion, in the most beautiful weather. I preserved the liveliest recollection of the spots which had delighted me at the other end of the lake, and which I described some years later in the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*."

The principal connections which I formed at Geneva, beside the Delucs whom I have mentioned, were: the young minister Vernes, whose acquaintance I had already made in Paris, and of whom I had a better opinion than he afterwards justified; M. Perdriau, at that time a country pastor, now professor of *belles-lettres*, whose pleasant and agreeable society I shall ever regret, although he has since thought it the proper thing to break off the acquaintance; M. Jalabert, professor of physics, since then counsellor and syndic, to whom I read my "*Essay on Inequality*" (omitting the dedication), with which he appeared delighted; Professor Lullin, with whom I kept up a correspondence up to the time of his death, and who even commissioned me to purchase some books for the library; Professor Vernet, who turned his back upon me, like the rest of the world, after I had shown him proofs of attachment and friendship, which ought to have touched him, if a theologian could be touched by anything; Chappuis, clerk and successor to Gauffecourt, whom he desired to supplant, and who was soon afterwards supplanted himself; Marcet de Mézières, an old friend of my father, who had also shown himself mine, but who, after having formerly deserved well of his country,

became a dramatic author and candidate for the Two Hundred, changed his opinions, and made himself ridiculous before his death. But the acquaintance from whom I hoped most was Moulton—a young man whose talents and ardent spirit aroused the greatest expectations. I have always felt an affection for him, although his conduct towards myself has often been suspicious, and he is on intimate terms with my bitterest enemies; but, notwithstanding all this, I cannot prevent myself from looking upon him as one day destined to become the defender of my memory, and the avenger of his friend.

In the midst of these amusements, I neither lost the taste for my solitary walks, nor discontinued them. I frequently took long rambles on the shores of the lake, during which my brain, accustomed to work, did not remain idle. I worked up the outline of my "*Institutions Politiques*," of which I shall have to speak presently. I projected a "*Histoire du Valais*"—a tragedy in prose, the subject of which was nothing less than Lucretia, by which I hoped to crush the scoffers, although I ventured to introduce this unfortunate woman on the stage again, at a time when she was no longer possible at any French theatre. I also tried my hand at Tacitus, and made a translation of the first book of the *Histories*, which will be found amongst my papers.

After four months' stay at Geneva, I returned to Paris in October, avoiding Lyons, so as not to meet Gauffre-court. As I did not intend to return to Geneva until the following spring, I resumed, during the winter, my usual habits and occupations, the chief of which was the correction of the proofs of my "*Discourse on Inequality*," which was being published in Holland by Rey, whose acquaintance I had recently made at Geneva. As this work was dedicated to the Republic, and this dedication might be displeasing to the Council, I waited to see the effect it produced at Geneva before I returned there. The result was not favourable to me; and this dedication, which had been dictated solely by the purest patriotism, made enemies for me in the Council, and brought upon me the jealousy of some of the citizens. M. Chouet, at that time chief syndic, wrote me a polite, but cold, letter, which will be found in my collection (Packet A, No. 3). From private individuals, amongst others Deluc and Jalabert. I

received a few compliments, and that was all; I did not find that a single Genevese really thanked me for the hearty zeal which was to be found in the work. This indifference shocked all those who observed it. I remember that, one day, at Clichy, when I was dining with Madame Dupin in company with Crommelin, minister of the Republic, and M. de Mairan, the latter openly declared that the Council owed me a reward and public honours for this work, and that it would disgrace itself if it failed to do its duty. Crommelin, who was a dark and vulgarly spiteful little man, did not venture to make any answer in my presence, but he made a frightful grimace, which caused Madame Dupin to smile. The only advantage, besides the satisfaction it afforded my heart, which I obtained from this work, was the title of "citizen," which was bestowed upon me by my friends and afterwards by the public, which I afterwards lost from having deserved it too well.

However, this ill-success would not have kept me from carrying out my intention of retiring to Geneva, had not motives, which had greater influence over my heart, contributed to this result. M. d'Epinay, being desirous of adding a wing which was wanting to the château of La Chevrette, went to extraordinary expense to finish it. One day, having gone, in company with Madame d'Epinay, to see the works, we continued our walk a quarter of a league further, as far as the reservoir of the waters of the park, which adjoined the forest of Montmorency, where there was a pretty kitchen-garden, attached to which was a small and very dilapidated cottage, called the Hermitage. This solitary and agreeable spot had struck my attention when I saw it for the first time before my journey to Geneva. In my transport, I let fall the exclamation, "Ah, madam, what a delightful place to live in! Here is a refuge ready made for me." Madame d'Epinay did not take much notice of my words at the time; but, on this second visit, I was quite surprised to find, in place of the old ruins, a little house almost entirely new, very nicely arranged, and very habitable for a small establishment of three persons. Madame d'Epinay had had the work carried out quietly and at very trifling expense, by taking some materials and some of the workmen from the château. When she saw my surprise, she said, "There, Mr. Bear, there is your asylum; you chose it; friend

ship offers it to you. I hope that it will put an end to your cruel idea of separating from me." I do not believe that I have ever felt more deeply or more delightfully touched; I bathed with my tears the beneficent hand of my friend; and, if I was not vanquished from that moment, I was sorely shaken in my resolution. Madame d'Epinau, who was unwilling to be beaten, became so pressing, employed so many different means, and so many persons, in order to get over me—even enlisting Madame le Vasseur and her daughter in her service—that she finally triumphed over my resolutions. Abandoning the idea of settling in my native country, I decided, and promised, to live in the Hermitage; and, while the building was getting dry, she undertook to see after the furniture, so that all was ready for occupation the following spring.

One thing which greatly contributed to confirm my resolution, was the fact that Voltaire had settled in the neighbourhood of Geneva. I knew that this man would cause a revolution there; that I should find again in my own country the tone, the airs, and the manners which drove me from Paris; that I should have to maintain a perpetual struggle; and that no other choice would be left to me, except to behave either as an insufferable pedant, or as a coward and a bad citizen. The letter which Voltaire wrote to me about my last work caused me to hint at my apprehensions in my reply; the effect which it produced confirmed them. From that moment I looked upon Geneva as lost, and I was not mistaken. I ought perhaps to have defied the storm, if I had felt that I was capable of doing so. But what could I, timid, and a poor speaker, have done unaided against one who was arrogant, wealthy, supported by the credit of the great, brilliantly eloquent, and already the idol of the women and young men? I was afraid of exposing my courage uselessly to danger; I only listened to the voice of my naturally peaceable disposition, and my love of tranquillity which, if it deceived me then, still deceives me at the present day in this particular. By retiring to Geneva, I should have spared myself great misfortunes; but I doubt whether, with all my ardent and patriotic zeal, I should have done anything great or serviceable to my country.

Tronchin, who, nearly about the same time, settled at Geneva,

came to Paris some time afterwards to play the quack, and brought away some of its treasures. On his arrival, he came to see me with the Chevalier de Jancourt. Madame d'Epinay was very anxious to consult him privately, but it was difficult to get through the crowd. She had recourse to me, and I induced him to go and see her. Thus, under my auspices, they commenced a connection, which, later, they strengthened at my expense. Such has ever been my lot; no sooner have I brought together separate friends of my own, than they have infallibly combined against me. Although, in the conspiracy, which the Tronchins from that time entered into, to reduce their country to a state of servitude, they must all have felt a mortal hatred towards me, the doctor for a long time continued to show me proofs of his goodwill. He even wrote to me after his return to Geneva, offering me the post of honorary librarian. But my mind was made up, and this offer did not shake my resolution.

At this time I returned to M. d'Holbach. The reason for my visit was the death of his wife, which had taken place during my stay at Geneva. Madame Francueil had also died during the same interval. Diderot, when informing me of the death of Madame d'Holbach, spoke of the husband's deep affliction. His grief touched my heart, and I myself regretted this amiable woman. I wrote to M. d'Holbach a letter of condolence. The sad event made me forget all his injustice; and, when I returned from Geneva, and he himself came back from a tour through France, which he had made in company with Grimm and some other friends to divert his thoughts from his sorrow, I went to visit him, and continued to do so until my departure for the Hermitage. When it became known in his circle that Madame d'Epinay, with whom he was not yet acquainted, was preparing a dwelling-place for me, sarcasms fell upon me thick as hail; it was said that, unable to live without the flattery and amusements of the city, I could not endure to remain even a fortnight in solitude. Conscious of my real feelings, I let them say what they pleased, and went my way. Nevertheless, M. d'Holbach helped me to find a place for good old Le Vasseur,¹ who was over

¹ Here is an instance of the tricks which my memory plays me. Long after writing this, I have just learnt, while talking with my wife about her

eighty years of age, and whose wife, feeling the burden too heavy for her, continually begged me to relieve her of it. He was put into a poorhouse, where his great age, and his grief at finding himself separated from his family, brought him to the grave almost as soon as he was admitted. His wife and children felt but little regret for him, but Thérèse, who loved him fondly, has never consoled herself for his loss, and has never forgiven herself for allowing him, when so near his end, to finish his days at a distance from her.

About the same time, I received a visit which I little expected, although from an old acquaintance. I speak of my friend Venture, who surprised me one fine morning, when he was the last person I was thinking of. He had a companion with him. How changed he appeared to be! Instead of his former graceful manners, I only found in him a general air of dissipation, which prevented me from opening my heart to him. Either my eyes were no longer the same, or debauchery had stupefied his intellect, or else all his early brilliancy had depended upon the brilliancy of youth, which he no longer possessed. I treated him almost with indifference, and we parted rather coolly. But, after he had left, the remembrance of our former intimacy so vividly recalled the recollections of my own youth, so delightfully and so completely devoted to the angelic woman who was now no less changed than himself, the little incidents of that happy time, the romantic day's journey to Tonne, spent so innocently and delightfully in the company of the two charming girls whose only favour had been a kiss of the hand, which, nevertheless, had left behind such lively, touching and lasting regret; all the delightful transports of a young heart, which I had then felt in all their force, and which I thought were gone for ever; all these tender reminiscences made me weep for my past youth and its delights, henceforth lost for me. Ah! how I should have wept over their tardy and melancholy return, if I had foreseen the sorrow they were to cost me!

good old father, that it was not M. d'Holbach, but M. de Chenonceaux, at that time one of the Committee of the Hôtel Dieu,¹ who procured him the place. I had so completely forgotten him, and had so lively a recollection of M. d'Holbach, that I could have sworn that it had been he.

¹ The oldest hospital in Paris.—Tr.

Before I left Paris, during the winter which preceded my retirement, I enjoyed a pleasure quite after my own heart, which I tasted in all its purity. Palissot, a member of the Academy of Nancy, who was known for some plays which he had written, had just had one performed at Lunéville, before the King of Poland. He evidently hoped to gain favour by introducing, in this piece, a man who had ventured to cross pens with the King. Stanislaus, who was a generous man and not fond of satire, was indignant that anyone should venture to introduce personalities in his presence. M. le Comte de Tressan wrote, by this Prince's orders, to d'Alembert and myself, to inform me that it was His Majesty's intention to procure the expulsion of Palissot from the Academy. In reply, I earnestly entreated M. de Tressan to intercede with the King in Palissot's favour. He was pardoned, and M. de Tressan, when informing me of it in the King's name, added that the incident would be inserted in the records of the Academy. I replied that this would rather be inflicting a perpetual punishment than granting a pardon. At last, by dint of entreaties, I succeeded in obtaining a promise, that the whole affair should be kept out of the records, and that no trace of it should appear in public. The promise was accompanied, both on the part of the King and of M. de Tressan, by protestations of esteem and regard, which flattered me exceedingly; and I felt on this occasion, that the esteem of those, who are so worthy of it themselves, produce in the soul a feeling far sweeter and nobler than that of vanity. I have inserted in my collection the letters of M. de Tressan, together with my replies. The originals will be found in Bundle A, Nos. 9, 10 and 11.

I quite feel that, if these Memoirs ever see the light, I am here perpetuating the memory of an incident, all traces of which I desired to efface; but I have handed down many other incidents to posterity with equal reluctance. The great object of my undertaking, which is ever before my eyes, the indispensable duty of carrying it out in its fullest extent, will not permit me to be turned aside from my purpose by unimportant considerations, which would divert me from my object. In my singular and unique situation, I owe too much to truth to owe anything further to anyone else. In order to know me well, one must know me

in all my aspects, both good and bad. My Confessions are necessarily connected with those of many others. I make both with equal frankness in all that relates to myself, as I do not think that I am bound to treat anyone else with greater consideration than myself, although I should certainly like to do so. I desire to be always just and truthful, to say as much good of others as I can, only to speak evil when it concerns myself, and when I am compelled to do so. Who, in the position in which I have been placed by the world, has the right to demand more from me? My Confessions are not written to appear during my lifetime, or that of the persons concerned in them. If I were the master of my own destiny and of that of this work, it should not see the light until long after my death and their own. But the efforts, which the dread of truth causes my powerful oppressors to make, in order to efface all traces of it, force me to do all that the most scrupulous fairness and the strictest sense of justice allow me, in order to preserve these traces. If the remembrance of me were destined to die with me, rather than compromise anyone, I would, without a murmur, endure an unjust and momentary ignominy; but, since my name is destined to live, it is incumbent upon me to endeavour to hand down with it the remembrance of the unfortunate man who bore it—such as he really was, not such as his unjust enemies incessantly endeavour to represent him.

BOOK IX

[1756.]

I WAS so impatient to take up my abode in the Hermitage, that I could not wait for the return of fine weather; and, as soon as my new home was ready, I hastened to betake myself thither, amidst the loud ridicule of the Holbachian clique, who openly predicted that I should not be able to endure three months' solitude, and that they would soon see me returning to confess my failure and live in Paris as they did. I myself, who had been for fifteen years out of my element, and now saw that I was on the point of returning to it, took no notice of their raillery. Ever since I had been thrown into the world against my will, I had not ceased to regret my dear Charmettes, and the blissful life which I had led there. I felt that I was born for the country and retirement; it was impossible for me to live happily anywhere else. At Venice, amidst the bustle of public business, in the position of a kind of diplomatic representative, in my proud hopes and schemes of promotion; at Paris—in the whirl of high society, in the sensual enjoyment of suppers, in the brilliant spectacles of the theatre, in the cloud of vain-glory which surrounded me—the recollection of my groves, brooks, and solitary walks was ever present to distract and sadden me, to draw from me sighs of longing and regret. All the toil to which I had been able to subject myself, all the ambitious schemes which, by fits and starts, had roused my zeal, had no other end in view but that of one day enjoying the happy country ease, to which at that moment I flattered myself I had attained. Without having acquired the respectable independence which I considered could alone lead me to it, I considered that, owing to my peculiar position, I was able to dispense with it, and to reach the same end by quite a different road. I had no income whatever; but I had a name, I possessed

ability. I was temperate and had freed myself from the most expensive wants, which are satisfied in obedience to popular opinion. Besides, although indolent, I could work hard when I chose; and my indolence was not so much that of a confirmed idler as of an independent person, who only cares to work when he is in the humour for it. My copying was neither a brilliant nor a lucrative employment, but it was certain. The world approved of my courage in having chosen it. I could always feel sure of work, and, if I worked hard, of earning sufficient to live upon. Two thousand *francs*, the remains of the profits of the *Devin du Village* and my other writings, was a sufficient capital to keep me from being pushed for money for some time, and several works which I had in hand promised me, without being obliged to draw upon the booksellers, a sufficient addition to my funds to enable me to work comfortably without over-exerting myself, and even to employ to advantage the leisure of my walks. My little household, consisting of three people, who were all usefully employed, was not very expensive to keep up. In short, my resources, which corresponded to my wants and desires, bade fair to promise me lasting happiness in the life which my inclination had chosen for me.

I might have thrown myself entirely into the most lucrative path, and, instead of lowering my pen to copying, I might have devoted it entirely to writings, which, in the flight which I had taken, and which I felt myself capable of continuing, might have enabled me to live in opulence, even in luxury, if only I had been disposed to combine, in the smallest degree, an author's tricks with carefulness to produce good books. But I felt that writing for bread would soon have stifled my genius and destroyed my talents, which were more those of the heart than of the pen, and arose solely from a proud and elevated manner of thinking, which alone could support them. Nothing great, nothing vigorous can proceed from a pen that is entirely venal. Necessity, perhaps avarice, might have led me to write with greater rapidity than excellence. If the need of success had not plunged me into cabals, it might have made me strive to say what might please the multitude, rather than what was true and useful, and instead of a distinguished author which I might possibly become, I should

have ended in becoming nothing but a mere scribbler. No, no! I have always felt that the position of an author is not and cannot be distinguished or respectable, except in so far as it is not a profession. It is too difficult to think nobly, when one thinks only in order to live. In order to be able and to venture to utter great truths, one must not be dependent upon success. I threw my books amongst the public with the sure consciousness of having spoken for the general good, without caring for anything else. If the work was rejected, so much the worse for those who refused to profit by it. As for myself, I did not need their approval in order to live; my profession would support me, if my books did not sell; and it was just this which made them sell. |

It was on the 9th of April, 1756, that I left Paris, never to live in a city again, for I do not reckon the brief periods for which I afterwards stayed in Paris, London and other cities, only when passing through them, or against my will. Madame d'Epainay took us all three in her carriage; her farmer took charge of my small amount of luggage, and I was installed in my new home the same day. I found my little retreat arranged and furnished simply, but neatly and even tastefully. The hand which had attended to these arrangements conferred upon them in my eyes an inestimable value, and I found it delightful to be the guest of my friend, in a house of my own choice, which she had built on purpose for me. Although it was cold, and there was still some snow on the ground, the earth was beginning to show signs of vegetation: violets and primroses could be seen, the buds were beginning to open on the trees, and the night of my arrival was marked by the first song of the nightingale, which made itself heard nearly under my window, in a wood adjoining the house. When I awoke, after a light sleep, forgetting my change of abode, I thought that I was still in the Rue de Grenelle, when suddenly this warbling made me start, and in my delight I exclaimed, "At last all my wishes are fulfilled!" My first thought was to abandon myself to the impression caused by the rural objects by which I was surrounded. Instead of beginning to set things in order in my new abode, I began by making arrangements for my walks; there was not a path, not a copse, not a thicket, not a corner round my dwelling, which I had not

explored by the following day. The more I examined this charming retreat, the more I felt that it was made for me. This spot, solitary rather than wild, transported me in spirit to the end of the world. It possessed those impressive beauties which are rarely seen in the neighbourhood of cities; no one, who had suddenly been transported there, would have believed that he was only four leagues from Paris.

After having devoted some days to my rustic enthusiasm, I began to think about putting my papers in order and distributing my occupations. I set aside my mornings for copying, as I had always done, and my afternoons for walking, armed with my little note-book and pencil; for, as I had never been able to write or think freely, except *sub divo*,¹ I felt no temptation to change my method, and I reckoned that the forest of Montmorency, which was almost at my door, would in future be my study. I had several works already begun, and I went over them again. I was magnificent enough in my schemes; but, amidst the bustle of the city, they had hitherto made but little progress. I counted upon being able to devote a little more attention to them, when I should have less to distract me. I think that I have fairly fulfilled this expectation; and, for a man who was often ill, often at La Chevrette, Épinay, Eaubonne and the Château of Montmorency, often beset in his own house by curious idlers, and always busy half the day in copying, if one counts and considers the work which I produced during the six years spent at the Hermitage and Montmorency, I am convinced that it will be agreed that, if I lost my time during this period, it was at least not wasted in idleness.

Of the different works which I had on the stocks, the one which I had long had in my head, at which I worked with the greatest inclination, to which I wished to devote myself all my life, and which, in my own opinion, was to set the seal upon my reputation—was my “Institutions Politiques.” Thirteen or fourteen years ago, I had conceived the idea of it, when, during my stay at Venice, I had had occasion to observe the faults of its much-vaunted system of government. Since then, my views

¹ In the open air.

had become greatly enlarged by the historical study of morals. I had come to see that everything was radically connected with politics, and that, however one proceeded, no people would be other than the nature of its government made it; thus this great question of the best government possible appeared to me to reduce itself to the following: What kind of government is best adapted to produce the most virtuous, the most enlightened, the wisest, and, in short, the best people, taking the word "best" in its widest signification? I thought that I perceived that this question was very closely connected with another, very nearly, although not quite the same. What is the government which, from its nature, always keeps closest to the law? This leads to the question, What is the law? and to a series of questions equally important. I saw that all this led me on to great truths conducive to the happiness of the human race, above all, to that of my country, in which I had not found, in the journey I had just made thither, sufficiently clear or correct notions of liberty and the laws to satisfy me; and I believed that this indirect method of communicating them was the best suited to spare the pride of those whom it concerned, and to secure my own forgiveness for having been able to see a little further than themselves.

Although I had been already engaged five or six years upon this work, it was still in a very backward state. Books of this kind require meditation, leisure, and tranquillity. Besides, I worked at it, as the saying is, *en bonne fortune*,¹ without communicating my intention to anyone, not even to Diderot. I was afraid that it might appear too foolhardy, considering the age and country in which I wrote, and that the alarm of my friends would embarrass me in its execution.² I was not yet sure whether

1 Secretly.

2 It was the prudent strictness of Duclos in particular that inspired me with this apprehension. As for Diderot, somehow or other, all my conversations with him always tended to make me more satirical and caustic than I was naturally inclined to be. This very circumstance hindered me from consulting him in regard to an undertaking, in which I desired to employ nothing but the force of argument, without the least trace of irritation or party-feeling. The tone which I adopted in this work may be gathered from that of the "Contrat Social," which is taken from it.

it would be finished in time, and in such a manner as to admit of its being published during my lifetime. I wished to be able to devote to my subject, without restraint, all the efforts which it demanded of me; for I felt convinced that, as I had no satirical vein, and never desired to be personal, I should always be free from blame, if fairly judged. I naturally desired to employ to the full the right of thinking, which was mine by birth, but always in such a manner as to show respect towards the government under which I lived, without ever disobeying its laws; and, while extremely careful not to violate the law of nations, I by no means intended to renounce the advantages it afforded, owing to any considerations of fear. I even confess that, as a stranger and living in France, I found my position advantageous for speaking the truth boldly. I knew well that, if I continued, as I intended, to have nothing printed in the State without permission, I was under no responsibility to anyone as regarded my principles and their publication in any other country. I should have been less independent even at Geneva, where the authorities had the right to criticise the contents of my writings, wherever they might have been printed. This consideration had greatly contributed to make me yield to the entreaties of Madame d'Épinay, and to abandon my intention of settling at Geneva. I felt, as I have stated in my "Émile," that, unless a man is a born intriguer, he must by no means compose his books in the bosom of his country, if he desires to devote them to its welfare.

What made me feel still happier was, that I was persuaded that the Government of France, without perhaps regarding me with a very favourable eye, would make it a point of honour, if not to protect me, at least to leave me unmolested. This appeared to me a very simple, but, nevertheless, very clever stroke of policy—to make a merit of tolerating what could not be prevented, since, if I had been driven from France, which was all the authorities had a right to do, my books would have been written just the same, and perhaps with less reserve; whereas, by leaving me undisturbed, they would keep the author as surety for his works; and, further, would abolish prejudices deeply rooted in the rest of Europe, by gaining the reputation of having an enlightened respect for the rights of nations.

Those who judge, from the result, that my confidence deceived me, may be deceived themselves. In the storm which has overwhelmed me my books have served as an excuse, but it was against myself personally that the attack was directed. They cared little about the author, but were eager to ruin Jean Jacques; and the worst thing that could be found in my writings, was the honour which they might possibly pay me. But let us not anticipate the future. I do not know whether this mystery—for such it still is to me—will subsequently be cleared up in the eyes of my readers. I only know that, if my publicly-declared principles had deserved to bring upon me the treatment I have suffered, I should have become its victim sooner, since the treatment of all my writings, in which these principles are unfolded with the greatest hardihood, not to say audacity, appeared to have produced its effect even before my retirement to the Hermitage, without it having occurred to anyone, I will not say to pick a quarrel with me, but even to hinder the publication of the work in France, where it was sold as openly as in Holland. Afterwards the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*" appeared with no greater difficulty, and, I venture to say, with the same approval; and, what seems almost incredible, the profession of faith of this same Héloïse is exactly the same as that of the Savoyard Vicar. All that is outspoken in the "*Contrat Social*" had formerly appeared in the "*Discours sur l'Inégalité*." All that is outspoken in "*Émile*" had formerly appeared in "*Julie*." But these outspoken passages created no outcry against the two earlier works, therefore it could not have been they which created it against the latter.

Another undertaking, much of the same nature, the idea of which had occurred to me later, occupied my attention more at this moment. This was "Selections" from the works of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, of whom I have hitherto been unable to speak, having been carried away by the thread of my narrative. The idea had been suggested to me, after my return from Geneva, by the Abbé de Mably, not directly, but through the intervention of Madame Dupin, who had a sort of interest in getting me to take it up. She was one of the three or four pretty women of Paris whose spoilt child the old Abbé had

been ; and, if she had not decidedly enjoyed the preference, she had at least shared it with Madame d'Aiguillon. She preserved for the memory of the good old man a feeling of respect and affection which did honour to both, and her vanity would have been flattered by seeing the still-born works of her friend brought to life again by her secretary. These works themselves, however, contained some excellent things, but so badly expressed, that it was a wearisome undertaking to read them ; and it is astonishing that the Abbé, who regarded his readers merely as grown-up children, should, nevertheless, have addressed them as men, to judge by the little trouble he took to gain a hearing from them. With this idea the task had been proposed to me, as useful in itself, and very suitable for a man who was an industrious worker, but idle as an originator, who, finding the effort of thinking very fatiguing, preferred, in things which were to his taste, to elucidate and advance the ideas of another to creating ideas of his own. Besides, as I did not confine myself to the part of a mere translator, I was not prohibited from sometimes thinking for myself ; and I was at liberty to give my work such a form, that many important truths might find their way into it under the mantle of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre with less risk than under my own. In addition, the undertaking was no light one ; it was a question of nothing less than reading, thinking over, and making selections from twenty-three volumes, diffuse, confused, full of prolixities, repetitions, and narrow or false views, amongst which it was necessary to fish out some few that were great and lofty, which gave one the courage to endure the painful task. I myself was often on the point of relinquishing it, if I could have drawn back with decency—but, by accepting the Abbé's manuscripts, which were given to me by his nephew the Comte de Saint-Pierre, at the entreaty of Saint-Lambert, I had in a manner pledged myself to make use of them, and it was necessary for me either to return them, or to endeavour to turn them to account. It was with the latter intention that I had brought these manuscripts to the Hermitage, and it was the first work to which I intended to devote my spare time.

I contemplated a third work, the idea of which was due to

certain observations which I had made upon myself; and I felt the more encouraged to undertake it, as I had reason to hope that I might produce a book really useful to mankind, even one of the most useful that could be offered to it, if the execution worthily corresponded to the plan which I had sketched for myself. The observation has been made, that most men, in the course of their lives, are frequently unlike themselves, and seem transformed into quite different men. It was not to establish a truth so well known that I desired to write a book; I had a newer and even more important object. This was to investigate the causes of these changes, confining myself to those which depended on ourselves, in order to show how we might ourselves control them, in order to make ourselves better and more certain of ourselves. For it is unquestionably more difficult for an honourable man to resist desires, already fully formed, which he ought to overcome, than it is to prevent, change or modify these same desires at the fountain-head, supposing him to be in a position to trace them back to it. A man resists temptation at one time because he is strong; another time, he yields to it because he is weak; if he had been the same as before, he would not have yielded.

While examining myself, and endeavouring to find, in the case of others, upon what these different conditions of being depended, I discovered that they depended in great part upon the impression which external objects had previously made upon us, and that we, being continually modified by our senses and our bodily organs, exhibited, without perceiving it, the effect of these modifications of ourselves, in our ideas, our feelings, and even in our actions. The numerous and striking observations which I had collected were unassailable, and, from their physical principles, seemed to me well adapted to furnish an external rule of conduct, which, being altered according to circumstances, might place or keep the mind in the condition most favourable to virtue. From how many errors would the reason be preserved, how many vices would be strangled at their birth, if mankind knew how to compel the animal economy to support the moral order, which it so frequently disturbs! Different climates, seasons, sounds, colours, darkness, light, the elements, food, noise, silence, movement, repose—all affect the bodily machine, and consequently the

mind; all afford us a thousand opportunities, which will almost infallibly enable us to govern those feelings in their first beginnings, by which we allow ourselves to be dominated. Such was the fundamental idea which I had already sketched upon paper, and from which I expected, in the case of well-disposed persons, who, loving virtue sincerely, mistrust their weakness, a surer effect, inasmuch as it appeared easy to me to make of it a book as agreeable to read as it was to write. However, I have made but little progress in this work, the title of which was *La Morale Sensitive*, or *Le Matérialisme du Sage*. Distractions, the cause of which the reader will soon learn, prevented me from giving it attention, and he will also learn what was the fate of my sketch, which is more closely connected with my own than it might appear.

Besides all this, I had for some time contemplated a system of education, to which Madame de Chenonceaux, who trembled for her son's future, as the result of the education which he was receiving from his father, had begged me to give attention. The power of friendship caused this subject, although less to my taste in itself, to claim my attention more than all the rest. For this reason this is the only project, amongst all those which I have just mentioned, that I have carried out. The object which I proposed to myself in this work should, in my opinion, have brought the author a different reward. But let us not here anticipate this melancholy topic. I shall have only too much reason to speak of it in the sequel.

All these various projects afforded me material for meditation during my walks, for, as I believe I have already said, I can only think while walking: as soon as I stop, I can think no longer; my brain can only move with my feet. However, I had taken the precaution of providing myself with an indoor task for rainy days. This was my "Dictionary of Music"; the scattered, mutilated, and raw materials of which made it necessary to rewrite the work almost entirely. I brought some books which I required for the purpose. I had spent two months in making extracts from a number of others which I borrowed from the King's library, and some of which I was even allowed to take with me to the Hermitage. These were my materials for

compiling indoors, when the weather did not allow me to go out, or when I was tired of my copying. This arrangement suited me so well, that I adhered to it both at the Hermitage and at Montmorency, and even, subsequently, at Motiers, where I finished this work while continuing others; and I always found a real relaxation in a change of occupation.

I followed for some time, with tolerable exactness, the distribution of time that I had marked out for myself, and was very well satisfied with it; but, when the fine weather brought back Madame d'Épinay more frequently to Épinay or La Chevrette, I found that attentions, which at first did not cost me much, but which I had not reckoned upon, greatly upset my other arrangements. I have already said that Madame d'Épinay had some very amiable qualities; she was very devoted to her friends and served them most zealously; and, as she spared neither time nor trouble, she certainly deserved that they should show her some attentions in return. Hitherto I had fulfilled this duty without feeling that it was one; but at last I discovered that I had loaded myself with a chain, the weight of which only friendship prevented me from feeling: I had made the burden heavier by my dislike to crowded rooms. Madame d'Épinay availed herself of this to make a proposal, which seemed to suit me well, and suited her even better; this was that she should let me know when she would be alone, or nearly so. I consented, without foreseeing to what I was binding myself. The consequence was, that I no longer visited her when it was convenient to me, but when it suited her, so that I was never sure of having a whole day at my disposal. This tie considerably spoiled the pleasure, which my visits to her had formerly afforded me. I found that the freedom, which she had so often promised me, was only granted to me on condition that I never made use of it; and, when once or twice I attempted to do so, it gave occasion to so many messages, so many notes and such apprehensions concerning my health, that I plainly saw that nothing but being completely confined to my bed could excuse me from running to her at the first intimation of her wishes. I was obliged to submit to this yoke. I submitted, and with tolerably good grace for so bitter an enemy of dependence as I was, since my sincere attachment to her prevented me in great measure from feeling the chain which accompanied it. She also filled up in this

manner, more or less, the void which the absence of her usual circle left in her amusements. It was for her a very poor stop-gap, but it was better than complete solitude, which was unbearable to her. However, she was able to fill it much more easily after she began to try her hand at literature, and took it into her head to write, no matter how, romances, letters, comedies, tales, and such trifles. But what amused her was not so much writing as reading them; and if she by chance managed to scribble two or three consecutive pages, it was absolutely necessary for her to feel sure of having at least two or three favourable hearers, when she had completed this enormous task. I rarely had the honour of being one of the chosen, except by the favour of another. By myself, I was hardly ever considered at all in anything, not only in the society of Madame d'Epinay, but in that of M. d'Holbach, and wherever Grimm set the fashion. This complete insignificance suited me perfectly well, except in a *tête-à-tête*, when I did not know what attitude to assume, as I did not venture to talk about literature, of which I was not competent to judge, nor about gallantry, since I was too bashful, and I feared, more than death itself, the ridiculous appearance of an old beau. Besides, this idea never occurred to me when with Madame d'Epinay, and would perhaps never have occurred to me once in my life, even had I spent it altogether in her society; not that I had any personal repugnance to her—on the contrary, I perhaps loved her too much as a friend, to be able to love her as a lover. It gave me pleasure to see her and to talk with her. Her conversation, although agreeable enough in society, was dull in private; my own, which was by no means fluent, was not much assistance to her. Ashamed of a too lengthy silence, I strained every nerve to enliven the interview; and, although it often tired me, it never wearied me. I was very glad to show her trifling attentions, to give her little brotherly kisses, which did not appear to excite her sensuality any more than my own, and that was all. She was very thin, very pale, her breast was as flat as my hand. This defect alone would have been sufficient to chill me; my heart and senses have never been able to see a woman in one who has no breasts; and other reasons, which it would be useless to mention, always caused me to forget her sex.

Having thus made up my mind to an inevitable servitude,



Ed. Hecoum, rev. & sc.

THE HERMITAGE.

Book IX.

I resigned myself to it without resistance, and found it, at least during the first year, less burdensome than I should have expected. Madame d'Epinay, who usually spent the whole summer in the country, only spent part of the summer of this year there, either because her affairs required her to be more at Paris, or because the absence of Grimm rendered her stay at La Chevrette less agreeable. I profited by the intervals of her absence, or when she had much company, to enjoy my solitude with my good Thérèse and her mother in a manner which made me thoroughly appreciate it. Although for some years I had visited the country pretty frequently, I had rarely enjoyed it; and those excursions, always taken in the company of pretentious persons, and always spoiled by a feeling of restraint, only whetted my appetite for country pleasures, and, the nearer the glimpse I had of them, the more I felt the want of them. I was so weary of salons, waterfalls, groves, flower-gardens, and their still more wearisome exhibitors; I was so tired of stitching, pianos, sorting wool, making bows, foolish witticisms, insipid affectations, trifling story-tellers, and big suppers that, when I caught a glimpse of a simple thorn-bush, a hedge, a barn, or a meadow; when I inhaled, while passing through a hamlet, the fragrance of a savoury chervil omelette; when I heard from a distance the rustic refrain of the *bisquières*,¹ I wished all rouge, furbelows, and ambergris² at the devil; and, regretting the good-wife's homely dinner and the native wine, I should have been delighted to slap the face of M. le chef and M. le maître, who forced me to dine at my usual supper-hour, and to sup at a time when I am usually asleep; above all, I should have liked to slap MM. les laquais, who devoured with their eyes the morsels I ate, and, if I was not prepared to die of thirst, sold me their master's adulterated wine at ten times the price I should have paid for wine of a better quality at an inn.

Behold me, then, at last, in my own house, in a pleasant and solitary retreat, able to spend my days in the independent, even, and peaceful life, for which I felt that I was born. Before describing the effect of this situation, so new to me, upon my

1 Female goatherds.

2 Used for perfume.

heart, it behoves me to recapitulate its secret inclinations, that the progress of these new modifications may be better followed up in its origin.

I have always considered the day which united me to my Thérèse as that which determined my moral being. I needed an attachment, since that which should have sufficed me had been so cruelly broken. The thirst for happiness is never quenched in man's heart. Mamma was growing old and degraded. It was clear to me that she could never again be happy in this world. Thus, the only thing left for me was to seek for a happiness which should be my own, since I had for ever lost all hope of sharing hers. I drifted for some time from one idea, from one plan, to another. My voyage to Venice would have plunged me into public affairs, if the man with whom I was to be connected had been possessed of common sense. I am easily discouraged, especially in difficult and long-winded undertakings. My ill-success in this disgusted me with all others; and since, in accordance with my old maxim, I looked upon distant objects as decoys for fools, I determined to live henceforth without any fixed plan, as I no longer saw anything in life which might have tempted me to exert myself.

It was just at that time that we became acquainted. The gentle character of this good girl appeared to me so well suited to my own, that I united myself to her by means of an attachment which neither time nor wrongs have been able to lessen, and everything which ought to have broken it has only increased it. The strength of this attachment will be seen in the sequel, when I lay bare the wounds and pangs with which she has rent my heart during the height of my misery, without a word of complaint to anyone ever escaping me, until the moment when I am writing these lines.

When it becomes known that, after having done all and braved everything, to avoid being separated from her, after having lived with her for twenty-five years, in spite of destiny and mankind, I finally married her in my old age, without any expectation or solicitation on her part, without any engagement or promise on my own, it will be believed that a mad love, which turned my head from the first day, gradually

led me on to the last extravagance; and it will be the more readily believed, when the special and weighty reasons, which should have prevented me from ever doing such a thing, also become known. What then will the reader think, when I declare to him, in all the sincerity which he must now recognise as part of my character, that, from the first moment when I saw her up to this day, I never felt the least spark of love for her; that I no more desired her possession than that of Madame de Warens, and that the sensual needs, which I satisfied in her person, were only for me those of sexual impulse, without being in any way connected with the individual? He will perhaps believe that, being constituted differently from other men, I was incapable of feeling love, since it did not enter into the feelings which attached me to those women who have been most dear to me. Patience, reader! the fatal moment is approaching, when you will be only too rudely undeceived.

I repeat myself; I know it; but it is unavoidable. The first, the greatest, the most powerful, the most irrepressible of all my needs was entirely in my heart; it was the need of a companionship as intimate as was possible; it was for that purpose especially that I needed a woman rather than a man, a female rather than a male friend. This singular want was such, that the most intimate corporal union had been unable to satisfy it; I should have wanted two souls in the same body; without that, I was always conscious of a void. I thought that the moment had come, when I should feel it no longer. This young person, amiable by reason of a thousand excellent qualities, and, at that time, even by her personal appearance, which was without a trace of unnaturalness or coquetry, would have confined my whole existence in herself, if I had been able to confine hers to me, as I had hoped. I had nothing to fear from men; I am certain that I am the only man she ever truly loved, and her passions were so cool, that she rarely felt the want of other men, even when I had ceased to be one to her in this respect. I had no family; she had one; and this family, the members of which were all of a far different character from herself, was not such that I could ever have regarded it as my own. This was the first

cause of my unhappiness. What would I not have given to have been able to make myself her mother's child! I tried all I could to do so, but never succeeded. It was useless for me to attempt to unite all our interests; it was impossible. She always created interests different from mine, set them in opposition to mine, and even to those of her daughter, which were already identical with them. She and her other children and grandchildren became so many leeches, and the least injury they did to Thérèse was that of robbing her. The poor girl, who was accustomed to give in, even to her nieces, allowed herself to be robbed and ruled without saying a word; and it pained me to see that, while I exhausted my money and good advice in vain, I could do nothing to assist her. I tried to get her away from her mother; but she always opposed it. I respected her opposition, and esteemed her the more for it; but this refusal was none the less prejudicial to her interests and my own. Devoted to her mother and the rest of her family, she belonged more to them than to me, even more than to herself. Their greed was not so ruinous to her as their advice was pernicious; in short, if, thanks to her love for me and her naturally good disposition, she was not completely their slave, she was sufficiently so to prevent, in great part, the effect of the good principles which I endeavoured to instil into her, and to cause us always to remain two, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary.

Thus it came to pass that, notwithstanding a sincere and mutual attachment, upon which I had bestowed all the tenderness of my heart, the void in this heart was never completely filled. Children, who might have effected this, were born to us; but this only made matters worse. I shuddered at the thought of handing them over to the care of this badly brought up family, to be brought up even worse. The risks of bringing up at the Foundling Hospital were far less. This reason for the resolution which I took, stronger than all those which I stated in my letter to Madame de Francueil, was, however, the only one which I did not venture to tell her. I preferred to remain not completely cleared from so grave a reproach, in order to spare the family of a person whom I loved. But it may be judged, from the behaviour

of her miserable brother, whether, in spite of anything that may be said about it, I should have been justified in exposing my children to the risk of receiving a similar education to his.

Being unable to enjoy to the full this intimate intercourse of which I felt the need, I sought to supplement it in a manner which, although it did not completely fill the void, caused me to feel it less. For want of a friend, who should be entirely devoted to me, I needed friends whose impulse might overcome my indolence. For this reason I cultivated and strengthened my relations with Diderot and the Abbé de Condillac, entered into fresh and still closer relations with Grimm, and, in the end, owing to the unlucky Essay, the history of which I have related, I found myself thrown back, without any idea of it, upon literature, which I thought I had abandoned for ever.

My first appearance led me by a new path into another intellectual world, the simple and lofty economy of which I was unable to look upon without enthusiasm. My continued attention to it soon convinced me, that there was nothing but error and folly in the doctrine of our philosophers, and misery and oppression in our social arrangements. Deluded by my foolish pride, I thought that I was born to destroy all these illusions, and, believing that, in order to gain a hearing, it was necessary for my manner of life to harmonize with my principles, I adopted the singular course which I have not been permitted to continue, in which I set an example for which my pretended friends have never forgiven me, which at first made me ridiculous, and would have ended by making me respectable, if it had been possible for me to persevere in it.

Hitherto I had been good; from that moment I became virtuous, or, at least, intoxicated with virtue. This intoxication had commenced in my head, but had passed on into my heart. The noblest pride sprang up therein on the ruins of uprooted vanity. I pretended nothing; I became really what I seemed; and, for the four years at least, during which this state of effervescence lasted in all its force, there was nothing great or beautiful, which a man's heart could contain, of which I was not capable between heaven and myself. This was the origin of my sudden eloquence, of the truly celestial fire which inflamed me and spread over my

first writings, and which for forty years had not emitted the least spark, since it was not yet kindled.

I was truly transformed; my friends and acquaintances no longer recognised me. I was no longer the shy, bashful rather than modest man, who did not venture to show himself or utter a word, whom a playful remark disconcerted, whom a woman's glance caused to blush. Audacious, proud, undaunted, I carried with me everywhere a confidence, which was firmer in proportion to its simplicity, and had its abode rather in my soul than in my outward demeanour. The contempt for the manners, principles, and prejudices of my age, with which my deep meditations had inspired me, rendered me insensible to the raillery of those who possessed them, and I pulverised their trifling witticisms with my maxims, as I should have crushed an insect between my fingers. What a change! All Paris repeated the penetrating and biting sarcasms of the man who, two years before and ten years afterwards, never knew how to find the thing he ought to say, nor the expression he ought to use. Anyone who endeavours to find the condition of all others most contrary to my nature will find it in this. If he desires to recall one of those brief moments in my life during which I ceased to be myself, and became another, he will find it again in the time of which I speak; but, instead of lasting six days or six weeks, it lasted nearly six years, and would, perhaps, have lasted until now, had it not been for the special circumstances which put an end to it, and restored me to Nature, above which I had attempted to elevate myself.

This change began as soon as I had left Paris and the sight of the vices of the great city ceased to keep up the indignation with which it had inspired me. As soon as I lost sight of men, I ceased to despise them; as soon as I lost sight of the wicked, I ceased to hate them. My heart, little adapted for hatred, only caused me to deplore their wretchedness, from which it did not distinguish their wickedness. This gentler, but far less lofty, frame of mind soon dulled the burning enthusiasm which had so long carried me away, and, without anyone perceiving it, even without perceiving it myself, I became again shy, courteous, and timid; in a word, the same Jean Jacques as I had been before.

If this revolution had merely restored me to myself, and had gone no further, all would have been well; but, unfortunately, it went much further, and carried me away rapidly to the other extreme. From that time my soul, in a state of agitation, no longer kept its centre of gravity, and its oscillations, ever renewed, always destroyed it. I must describe at some length this second revolution—the terrible and fatal epoch of a destiny without example among mankind.

As we were only a party of three in our retreat, leisure and solitude naturally increased the intimacy of our intercourse. This was what occurred in the case of Thérèse and myself. We spent some delightful hours together under the shady trees, more delightful than any I had ever enjoyed before. She herself appeared to appreciate it more than she had hitherto done. She opened her heart to me without reserve, and told me things about her mother and her family, which she had been strong-minded enough to conceal from me for a long time. Both had received from Madame Dupin a number of presents intended for me, which the cunning old woman, to save me annoyance, had appropriated for herself and her other children, without leaving any for Thérèse, whom she strictly forbade to say anything to me about them—a command which the poor girl obeyed with an obedience which is almost incredible.

A thing which surprised me still more, was the discovery that, besides the secret conversations which Diderot and Grimm had frequently held with both, in order to estrange them from me, but which had failed in their object owing to the opposition of Thérèse, both of them had since then held frequent secret conferences with her mother, without her knowing anything of what was brewing between them. She only knew that sundry little presents played a part in it; that there were little journeys to and fro, which they attempted to conceal from her, of the reason of which she was completely ignorant. At the time when we left Paris, Madame le Vasseur had long been in the habit of calling upon Grimm two or three times a month, and spending some time there with him in private conversation, on which occasions even his servant was always sent out of the room.

I judged that the motive of all this was no other than the

same scheme into which they had attempted to make the daughter enter, by promising to procure for them, through Madame d'Epinay's influence, a license to retail salt, or a tobacco-shop; in a word, by tempting them with the prospect of gain. They had represented to these women that, as I was not in a position to do anything for them, I could not do anything for myself either, on account of them. As I saw nothing in all this but good intentions, I was not absolutely annoyed with them. Only the secrecy revolted me, especially on the part of the old woman, who, in addition, daily showed herself more toadying and wheedling in her manner towards me, which, however, did not prevent her from incessantly reproaching her daughter in private with being too fond of me and telling me everything, saying that she was a fool, and would find herself taken in in the end.

This woman possessed in the highest degree the art of killing two birds with one stone, of concealing from one what she received from another, and from me, what she received from all. I might have pardoned her for her avarice, but I could not forgive her dissimulation. What could she have to conceal from me—from me, whose happiness she so well knew depended almost entirely upon her daughter's happiness and her own? What I had done for her daughter, I had done for myself, but what I had done for her deserved some acknowledgment on her part; she at least should have been grateful to her daughter for it, and should have loved me also out of love for her who loved me. I had rescued her from utter misery; from me she received the means of existence, to me she owed all those acquaintances whom she so well knew how to make use of. *Thérèse* had long supported her by her own exertions, and was now supporting her with bread supplied by me. She owed all to this daughter, for whom she had done nothing, while her other children, on whom she had bestowed marriage portions, and for whom she had ruined herself, far from helping to support her, devoured her substance and my own. It seemed that, under these circumstances, she should have regarded me as her only friend, as her most reliable protector, and, far from keeping me in the dark as to my own affairs, far from joining in a plot against me in my own house, should have faithfully informed me of everything that might concern me, when she

learned it sooner than I did. In what light, then, could I regard her deceitful and mysterious conduct? Above all, what was I to think of the sentiments with which she endeavoured to inspire her daughter? What monstrous ingratitude must have been the mother's, when she sought to instil it into the daughter!

All these considerations finally alienated my heart so completely from this woman, that I could no longer look upon her without contempt. However, I never ceased to treat the mother of the partner of my life with respect, and to show her in everything almost the consideration and esteem of a son; but I must admit that I never cared to remain long in her company, and I am ill able to put restraint upon myself.

This, again, is one of the brief moments of my life, in which I have been almost within sight of happiness, without being able to attain to it, although through no fault of my own. If this woman had been of good character, we should, all three, have been happy to the end of our days: the last survivor would alone have deserved pity. Instead of this, the reader will see the development of events, and be able to judge whether I could have altered it.

Madame le Vasseur, seeing that I had gained ground in her daughter's heart while she had lost it, endeavoured to recover it; and, instead of regaining my esteem through the daughter, attempted to alienate her from me altogether. One of the means that she employed was to invoke the assistance of her family. I had begged Thérèse not to invite any of them to the Hermitage, and she had promised not to do so. They were invited in my absence, without consulting her, and they then made her promise to say nothing to me about it. When the first step was taken, the rest was easy. When a person once keeps anything secret from one whom he loves, he soon feels no scruple about concealing everything from him. As soon as I was at La Chevrette, the Hermitage was full of people, who enjoyed themselves tolerably well. A mother has always great influence over a daughter of good disposition; nevertheless, in spite of all her efforts, the old woman could never induce Thérèse to enter into her views, or persuade her to join the conspiracy against me. As for herself, she made up her mind irrevocably. As she saw, on the one side,

her daughter and myself, at whose house she could live and that was all; and, on the other, Diderot, Grimm, d'Holbach, and Madame d'Epinay, who promised much and gave something, it never entered her head that she could possibly be in the wrong in company with a farmer-general's wife and a Baron. If I had been more observant, I should have seen, from that moment, that I was nourishing a serpent in my bosom; but my blind confidence, which nothing had as yet diminished, was such that it never even occurred to me, that anyone could wish to injure a person who deserved to be loved. While I saw a thousand conspiracies formed around me, all I could complain of was the tyranny of those whom I called my friends, and whose only object, as I imagined, was to force me to be happy in their own fashion rather than in my own.

Although Thérèse refused to enter into the conspiracy with her mother, she again kept her secret. Her motive was praiseworthy; I will not undertake to decide whether she did well or ill. Two women who have secrets are fond of chattering together about them. This brought them closer together; and Thérèse, by dividing her attentions, sometimes caused me to feel that I was alone, for I could no longer regard as a society the relations between us three. Then it was that I felt keenly the mistake which I had committed, at the beginning of our connection, in not having taken advantage of the pliability which was the result of her affection, to improve her mind and furnish her with a store of knowledge which, by drawing us closer together in our retirement, would have filled up her time and my own agreeably, and prevented us from ever noticing the length of a *little-à-little*. Not that our conversation ever flagged, or that she showed any signs of weariness during our walks; but we had not a sufficient number of ideas in common to make a great stock. We could no longer speak incessantly of our plans, which henceforth were limited to plans of enjoyment. The objects around us inspired me with reflections which were beyond her comprehension. An attachment of twelve years had no longer need of words; we knew each other too well to be able to find anything fresh. The only resource left was gossip, scandal, and feeble jokes. It is in solitude especially that one

feels the advantage of living with someone who knows how to think. I had no need of this resource to amuse myself in her society; but she would have needed it, in order to be able always to amuse herself in mine. The worst thing was, that we were obliged to hold our interviews secretly; her mother, who had become a nuisance to me, forced me to look out for opportunities. I felt under restraint in my own house—this is saying everything. The atmosphere of love ruined simple friendship. We enjoyed an intimate intercourse without living in intimacy.

As soon as I thought I observed that Thérèse sometimes sought excuses to avoid the walks which I proposed to her, I ceased to propose them, without being annoyed with her for not finding as much pleasure in them as myself. Pleasure does not depend upon the will. I was sure of her affection, and that was enough for me. As long as my pleasures were hers, I enjoyed them with her; when this was not the case, I preferred her contentment to my own.

Thus it happened that, half deceived in my expectation, leading a life after my own inclination, in a spot which I had chosen for myself, with a person who was dear to me, I nevertheless at length found myself almost isolated. What I still lacked prevented me from enjoying what I possessed. In the matter of happiness and enjoyment, I must have all or nothing. It will afterwards be seen why I have considered this explanation necessary. I now resume the thread of my narrative.

I believed that I possessed a veritable treasure in the manuscripts which the Comte de Saint-Pierre had given me. On examining them more attentively, I found that they were little more than the collection of his uncle's printed works, corrected and annotated by his own hand, together with a few trifling fragments which had never been published. His writings on moral subjects confirmed me in the idea which some letters from him, which Madame de Créqui had shown me, had given me, that he possessed much greater talent than I had imagined; but, after a thorough examination of his political works, I found nothing but superficial views, or schemes, useful indeed, but rendered impracticable by the idea which the author could never get rid of, that men acted in accordance with their lights rather

than their passions. The high opinion of modern learning which he entertained had caused him to adopt this false principle of wisdom brought to perfection, the foundation of all his proposed institutions, and the origin of all his political sophisms. This singular man, an honour to his age and his kind—the only man perhaps who, since the human race has existed, has had no other passion than that of reason—nevertheless wandered from one error to another in all his systems, in his desire to make men like himself, instead of taking them as they are, and as they will continue to be. He laboured only for imaginary beings, while believing that he was working for his contemporaries.

Recognising all this, I found myself somewhat embarrassed as to the form I should give to my work. By allowing the author's visionary ideas to remain undisturbed, I should render no service; by refuting them rigorously, I should be guilty of discourtesy, since the delivery of his manuscripts, which I had accepted and even asked for, imposed upon me the obligation of treating their author honourably. I finally decided upon the course of action which appeared to me most becoming, most judicious, and most useful: this was, to present the author's and my own ideas separately, and, with this object, to enter into his views, to elucidate them, to enlarge them, and to omit nothing which could secure them full appreciation.

My work, therefore, was to be composed of two entirely separate parts. The one was intended to explain, in the manner I have just indicated, the different schemes of the author; in the other, which was not intended to appear until the first had produced its effect, I should have brought my judgment to bear upon these same schemes, which, I confess, might certainly have exposed them sometimes to the fate of the sonnet of the "Misanthrope." At the commencement of the whole work I intended to give a life of the author, for which I had collected a quantity of sufficiently good material, which I flattered myself I should be able to make use of without spoiling. I had seen the Abbé de Saint-Pierre two or three times in his old age, and the respect which I had for his memory was a guarantee to me that, upon the whole, M. le Comte would not be dissatisfied with the manner in which I treated his relation.

I made my first attempt upon the "Paix perpetuelle," the most important and the most elaborate of all the works which made up the collection; and, before I began my reflections upon it, I had the courage to read absolutely everything that the Abbé had written upon this fine subject, without once allowing myself to be discouraged by its prolixity and repetitions. As the public has seen this abstract, I have nothing to say about it. The judgment which I passed upon it has never been printed, and I do not know if it ever will be; but it was written at the same time. I next went on to the "Polysynodie," or "Plurality of Councils," a work written in the Regent's time, to support the form of administration which he had introduced, which led to the expulsion of the Abbé from the French Academy, in consequence of certain attacks upon the preceding administration, which irritated the Duchesse de Maine and the Cardinal de Polignac. I finished this work in the same manner as the preceding, both abstract and judgment; but I stopped there, as I did not intend to finish this undertaking, which I ought never to have commenced.

The consideration which caused me to abandon it presented itself naturally, and it is surprising that it never occurred to me before. Most of the Abbé's writings consisted of or contained critical observations upon certain aspects of the French system of government, and some of them were so outspoken, that he had reason to congratulate himself upon escaping scot-free. But, in the ministerial offices, he had always been looked upon as a sort of preacher rather than as a serious politician, and he was allowed to say what he pleased, because it was well known that nobody would listen to him. If I had succeeded in getting him a hearing, the case would have been different. He was a Frenchman, I was not; and, if I repeated his censures, even in his own name, I ran the risk of being asked rudely, but with perfect justice, what I was interfering with. Luckily, before going too far, I saw the handle I was about to give to others against myself, and I speedily withdrew. I knew that, living alone in the midst of men, all more powerful than myself, I should never be able, in spite of all that I could do, to shelter myself from any injury they might choose to inflict upon me. There

was only one thing that depended upon myself: to make it impossible for them, should they desire to injure me, to do so without injustice. This principle, which made me give up the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, has frequently caused me to renounce far more cherished schemes. Those who are always ready to look upon misfortune as a crime, would be greatly surprised if they knew the pains I have taken, all my life through, to prevent anyone being able to say to me with truth, in time of my misfortune: "You have well deserved it."

The relinquishment of this work left me for some time undecided as to what I should undertake next; and this interval of idleness was my ruin, since it gave me time to direct my thoughts towards myself, for lack of anything outside to claim my attention. I no longer had any schemes for the future to amuse my imagination; it was not even possible for me to form any, since my present situation was exactly that in which all my desires were united; I could imagine no more, and yet my heart was still conscious of a void. My condition was the more cruel, as I saw none that could be preferred to it. I had centred my tenderest affection upon a person after my own heart, who returned it.

I lived with her without restraint, and, so to say, as I pleased. Nevertheless, a secret feeling of oppression never left me, whether I was with her or away from her. While possessing her, I felt that she was still not mine; and the mere idea that I was not all in all to her, caused her to seem hardly anything to me.

I had friends of both sexes, to whom I was attached by the purest friendship and the most perfect esteem. I counted upon the truest return of these feelings on their part, and it never even occurred to me ever once to doubt their sincerity; yet this friendship was more painful to me than agreeable, owing to their obstinacy, even their affectation, in opposing all my inclinations, tastes, and manner of life. It was enough for me to seem to desire anything which concerned myself alone, and which did not depend upon them, in order to see them all immediately combine to force me to renounce it. This obstinate desire to control me absolutely in all my fancies—which was the more unjust as, far

from attempting to control theirs, I did not even take the trouble to make myself acquainted with them—became so cruelly burdensome to me, that at last I never received a letter from them without feeling, when I opened it, a certain alarm, which was only too well justified by the perusal of it. I thought that, in the case of people who were all younger than myself, and who all stood in sore need themselves of the good advice which they lavished upon me, it was treating me too much like a child. "Love me," said I to them, "as I love you; as for the rest, do not interfere with my affairs, any more than I interfere with yours. That is all I ask of you." If they have granted me one of these two requests, it has certainly not been the latter.

I had a retired abode in a charming solitude. Master within my own four walls, I could live there in my own fashion, without being subject to anyone's control. But this abode imposed upon me certain duties which were pleasant to fulfil, but indispensable. My liberty was altogether precarious. In a position of greater subjection than if I had been under orders, I could not help being so by inclination. When I got up, I could never once say to myself: I will spend this day as I please. Besides being dependent upon Madame d'Epinay's arrangements, I had still a more importunate claim upon me—that of the public and chance visitors. The distance of my residence from Paris did not prevent the daily arrival of crowds of idlers, who, not knowing what to do with their own time, wasted mine without the slightest scruple. When I least expected it, I was mercilessly assailed, and I rarely made agreeable plans for spending the day without finding them upset by the arrival of some unexpected visitor.

In short, amidst the blessings which I had most eagerly longed for, finding no pure enjoyment, I returned by fits and starts to the unclouded days of my youth, and I sometimes cried, with a sigh, to myself, "Ah! this is not *Les Charmettes*!"

The recollections of the different periods of my life led me to reflect upon the point which I had reached, and I saw myself, already in my declining years, a prey to painful evils, and believed that I was approaching the end of my career, without having enjoyed in its fulness scarcely one single pleasure of those for which my heart yearned, without having given scope to the lively

feelings which I felt it had in reserve, without having tasted or even sipped that intoxicating pleasure which I felt was in my soul in all its force, and which, for want of an object, always found itself kept in check, and unable to give itself vent in any other way but through my sighs

How came it to pass that I, a man of naturally expansive soul, for whom to live was to love, had never yet been able to find a friend entirely devoted to myself a true friend—I, who felt admirably adapted to be one myself? How came it to pass that, with feelings so easily set on fire, with a heart full of affection, I had never once been inflamed with the love of a definite object? Consumed by the desire of loving, without ever having been able to satisfy it completely, I saw myself approaching the portals of old age, and dying without having lived.

These melancholy but touching reflections caused me to turn my thoughts towards myself with a regret which was not without its pleasure. It seemed to me that destiny owed me something which it had not yet granted me. Why had I been born with delicate faculties, if they were to remain unemployed to the end? The consciousness of my inner value, while calling forth the feeling of having been unfairly depreciated, in some degree compensated for it, and caused me to shed tears which it was a pleasure to me to allow to flow.

I pursued these reflections in the most beautiful season of the year, in the month of June, in cool groves, amidst the song of the nightingale and the purling of brooks. Everything combined to plunge me again into that too seductive indolence, to which I was naturally inclined, but from which the hard and austere frame of mind, to which a long period of inner ferment had brought me, should have delivered me once and for all. Unhappily, I went on to recall the dinner at the Château of Tonne, and my meeting with those two charming girls at the same season of the year, and in a spot almost like that where I was at the moment. This recollection, rendered still more charming by the breath of innocence which pervaded it, brought back others of the same kind. Presently, I saw gathered round me all the objects which had touched my heart with emotion during my youth—Mademoiselle Galley, Mademoiselle de Grafenried,

Mademoiselle de Breil, Madame Basile, Madame de Larnage, my young pupils, even the piquant Zulietta, whom my heart can never forget. I saw myself surrounded by a seraglio of houris, and by my old acquaintances, the liveliest desire for whom was no new sensation for me. My blood became heated and inflamed, my head swam, in spite of my hairs already growing grey: and the serious citizen of Geneva, the austere Jean Jacques, close upon his forty-fifth year, suddenly became again the love-sick shepherd. The intoxication which seized me, although so sudden and extravagant, was, notwithstanding, so strong and lasting, that nothing less than the unforeseen and terrible crisis of the unhappiness into which it plunged me would have been able to cure me of it.

However, this intoxication, to whatever point it was carried, did not go so far as to make me forget my age and my position, flatter me with the idea that I could still inspire love, or make me attempt to communicate this devouring, but barren fire, by which, from childhood, I felt my heart in vain consumed. I did not hope, I did not even desire it; I knew that the time for love was over; I was too keenly conscious of the ridicule heaped upon elderly beaux, to expose myself to it, and I was not the man to become presumptuous and self-confident in my declining years, after having so rarely displayed such qualities during my best days. Besides, as a friend of peace, I should have dreaded domestic storms, and I loved Thérèse too sincerely, to expose her to the annoyance of seeing me entertain livelier feelings for others than those with which she herself inspired me.

What did I do on this occasion? The reader must have already guessed, if he has hitherto followed me with the least attention. The impossibility of grasping realities threw me into the land of chimeras, and, seeing nothing in existence which was worthy of my enthusiasm, I sought nourishment for it in an ideal world, which my fertile imagination soon peopled with beings after my own heart. This resource was never so welcome to me or so fruitful. In my continual ecstasies, I intoxicated myself with full draughts of the most delightful sensations that have ever entered the heart of man. I entirely forgot the human race, and created for myself societies of perfect beings, heavenly

alike in their beauties and virtues ; trusty, tender, and loyal friends such as I never found in this world below. I found such pleasure in soaring into the empyrean, in the midst of the charming objects by which I was surrounded, that I passed the hours and days in it without taking count of them, and, forgetting everything else, no sooner had I hastily eaten a morsel of food, than I burned to escape, in order to run to my groves again. When ready to set out for my world of enchantment, if I saw some wretched mortals arrive who came to keep me back upon earth, I was unable to conceal or restrain my annoyance, and, losing control over myself, I gave them so rude a reception, that it might almost have been called brutal. This only increased my reputation as a misanthrope, whereas it would have gained for me a very different one, if the world had read my heart better.

At the height of my greatest exaltation, I was suddenly pulled back like a kite by the string, and restored to my place by Nature, assisted by a smart attack of my complaint. I employed the only remedy which afforded me relief, that is to say, the bougies, which put a stop to my celestial amours ; for, besides that a man is seldom amorous when he is suffering, my imagination, which is animated in the open air and under the trees, languishes and dies in a room and under the rafters of a ceiling. I have often regretted that Dryads did not exist ; it would most assuredly have been amongst them that I should have found the object of my attachment. "

Other domestic disturbances occurred at the same time to increase my annoyance. Madame le Vasseur, while paying me the most effusive compliments, was doing her utmost to alienate her daughter from me. I received letters from my old neighbourhood, in which I was informed that the worthy old woman, without my knowledge, had contracted debts in the name of Thérèse, who knew it, but said nothing to me about it. That I had to pay them annoyed me much less than their having been kept a secret from me. How could she, from whom I had never kept a secret, keep one from me ? Can one conceal anything from those whom one loves ? The Holbachian clique, finding that I never went to Paris, began to be seriously afraid that I was comfortable in the country, and that I should be foolish

enough to remain there. Then began those intrigues, the object of which was to get me back, indirectly, to the city. Diderot, who did not want to show himself so soon, began by detaching Deleyre from me, whom I had made acquainted with him, and who received and handed on to me the impressions which Diderot desired to give him, without perceiving their real purpose.

Everything seemed in league to tear me from my delightful and foolish reveries. Before I had recovered from my attack of illness, I received a copy of the poem on the destruction of Lisbon, which I supposed was sent to me by the author. This put me under the obligation of writing to him, and saying something about his composition. This I did in a letter which was printed a long time afterwards without my consent, as will be mentioned later.

Surprised to hear this poor man, overwhelmed, so to speak, by fame and prosperity, declaim bitterly against the miseries of this life, and declare everything to be bad, I formed the senseless plan of bringing him to himself again, and proving to him that everything was good. Voltaire, while always appearing to believe in God, has never really believed in anything but the Devil, since his pretended God is nothing but a malicious being, who, according to him, finds no pleasure except in doing injury. The absurdity of this doctrine, which is obvious, is particularly revolting in a man loaded with blessings of every kind, who, ~~from~~ ^{from} the bosom of happiness, endeavours to reduce his fellows to despair by the fearful and cruel picture of all the calamities from which he is himself exempt. I, who had a better right to count and weigh the evils of human life, examined them impartially, and proved to him that Providence is acquitted of responsibility in regard to every single one, and that they all have their origin in man's abuse of his faculties, rather than in the nature of things themselves. I treated him in this letter with all possible regard, consideration, delicacy, and, I venture to say, respect. But, as I knew how easily his self-love was irritated, I did not send the letter to himself, but to Dr. Tronchin, his physician and friend, with full authority to deliver or suppress it, whichever he thought best. Tronchin gave him the letter. Voltaire, in reply, wrote me a few lines to the

effect that, as he was ill and also nurse to someone else, he would defer his answer to another occasion, and said not a word about the subject. Tronchin, who sent this letter to me, enclosed it in one from himself, in which he expressed little esteem for the person who had handed it to him.

I have never published, or even shown, these two letters, since I am not fond of making a show of such petty triumphs; the originals will be found in my collection (Bundle A, Nos. 20 and 21). Since then, Voltaire has published the answer which he promised me, but never sent. It is no other than the romance of "Candide," of which I cannot speak, because I have not read it.

All these distractions ought to have cured me completely of my fantastic amours, and they were perhaps a means offered me by Heaven to prevent their fatal consequences; but my unlucky star was in the ascendant, and I had scarcely begun to go out again, when my heart, my head, and my feet again took the same paths. I say the same, in certain respects; for my ideas, a little less exalted, this time remained upon earth, but made so dainty a selection of everything amiable that could be found, that this selection was hardly less chimerical than the imaginary world, which I had abandoned.

I represented to myself love and friendship, the two idols of my heart, under the most enchanting forms. I took delight in adorning them with all the charms of the sex which I had always adored. I imagined two female friends, rather than two of my own sex, because if an instance of such friendship is rarer, it is at the same time more amiable. I bestowed upon them two analogous, but different, characters; two faces, not perfect, but after my taste, lighted up by kindness and sensibility. I made one dark, the other fair; one lively, the other gentle; one prudent, the other weak, but with so touching a weakness, that virtue seemed to gain by it. I gave to one a lover, whose tender friend the other was, and even something more; but I admitted no rivalry, no quarrelling, no jealousy, because it is difficult for me to imagine painful feelings, and I did not wish to mar this charming picture by anything which degraded Nature. Smitten by my two charming models, I identified myself with the lover and the friend

as far as it was possible for me; but I made him young and amiable, bestowing upon him, in addition, the virtues and defects which I was conscious of in myself.

In order to place my characters in the midst of suitable surroundings, I successively passed in review the most beautiful spots that I had seen in the course of my travels. But I found no woodland sufficiently delightful, no landscape sufficiently moving, to satisfy my taste. The valleys of Thessaly might have satisfied me, if I had seen them; but my imagination, tired of inventing, wanted some actual spot which might serve as a foundation, and create for me an illusion as to the reality of the inhabitants whom I intended to place there. For a long time I thought of the Borromean Islands,¹ the charming aspect of which had delighted me; but I found too much ornament and artificiality there. However, a lake was absolutely necessary, and I ended by choosing that one, on the shores of which my heart has never ceased to wander. I fixed upon that part of the shore, where my wishes had long placed my residence, in the imaginary happiness to which my destiny has limited me. The birthplace of my poor mamma still possessed a special charm for me. The contrast of natural situations, the richness and variety of the landscape, the magnificence, the majesty of the whole, which enchants the senses, moves the heart, and elevates the soul, finally decided me, and I established my young *protégés* at Vévai. This was all I imagined at the moment; the remainder was not added until later.

For a long time I confined myself to this indefinite plan, because it was sufficient to fill my fancy with agreeable objects, and my heart with feelings, upon which it loves to feed itself. These fictions, by their constant recurrence, at length assumed greater consistency, and fixed themselves in my brain under a definite shape. It was then that it occurred to me to give expression upon paper to some of the situations which they offered me, and, recalling all the feelings of my youth, to give play, to a certain extent, to the desire of loving, which I had never been able to satisfy, and by which I felt myself devoured.

1 In the Lago Maggiore.

At first, I scribbled upon paper a few scattered letters, without sequence or connection; and when I wanted to put them together, I was often greatly embarrassed. What seems almost incredible, but is nevertheless perfectly true, is that the first two parts were written almost entirely in this manner, without my having formed any definite plan, and without my foreseeing, that I should one day be tempted to make a regular work of it. Thus it will be seen, that these two parts, composed too late of materials which were not shaped for the place which they occupy, are full of wordy padding, which is not found in the others.

In the height of my reveries, I received a visit from Madame d'Houdetot, the first she had ever paid me in her life, but which, unfortunately, was not the last, as will be seen later. The Comtesse d'Houdetot was the daughter of the late M. de Bellegarde, farmer-general, and sister of M. d'Epinay and MM. de Lalive and de la Briche, both of whom were afterwards introducers of ambassadors.* I have mentioned how I became acquainted with her before she was married. Since then, I never saw her except at the festivities at La Chevrette, at Madame d'Epinay's, her sister-in-law. Having frequently spent several days with her, both at Épinay and at La Chevrette, I not only found her always very amiable, but I fancied that I perceived that she was favourably disposed towards myself. She was fond of walking with me; we were both of us good walkers, and our conversation never flagged. However, I never visited her in Paris, although she asked, and even pressed me to do so. Her connection with M. de Saint-Lambert, with whom I was becoming intimate, rendered her still more interesting to me; and it was in order to bring me news of this friend, who at the time was, I believe, at Manon, that she came to the Hermitage.

This visit somewhat resembled the commencement of a romance. She lost her way. Her coachman had left the road at a place where it turned off, and tried to cross straight

* Certain persons whose duty it was to conduct ambassadors and foreign princes to an audience with the Sovereign or head of the State.

from the mill at Clairvaux to the Hermitage; her carriage stuck in the mud at the bottom of the valley; she decided to get out and finish the journey on foot. Her thin shoes were soon wet through; she sank in the mire; her servants had the greatest trouble imaginable to extricate her, and at last she reached the Hermitage in a pair of boots, making the air ring with shouts of laughter, in which I joined when I saw her arrive. She was obliged to change all her clothes; Thérèse provided for her wants, and I persuaded her to put aside her dignity, and join us in a rustic collation, at which she greatly enjoyed herself. It was late, and she remained only a short time; but the meeting was so cheerful that she was delighted, and seemed disposed to come again. However, she did not carry out her intention until the following year; but alas! this delay was not of the least avail to protect me.

I spent the autumn in an occupation which no one would suspect—that of protecting M. d'Épinay's fruit. The Hermitage was the reservoir for the park of La Chevrette; there was a garden enclosed by walls, planted with espaliers and other trees, which supplied M. d'Épinay with more fruit than his kitchen-garden at La Chevrette, although three-quarters of it was stolen. Not to be an entirely useless guest, I undertook the management of the garden and the superintendence of the gardener. All went well until the fruit season; but, in proportion as it ripened, I found that it disappeared, without knowing what became of it. The gardener assured me that the dormice ate it all. I accordingly waged war upon the dormice, and destroyed a large number of them; but the fruit disappeared all the same. I kept watch so carefully, that at length I discovered that the gardener himself was the chief dormouse. He lived at Montmorency, and used to come from there in the evening, with his wife and children, to take away the stores of fruit which he had put aside during the day, and which he offered for sale in the Paris market as openly as if he had had a garden of his own. This wretch, whom I loaded with kindnesses, whose children Thérèse clothed, and whose father, who went out begging, I almost supported, robbed us with equal ease and effrontery, since not one of us three was sufficiently watchful to put a stop

to it; and, in a single night, he succeeded in emptying my cellar, which I found completely stripped on the following morning. As long as he only seemed to devote his attention to me, I bore it all; but, as I wished to render an account of the fruit, I was obliged to denounce the thief. Madame d'Epinaï asked me to pay him, discharge him, and look out for another gardener, which I did. As this rascal prowled round the Hermitage every night, armed with a large iron-tipped stick like a club, and accompanied by other vagabonds of his own sort, in order to reassure the women-folk, who were terribly alarmed at him, I made his successor sleep at the Hermitage; and, as even this failed to quiet their fears, I sent to ask Madame d'Epinaï for a gun, which I gave to the gardener to keep in his room, with instructions only to make use of it in case of necessity, if an attempt was made to break open the door or scale the garden wall, and only to fire a discharge of powder, simply to frighten the thieves. These were assuredly the least measures of precaution which a man in ill-health, who had to pass the winter in the midst of the forest, alone with two nervous women, could have taken for the common safety. Lastly, I procured a little dog to serve as sentinel. When Deleyre came to see me during that time, I told him my story, and joined him in laughing at my military preparations. On his return to Paris, he tried in his turn to amuse Diderot with an account of them; and this was how the Holbachian clique learned that I seriously intended to pass the winter at the Hermitage. This consistency on my part, which they could never have imagined, quite disconcerted them; and, in the meantime, until they could think of some other annoyance to render my stay unpleasant,¹ they separated from me, through Diderot, this same Deleyre, who at first considered my precautions quite natural, and ended

¹ At the present moment, I marvel at my stupidity in not having seen, when I was writing this, that the annoyance, which the Holbachians felt when they saw me go to stay in the country, was chiefly due to the fact that they no longer had Madame le Vasseur at hand, in order to guide them in their system of intrigues at fixed places and times. This idea, which occurs to me too late, completely explains the strangeness of their conduct, which is inexplicable under any other supposition.

by calling them contrary to my principles and worse than ridiculous, in some letters in which he overwhelmed me with sarcasms, sufficiently biting to offend me, if I had been in the humour. But at that time, steeped in affectionate and tender sentiments, and susceptible of no others, I regarded his bitter sarcasms as nothing but a joke, and looked upon him as merely silly, when anyone else would have considered him a madman. Thus those who prompted him lost their trouble on this occasion, and I passed the winter without being in the least disturbed.

By dint of care and watchfulness, I succeeded so well in protecting the garden that, although the yield of fruit was almost entirely a failure this year, the result was triple that of the preceding year. I certainly spared no pains to preserve it. I even accompanied the consignments which I sent to La Chevrette and Épinay, and carried some baskets myself. I remember that "aunt" and myself once carried one that was so heavy that, to avoid succumbing under the load, we were obliged to rest every dozen steps, and arrived bathed in perspiration.

[1757.]—When the bad weather began again, and I was confined to the house, I tried to resume my stay-at-home occupations, but found it impossible. I saw everywhere nothing but my two charming friends, their friend, their surroundings, the country in which they lived, the objects which my fancy created or embellished for them. I no longer belonged to myself for a single moment. My delirium never left me. After several fruitless attempts to banish all these imaginary creations from my mind, I became at last completely seduced by them, and all my efforts were thenceforth devoted to reducing them to some sort of order and coherence, in order to work them up into a kind of romance.

I was chiefly embarrassed by the shame which I felt at contradicting myself so openly and so boldly. After the strict principles which I had just laid down with so much noise, after the austere maxims which I had preached so strongly, after the biting invectives which I had launched against the effeminate books which breathed nothing but love and tenderness, could anything more unexpected or more shocking be imagined, than to see me, all at once, enrol myself with my own hand amongst the authors of those books which I had so strongly censured? I

felt this inconsistency in all its force. I reproached myself with it, I blushed for it, I was vexed with myself for it; but all this was unable to bring me back to reason. Completely enthralled, I was forced to submit to the yoke at all risks, and to make up my mind to brave public opinion, except in regard to considering later, whether I should decide to show my work or not: for I did not as yet suppose that I should ever determine to publish it.

Having taken this resolution, I threw myself heartily into my reveries, and, after repeatedly turning them over and over in my head, I at last sketched the kind of plan, with the execution of which the public is acquainted. This was certainly the best advantage that could be derived from my follies: the love of the good, which has never left my heart, turned them naturally towards useful objects, which might have been productive of moral advantage. My voluptuous pictures would have lost all their grace, if the gentle colouring of innocence had been wanting in them. A weak girl is an object of pity, which may be rendered interesting by love, and which is frequently not less amiable; but who can endure without indignation the sight of fashionable manners? What can be more revolting than the pride of an unfaithful wife, who, openly trampling under foot all her duties, nevertheless claims that her husband should be deeply grateful for the favour which she grants him—of being kind enough not to allow herself to be caught in the act? Perfect beings do not exist; the lessons which they give are too far remote from us. But—that a young person, born with a heart equally tender and virtuous, while still unwedded, should allow herself to be overcome by love, and, when wedded, should find strength to overcome it in her turn and become virtuous again—if anyone should tell you that this picture is, on the whole, scandalous and unprofitable, he is a liar and a hypocrite: do not listen to him.

Besides morality and conjugal fidelity, which are radically connected with all social order, I had another and deeper object in view—harmony and public peace, an object greater and perhaps more important in itself, and certainly so at the moment. The storm aroused by the "Encyclopédie," far from subsiding, was at that time at its height. The two parties, let loose against each other with desperate frenzy, were more like mad wolves ready

to tear each other to pieces in their rage, than Christians and philosophers desirous of mutually enlightening, convincing, and leading each other back into the way of truth. It may almost be said that nothing was wanting on either side but active leaders of sufficient importance, for the quarrel to degenerate into civil war; and God only knows what would have been the result of a civil war waged on behalf of religion, in which the most cruel intolerance was in the main the same on both sides. A born enemy of all party spirit, I had frankly told some hard truths to both parties, to which they had paid no attention. I bethought myself of another expedient, which, in my simplicity, I considered admirable: this was to soften their mutual hatred by destroying their prejudices, and to point out to each party the merits and virtues of the other, as worthy of public esteem and the respect of all mankind. This by no means sensible scheme, which assumed good faith amongst men, and which led me into the mistake with which I reproached the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, met with the success which it deserved: it entirely failed to reconcile the two parties, and only brought them together again in order to overwhelm me. Meanwhile, until experience had shown me my folly, I devoted myself to it, I venture to say, with a zeal worthy of the motive which inspired me, and I sketched the two characters of Wolmar and Julie in a state of rapture, which made me hope that I should succeed in making both amiable, and, what is more, by means of each other.

Satisfied with having roughly sketched my plan, I returned to the situations of detail which I had marked out. The result of the form in which I arranged them was the two first parts of *Julie*, which I wrote and made a fair copy of during the winter months with indescribable pleasure, using the finest gilt-edged paper, blue and silver writing-sand to dry the ink, and blue ribbon to fasten my manuscript; in short, nothing was sufficiently elegant or refined for the charming girls, with whom, like another Pygmalion, I was infatuated. Every evening, by the fireside, I read and read again these two parts to the women-folk. The daughter, without saying a word, and moved to tenderness, joined her sobs to mine; the mother, finding no compliments in

it, understood nothing of it, remained quiet, and contented herself with repeating to me, during the intervals of silence, "That is very fine, sir."

Madame d'Epinay, uneasy at knowing that I was alone in winter, in the middle of the forest, in a lonely house, frequently sent to inquire after me. I had never received such genuine proofs of her friendship, and my own feelings towards her never responded to them with greater warmth. Amongst these proofs, I should be wrong to omit to state that she sent me her portrait, and asked me to tell her how she could procure mine, which had been painted by Latour, and exhibited at the Salon. Nor ought I to omit another mark of her attention, which will appear laughable, but is a feature in the history of my character, by reason of the impression which it produced upon me. One day, when it was freezing very hard, I opened a parcel which she had sent, containing several things which she had undertaken to procure for me, and found in it a little under-petticoat of English flannel, which she informed me she had worn, out of which she desired me to make myself a waistcoat. The style of her note was charming, full of tenderness and simplicity. This mark of attention, which was more than friendly, appeared to me so tender, as if she had stripped herself to clothe me, that, in my emotion, I kissed the note and the petticoat with tears. Thérèse thought that I had gone mad. It is singular that, of all the marks of friendship lavished upon me by Madame d'Epinay, not one has ever moved me so much, and, even since the rupture between us, I have never thought of it without emotion. I kept her little note for a long time, and I should still have it in my possession, if it had not shared the fate of all my other letters of that period.

Although the difficulty I had in making water gave me little rest during the winter, and, for part of the time, I was obliged to use probes, yet, on the whole, it was the most enjoyable and most quiet time that I had spent since my arrival in France. For the four or five months, during which the bad weather secured me still further from the interruptions of unexpected visitors, I enjoyed, more than I ever had or have done before or since, this independent, even, and simple life, the enjoyment of which only increased its value, without any other society than

that of the two women in reality, and that of the two cousins in idea. It was at that time, especially, that I congratulated myself more and more every day upon the resolution which I had had the good sense to take, without paying heed to the outcries of my friends, who were annoyed to see me delivered from their tyranny; and, when I heard of the attempt of a madman,¹ when Deleyre and Madame d'Epinay informed me in their letters of the disturbance and agitation prevailing in Paris, I heartily thanked Heaven for having kept me at a distance from those spectacles of horror and crime, which would only have fed and sharpened the bilious temperament, which the sight of public disturbances stirred up within me; whereas now, seeing myself surrounded by nothing but smiling and peaceful objects in my retreat, my heart was entirely given up to amiable feelings. I here record with satisfaction the course of the last peaceful moments which I have been permitted to enjoy. The spring which followed this calm winter saw the germs of the misfortunes which I have still to describe burst forth, in the series of which will be found no similar intervals, in which I have had time to take breath.

I think, however, that I remember that, during this interval of peace, and even in the depths of my solitude, I did not remain altogether undisturbed by the Holbachians. Diderot stirred up some annoyances against me, and, unless I am very much mistaken, it was during this winter that the "*Fils Naturel*" appeared, of which I shall have to speak presently. Not to mention that, for reasons which will subsequently appear, very few trustworthy records of that period have been preserved, even those which I have been permitted to keep are very inaccurate in regard to dates. Diderot never dated his letters. Madame d'Epinay and Madame d'Houdetot only put the day of the week, and Deleyre usually did the same. When I wanted to arrange these letters in order, I was obliged to grope in the dark and to supply the omissions by uncertain dates, upon which I cannot rely. Therefore, as I am unable to fix with certainty the date of the commencement of these

1 The attempt made by Damiens to assassinate Louis XV.

quarrels. I prefer to relate afterwards, in a single section, all that I can recollect about them.

The return of spring had redoubled my tender frenzies, and in my erotic transports I had composed for the last parts of *Julie* several letters which have a flavour of the rapturous frame of mind in which I wrote them. I may mention, amongst others, that which deals with the Elysium and the walk along the shores of the lake, which, if I rightly recollect, are at the end of the fourth part. If anyone can read these two letters, without feeling his heart softened and melted by the same emotion which dictated them to me, he had better shut the book; he is incapable of judging of matters of sentiment.

Exactly at the same time, I had a second unexpected visit from Madame d'Houdetot. In the absence of her husband, who was a captain in the *Gendarmerie*, and of her lover, who was also in the service, she had come to Eaubonne, in the midst of the valley of Montmorency, where she had taken a very nice house. It was from there that she made a second excursion to the Hermitage. On this occasion, she came on horseback, dressed in men's clothes. Although I am not fond of such masquerades, I was charmed with the air of romance in this particular case, and this time—it was love. As it was the first and only time in my life, and its consequences have stamped it indelibly upon my recollection with terrible force, I must be permitted to enter with some detail into the matter.

Madame la Comtesse d'Houdetot was approaching her thirtieth year, and was by no means handsome. Her face was pitted with small-pox, her complexion was coarse, she was short-sighted, and her eyes were rather too round, but, notwithstanding, she looked young, and her features, at once lively and gentle, were attractive. She had an abundance of luxuriant black hair, which curled naturally, and reached down to her knees. Her figure was neat, and all her movements were marked by awkwardness and grace combined. Her wit was both natural and agreeable; gaiety, lightheartedness, and simplicity were happily united in it. She overflowed with delightful sallies of wit, which were perfectly spontaneous, and which often fell

from her lips involuntarily. She possessed several agreeable accomplishments, played the piano, danced well, and composed very pretty verses. As for her character, it was angelic; gentleness of soul was the foundation of it; and, with the exception of prudence and strength, all the virtues were combined in it. Above all, she was so completely to be trusted in her intercourse, and was so loyal to those with whom she associated, that even her enemies had no need to conceal themselves from her. By her enemies, I mean those men, or, rather, those women who hated her; for, as for herself, her heart was incapable of hatred, and I believe that this similarity of disposition greatly contributed to inspire me with passion for her. In the confidences of the most intimate friendship, I have never heard her speak ill of the absent, not even of her sister-in-law. She was unable either to disguise her thoughts from anyone, or to repress any of her feelings: and I am quite convinced that she spoke of her lover even to her husband, as she spoke of him to her friends, acquaintances, and everybody, without distinction. Lastly, what proves unquestionably the purity and sincerity of her excellent disposition is, that, being subject to fits of most remarkable absence of mind, she was often guilty of the most ridiculous indiscretions, which were in the highest degree imprudent, as far as she was herself concerned, but which were never offensive to others.

She had been married very young and against her inclinations to the Comte d'Houdetot, a man of position and a gallant soldier, but a gambler and a shuffler, and a person of but few amiable qualities, whom she had never loved. She found in M. de Saint-Lambert all the good qualities of her husband, together with others that were more agreeable—intellect, virtue, and talent. If one can excuse anything in the manners of the age, it is undoubtedly an attachment, which is refined by its duration, honoured by its effects, and only cemented by mutual esteem.

As far as I have been able to judge, she came to see me a little from her own inclination, but more from a desire to please Saint-Lambert, who had exhorted her to do so, and was right in believing that the friendship, which was beginning to be formed

between us, would make this society agreeable to all three. She knew that I was aware of their relations, and, being able to speak of him to me without restraint, it was natural that she should find my society agreeable. She came; I saw her. I was intoxicated with love without an object. This intoxication enchanted my eyes; this object became centred in her. I saw my Julie in Madame d'Houdetot, and soon I saw only Madame d'Houdetot, but invested with all the perfections with which I had just adorned the idol of my heart. To complete my intoxication, she spoke to me of Saint-Lambert in the language of passionate love. O contagious power of love! When I listened to her, when I found myself near her, I was seized with a delightful shivering, which I have never felt when with anyone else. When she spoke, I felt myself overcome by emotion. I imagined that I was interesting myself only in *her* feelings, when my own were similar. I swallowed in deep draughts the contents of the poisoned cup, of which as yet I only tasted the sweetness. At last, without either of us perceiving it, she inspired me with all those feelings for herself which she expressed for her lover. Alas! it was very late, it was very hard for me, to be consumed by a passion, as violent as it was unfortunate, for a woman whose heart was full of love for another!

In spite of the extraordinary emotions which I had felt in her presence, I did not at first understand what had happened to me. It was not until she had left me that, when I attempted to think of Julie, I was surprised to find that I could think of nothing but Madame d'Houdetot. Then the scales fell from my eyes; I understood my misfortune, I groaned over it, but I did not foresee its results. I hesitated for a long time how I should behave towards her, as if real love left anyone sufficiently rational to be able to act in accordance with the result of such deliberations. I had not made up my mind, when she came again and took me by surprise. On this occasion, I understood the state of things. Shame, the companion of evil, made me speechless. I trembled before her, not venturing to open my mouth or lift my eyes. I was inexpressibly troubled, and she must have seen it. I resolved to confess it, and to leave her to guess the reason. This would be telling her the truth plainly enough.

If I had been young and attractive, and Madame d'Houdetot had shown herself weak, I should here blame her conduct. Nothing of the kind; I can only applaud and admire it. The course she took was equally generous and prudent. She could not suddenly give up my acquaintance without telling Saint-Lambert the reason, for he had himself persuaded her to visit me. This would have exposed two friends to the risk of a rupture, and, perhaps, of a public scandal, which she desired to avoid. She esteemed me and wished me well. She pitied my folly, and, without flattering, lamented it, and endeavoured to cure me of it. She was very glad to be able to keep for herself and her lover a friend whom she valued. Nothing gave her more pleasure than to speak of the close and happy intimacy which we might form between us, as soon as I should have recovered my senses. She did not, however, altogether confine herself to these friendly exhortations, and, when necessary, did not spare the harsher reproaches which I had so well deserved.

I spared myself even less. As soon as I was alone, I came to myself again. I was calmer for having spoken. Love, when it is known to her who inspires it, becomes more endurable. The energy with which I reproached myself for the love which I felt, must have cured me of it, if it had been possible. I summoned to my aid all the most powerful arguments I could think of, to stifle it. My moral sense, my feelings, my principles, the shame, the disloyalty, the crime, the abuse of a trust confided to me by friendship, and, lastly, the absurdity, at my age, of being inflamed with a most extravagant passion for one whose heart, already engaged, could neither make me any return, nor permit me to entertain the least hope—a passion, besides, which, far from having anything to gain by constancy, became more unbearable from day to day: I thought of all these.

Who would believe that the last consideration, which should have added weight to all the rest, was the one which weakened their force? What scruples, said I to myself, need I entertain in regard to a folly by which I am the only sufferer? Am I a young gallant of whom Madame d'Houdetot should feel alarmed? Would it not be said, to judge from my conceited remorse, that my gallantry, my manner, and my personal appearance were

on the way to lead her astray? O poor Jean Jacques! love on to your heart's content, with a perfectly safe conscience, and have no fear that your sighs will ever injure Saint-Lambert.

My readers have seen that I was never presuming, even in my youth. This way of thinking was in keeping with the bent of my mind; it flattered my passion; it was sufficient to make me abandon myself to it unreservedly, and even laugh at the irrelevant scruples, which I thought I had created rather out of vanity than in accordance with the dictates of reason. What a lesson for honest souls, whom vice never attacks openly, but whom it finds the means to surprise, ever hiding itself under the mask of some sophism—frequently, of some virtue!

Guilty without remorse, I soon became so without measure; and I beg the reader to observe how my passion followed the track of my disposition, to drag me finally into the abyss. At first, it assumed a humble attitude, to reassure me; and then, in order to encourage me, pushed this humility to mistrust. Madame d'Houdetot, without relaxing her efforts to recall me to my duty and reason, without ever flattering my folly for a moment, treated me in other respects with the greatest gentleness, and assumed towards me a tone of the tenderest friendship. This friendship would have been enough for me, I declare, if I had believed it to be sincere; but, as I found it too pronounced to be true, I proceeded to get the idea into my head that love, which was from this time forth so ill-suited to my age and general appearance, had degraded me in the eyes of Madame d'Houdetot; that, in the extravagance of her youth, she only desired to amuse herself with me and my superannuated passions; that she had taken Saint-Lambert into her confidence, and that, indignation at my disloyalty having brought him over to her views, there was an understanding between them to turn my head completely, and then to laugh at me. This folly, which had caused me, at twenty-six years of age, to make a fool of myself with Madame de Larnage, whom I did not know, would have been excusable in me, at the age of forty-five, in the case of Madame d'Houdetot, if I had not known that she and her lover were both too honourable to indulge in so cruel an amusement,

Madame d'Houdetot continued to pay me visits, which I was not slow to return. Like myself, she was fond of walking: we took long walks in an enchanted country. Content to love her, and to venture to declare it, my situation would have been most delightful, had not my extravagant folly completely destroyed its charm. At first, she utterly failed to understand the silly petulance with which I received her tenderness; but my heart, which has ever been incapable of concealing any of its emotions, did not long leave her in ignorance of my suspicions. She tried to treat them as a joke; but this expedient was unsuccessful. Violent attacks of rage would have been the result: she accordingly altered her tone. Her compassionate gentleness remained unshaken. She reproached me in a manner which cut me to the heart; she exhibited, in regard to my unjust apprehensions, an uneasiness which I abused. I demanded proof that she was not laughing at me. She saw that there was no other way of reassuring me. I became pressing; the matter was a delicate one. It is surprising—it is, perhaps, unique—that a woman, who had ventured to go so far as to hesitate should have got out of the affair so well. She refused me nothing that the most tender friendship could grant. She granted nothing that could expose her to the charge of infidelity, and I had the humiliation of seeing that the flames, which the slightest favours on her part kindled in my heart, never threw the slightest spark into her own.

I have said, somewhere, that one must grant nothing to the senses, when one desires to refuse them something. In order to see how this maxim was falsified in the case of Madame d'Houdetot, and how completely she was justified in her self-dependence, it will be necessary to enter into the details of our long and frequent *tête-à-têtes*, and to describe them, in all their liveliness, during the four months which we spent together, in the course of an intimacy almost unprecedented between two friends of opposite sexes, who confine themselves within the limits beyond which we never went. Ah! if it was so late before I felt true love, my heart and senses paid dearly for the arrears! How great are the transports one must feel, by the side of a dearly-loved object of affection, who returns our love, when even a love which is unrequited can inspire those which it does!

But I am wrong in speaking of an unrequited love; to some extent mine was returned; it was equal on both sides, although it was not mutual. We were both intoxicated with love: she for her lover, I for her. Our sighs, our delightful tears mingled together. Tender confidants, our feelings were so closely connected, that it was impossible that they should not unite in something; and yet, amidst this dangerous intoxication, she never forgot herself for a moment; as for myself, I protest, I swear that if, sometimes carried away by my senses, I attempted to make her unfaithful, I never truly desired it. The vehemence of my passion of itself kept it within bounds. The duty of self-denial had exalted my soul. The splendour of all the virtues adorned in my eyes the idol of my heart; to have soiled its divine image would have been its annihilation. I might have committed the crime; it has been committed a hundred times in my heart; but—to degrade my Sophie! could that ever have been possible? No, no! I told her so myself a hundred times. Had it been in my power to satisfy myself, had she abandoned herself to me of her own accord, I should, except in a few brief moments of delirium, have refused to be happy at such a cost. I loved her too dearly to desire to possess her.

It is nearly a league from the Hermitage to Eaubonne; on my frequent visits, I sometimes passed the night there. One bright moonlight evening, after having supped together, we went for a walk in the garden. At the bottom of this garden there was a rather large copse, through which we made our way to a pretty grove, adorned with a cascade, the idea of which she had carried out at my suggestion. Immortal souvenir of innocence and bliss! It was in this grove that, seated by her side on a grassy bank, under an acacia in full bloom, I found, to express the feelings of my heart, language that was really worthy of them. For the first and only time in my life I was sublime, if one may so call all the amiability and seductive charm that the tenderest and most ardent love can inspire in a man's heart. What intoxicating tears I shed upon her knees! What tears I caused her to shed in spite of herself! At last, in an involuntary transport, she exclaimed, "Never, no, never was a man so amiable; never did a lover love like you! But your friend Saint-Lambert is listening to us. My heart cannot love

twice." I sighed; and was silent; I embraced her—what an embrace! But that was all. For six months she had lived alone, that is to say, far from her lover and her husband; during three of these months I saw her nearly every day, and Love was always with us. We had supped alone; we were alone, in a grove, beneath the light of the moon; and, after two hours of the liveliest and tenderest conversation, she left, in the middle of the night, this grove and the arms of her friend, as free from guilt, as pure in heart and person as she had entered it. Reader, weigh all these circumstances: I will add no more.

At the same time, let no one imagine that, on this occasion, my feelings left me as undisturbed as in the presence of Thérèse or mamma. I have already said that this time it was love—love in all its force and in all its frenzy. I will not describe the agitation, the shivering, the palpitation, the convulsive movements, or the faintness of the heart, which I felt continually. The reader can judge of it from the impression which her image alone produced upon me. I have said that it was a considerable distance from the Hermitage to Eaubonne. I went past the hills of Andilly, which are delightful. As I walked, I dreamed of her whom I was going to see, of the tender reception, of the kiss which awaited me on my arrival. This kiss alone, this fatal kiss, even before I received it, inflamed my blood to such a degree that I felt dizzy, my eyes swam, I was blinded; my trembling knees could no longer support me; I was obliged to stop and sit down; my whole bodily machinery was utterly out of gear; I felt ready to faint. Aware of the danger, I tried, when I set out again, to distract my attention and to think of something else. I had scarcely gone twenty yards, when the same recollections and their incidental results returned to the attack, and I found it impossible to shake them off. In spite of all my efforts, I do not believe that I have ever succeeded in accomplishing this journey alone, without paying the penalty. I arrived at Eaubonne, weak, exhausted, and worn out, scarcely able to stand upright. The moment I saw her, I was completely reinvigorated. By her side, I felt nothing but the importunity of an inexhaustible and ever useless vigour. On

the road, within sight of Eaubonne, there was a pleasant terrace called Mont Olympe, where we sometimes met. If I arrived first, I had to wait for her. How painful was this waiting! In order to divert my attention, I attempted to write notes with my pencil, which I might have written with my purest blood. I was never able to finish a single one that was legible. When she found one in the niche which we had agreed upon, all she could read in it was the truly deplorable state I was in when I wrote it. This state, and, above all, its continuance during three months of excitement and self-restraint, so exhausted me that I did not recover for several years, and, finally, brought on a rupture, which I shall carry with me, or which will carry me with it, into the grave. Such was the only amorous enjoyment of the man of the most inflammable temperament, but, at the same time, of the most retiring disposition that Nature has perhaps ever produced. Such were the last happy days that have been permitted to me upon earth. I now commence the long series of the misfortunes of my life, which was seldom, if ever, interrupted.

Throughout the course of my life, as has been seen, my heart, transparent as crystal, has never been able to conceal, even for a moment, any feelings at all lively which may have taken refuge in it. The reader can judge whether I found it possible to conceal for long my affection for Madame d'Houdetot. Our intimacy was patent to everybody: we made no secret or mystery of it: it was not of a kind to require it; and, as Madame d'Houdetot had the tenderest friendship for me, of which she made no reproach, while I felt for her an esteem, the full justice of which no one knew better than myself, we afforded—she, by her frankness, absence of mind, and thoughtlessness; I, by my truthfulness, awkwardness, pride, impatience, and impetuosity—in our delusive security, more opportunity for attack than we should have done if we had been guilty. We went together to La Chevette, we frequently met there, sometimes even by appointment. We lived there as usual, walking alone every day, while talking of our love, our duties, our friend, our innocent schemes, in the park, opposite Madame d'Epinay's apartments, beneath her windows, from which she continually watched us,

and, thinking herself defied, glutted her heart, by means of her eyes, with rage and indignation.

All women possess the art of concealing their anger, especially when it is strong. Madame d'Epinay, who was violent but deliberate, possesses this art in an eminent degree. She pretended to see nothing, to suspect nothing; and, while she redoubled her care and attention to me, and almost flirted with me, she at the same time pretended to overwhelm her sister-in-law with rudeness and marks of contempt, with which she appeared to wish to inspire me as well. It may be imagined that she did not succeed; but I was on the rack. Torn by contradictory feelings, while at the same time I felt touched by her tenderness, I had difficulty in restraining my anger, when I saw her wanting in respect to Madame d'Houdetot. The angelic gentleness of the latter enabled her to endure everything without complaining, even without resenting it. Besides, she was frequently so absent-minded, and always so little sensitive to such things, that half the time she did not even notice it.

I was so taken up with my passion, that, seeing nothing but Sophie—this was one of Madame d'Houdetot's names—I did not even notice that I had become the talk of the whole household and of the visitors. Baron d'Holbach, who, as far as I know, had never before been to La Chevrette, was one of the latter. If I had been as mistrustful as I afterwards became, I should have strongly suspected Madame d'Epinay of arranging this visit, in order to afford him the gratification of the amusing spectacle of the amorous citizen. But at that time I was so stupid, that I did not even see what was glaringly obvious to everyone. However, all my stupidity did not prevent me from finding the Baron more contented and jovial than usual. Instead of scowling at me, he discharged at me a volley of witticisms, of which I understood nothing. I opened my eyes wide without answering; Madame d'Epinay was obliged to hold her sides to restrain her laughter; I could not make out what was the matter with them. As the limits of jest were not yet exceeded, the best thing I could have done, if I had understood, would have been to join in it. But it is true that, amidst all the Baron's mocking joviality, it was easy to perceive the light of a spiteful joy in his eyes.

which would perhaps have made me uneasy, if I had noticed it as much at the time, as I afterwards did when I recalled it to mind.

One day, when I went to see Madame d'Houdetot at Eau-bonne, on her return from one of her journeys to Paris, I found her sad, and saw that she had been crying. I was obliged to restrain myself, since Madame de Blainville, her husband's sister, was present; but, as soon as I had a moment to myself, I told her of my uneasiness. "Ah!" she said, with a sigh, "I am much afraid that your follies will deprive me of all peace for the rest of my life. Saint-Lambert has been informed, and wrongly informed. He does me justice, but he is annoyed, and, what is worse, he does not tell me all. Happily, I have made no secret of our friendship, which was formed under his auspices. My letters, like my heart, were full of you; I have concealed nothing from him except your insensate love, of which I hoped to cure you, and which, although he does not mention it, I can see that he considers a crime on my part. Someone has done us an ill turn, and wronged me; but never mind. Let us either break off our acquaintance, or do you behave yourself as you ought. I do not wish to have anything more to conceal from my lover."

This was the first moment when I was sensible of the shame of seeing myself humiliated, through the consciousness of my offence, in the presence of a young woman, whose reproaches I felt to be just, and whose Mentor I ought to have been. The indignation which this caused me to feel against myself might perhaps have been strong enough to overcome my weakness, had not the tender compassion with which its victim inspired me again softened my heart. Alas! was that the moment to be able to harden it, when it overflowed with tears which penetrated it from all directions? This tenderness soon changed to anger against the vile informers, who had only seen the evil of a criminal but involuntary feeling, without believing, or even suspecting, the honourable sincerity of heart which redeemed it. We did not long remain in doubt as to the hand which had dealt the blow.

We both of us knew that Madame d'Épinay corresponded with Saint-Lambert. It was not the first storm which she had

raised against Madame d'Houdetot; she had made countless attempts to get him away from her, and the past success of some of these attempts made Madame d'Houdetot tremble for the future. In addition, Grimm, who I believe had followed M. de Castries to the army, was in Westphalia, as well as Saint-Lambert; and they sometimes saw each other. Grimm had made some advances to Madame d'Houdetot, which had been unsuccessful. This so annoyed him that he gave up visiting her. One can imagine the *sang-froid* with which, considering his well-known modesty, he received the supposition that she preferred a man older than himself, and of whom, since he had been admitted to the society of the great, he only spoke as his *protégé*.

My suspicions of Madame d'Epinay became certainties, when I heard what had happened at home. While I was at La Chevrette, Thérèse often came there to bring my letters or to do certain things for me which my ill-health rendered necessary. Madame d'Epinay had asked her whether Madame d'Houdetot and myself corresponded. When she told her that we did, Madame d'Epinay pressed her to hand Madame d'Houdetot's letters to her, assuring her that she would seal them up again so cleverly that it would not be noticed. Thérèse, without letting it be seen how shocked she was at this proposal, and even without informing me, contented herself with taking greater precautions to conceal the letters which she brought me—a very wise precaution, for Madame d'Epinay had her watched when she came, and, waiting for her as she passed, on several occasions carried her boldness so far as to feel in her bib. She did more: she invited herself one day, together with M. de Margency, to dinner at the Hermitage, for the first time since I had lived there, and took advantage of the moment when I was walking with Margency, to go into my study with the mother and daughter, and begged them to show her Madame d'Houdetot's letters. If the mother had known where they were, they would certainly have been handed to her, but, luckily, only the daughter knew, and she declared that I had not kept any of them. This was a falsehood, beyond dispute, most honourable, loyal, and generous, while to have told the truth would have been simply an act of treachery. Madame

d'Epinaï, seeing that she could not seduce her, attempted to rouse her jealousy by reproaching her with her good-nature and blindness. "How can you," she said to her, "fail to perceive that their connection is a criminal one? If, in spite of all you can see for yourself with your own eyes, you still want further proofs, assist in what you must do to obtain them: you say that he tears up Madame d'Houdetot's letters as soon as he has read them; well, then! pick up the pieces carefully, and give them to me; I will put them together again." Such were the lessons which my friend gave to my companion.

Thérèse had the discretion to say nothing to me for a long time about all these attempts; but at last, seeing my embarrassment, she felt bound to tell me all, so that, knowing with whom I had to deal, I might take steps to protect myself against the treachery which was intended against me. My indignation and fury were indescribable. Instead of dissembling with Madame d'Epinaï, as she had done with me, and employing counterplots, I abandoned myself without restraint to my natural impetuosity, and, with my usual thoughtlessness, broke out openly. My imprudence may be gauged by the following letters, which sufficiently show how each of us proceeded on this occasion:

LETTER FROM MADAME D'EPINAY (PACKET A, No. 44).

"What is the reason that I do not see you, my dear friend? I am uneasy about you. You promised me faithfully that you would confine yourself to going backwards and forwards from the Hermitage. Upon that, I left you to do as you pleased; but no, you have let a week go by. Unless I had been told that you were well, I should think that you were ill. I expected you yesterday or the day before, but I see no signs of you. My God! what can be the matter with you? You have no business, you can have nothing to annoy you either: for I flatter myself that you would have come at once to confide in me. You must be ill, then. Relieve my anxiety immediately, I beg you. Adieu, my dear friend. May this 'Adieu' bring a 'Good morning' from you."

ANSWER.

"Wednesday Morning.

"I cannot yet say anything to you. I am waiting until I

am better informed, as I shall be, sooner or later. Meanwhile, rest assured that accused innocence will find a defender sufficiently zealous to give the slanderers, whoever they may be, some cause for repentance."

SECOND LETTER FROM MADAME D'EPINAY (PACKET A, No. 45).

"Do you know that your letter alarms me? What does it mean? I have read it more than five-and-twenty times. In truth, I do not understand it. I can only learn from it that you are uneasy and tormented; and that you are waiting until you are so no longer, before speaking to me about it. My dear friend, is this what we agreed? What has become of our friendship, our confidence? and how have I lost it? Are you angry with me or because of me? In any case, come this evening, I entreat you. Remember that you promised, not a week ago, to keep nothing on your mind, but to let me know of it at once. My dear friend, I rely upon that confidence. . . . Stay! I have just read your letter again. I do not understand it any better, but it makes me tremble. You seem to me painfully agitated. I wish I could calm you; but as I do not know the reason of your uneasiness, I do not know what to say to you, except that I shall be as unhappy as yourself until I have seen you. If you are not here by six o'clock this evening, I shall start to-morrow for the Hermitage, whatever kind of weather it is, and whatever my state of health, for I can no longer endure this uneasiness. Good day, my dear, good friend. At all risks, I venture to tell you, without knowing whether I need do so or not, to try and take care of yourself, and arrest the progress which solitude allows uneasiness to make. A fly becomes a monster. I have often experienced it."

ANSWER.

"Wednesday Evening.

"I can neither come to see you nor receive your visit, as long as my present uneasiness continues. The confidence of which you speak no longer exists, and it will not be easy for you to regain it. At present, I see in your eagerness nothing but the desire of extracting from the confessions of another some advantage which may promote your views. My heart, so ready to unbosom itself to another which opens to receive it, shuts its doors in the face of slyness and cunning. I recognise your usual adroitness in the difficulty which you find in understanding my letter. Do you believe me simple enough to think that you have not understood it? No; but I shall know how to overcome your

cunning by frankness. I am going to explain myself more clearly, in order that you may comprehend me still less.

"Two lovers, firmly united and worthy of each other's love, are dear to me; I expect that you will not understand whom I mean unless I tell you their names. I assume that attempts have been made to part them, and that I have been made use of to inspire one of them with jealousy. The choice is not very clever, but it appeared convenient for malicious purposes; and it is you whom I suspect of these designs. I hope that this makes matters clearer.

"So then the woman, whom I esteem above all others, with my knowledge, would have the infamy of dividing her heart and her person between two lovers, and I the disgrace of being one of these two wretches? If I knew that, for a single moment in your life, you could have entertained such thoughts of her and me, I should hate you to my dying day; but I only accuse you of having said, not of having thought it. I do not understand, in such a case, which of the three you have desired to injure; but, if you love tranquillity, you should dread being so unfortunate as to succeed. I have neither concealed from you, nor from her, how much evil I see in certain connections; but I desire that they should be put an end to by means as honourable as the feelings which originally formed them, and that an illicit love should be changed into an eternal friendship. Should I, who never injured anyone, be made the innocent means of doing harm to my friends? No; I would never forgive you; I should become your irreconcilable enemy. Your secrets alone should be respected; for I will never be disloyal.

"I do not imagine that my present embarrassment can last long. I shall soon know whether I am mistaken. Then I shall perhaps have a great injury to repair, and I shall never have done anything in my life with greater goodwill. But, do you know how I shall repair my errors during the short time which I have still to spend near you? By doing what no one but myself will do; by telling you frankly what the world thinks of you, and the breaches in your reputation which you have to repair. In spite of all the pretended friends by whom you are surrounded, when you see me depart, you may say farewell to truth; you will never find anyone else to tell it to you."

THIRD LETTER FROM MADAME D'EPINAY (PACKET A, No. 46).

"I did not understand your letter of this morning; I told you so, because it was the truth. I understand that of this

evening. Do not be afraid that I shall ever answer it; I am only too anxious to forget it; and although you excite my pity, I have been unable to resist the bitterness with which it fills my soul. I employ slyness and cunning against you! I accused of the blackest of infamies! Good-bye; I regret that you have—good-bye; I do not know what I am saying—good-bye. I should be only too glad to forgive you. Come when you like; you will meet with a better reception than your suspicions would entitle you to. You can spare yourself the trouble of thinking about my reputation. It matters little to me what it is. My conduct is good; that is enough for me. I may add, that I am absolutely ignorant of what has happened to the two persons who are as dear to me as to you.”

This last letter delivered me from one terrible embarrassment and plunged me into another, which was almost as great. Although all these letters and answers had been delivered with extraordinary rapidity in the course of a single day, this interval had been long enough to allow a break in my transports of fury, and to give me time to reflect upon my monstrous imprudence. Madame d’Houdetot had impressed upon me, more strongly than anything else, the necessity of remaining calm; of leaving her the responsibility of extricating herself; and of avoiding, especially at the moment, all noise and actual rupture; yet I, by the most open and monstrous insults, was on the point of completely filling with rage the heart of a woman, who was already only too much inclined towards it! Naturally, I could only expect, on her part, an answer so proud, disdainful, and contemptuous, that it would leave me no alternative, unless I behaved like an utter coward, but to leave her house immediately. Happily, her cleverness was greater than my rage. She avoided, by the tone of her answer, reducing me to this extremity. But it was absolutely necessary for me either to leave the house or to go and see her at once; one or the other was unavoidable. I decided upon the latter, feeling greatly embarrassed as to the attitude I should adopt in the explanation, which I foresaw would have to be made. How could I extricate myself without compromising Madame d’Houdetot or Thérèse? And woe to her whom I should name! There was nothing which the vengeance of an implacable and intriguing woman did not cause me to

apprehend for her upon whose head it might fall. It was to prevent this misfortune that I had only spoken of suspicions in my letters, to avoid being compelled to produce my proofs. It is true that this made my outbursts the more inexcusable, since no mere suspicion justified me in treating a woman, especially one who was my friend, as I had just treated Madame d'Epinay. But here commences the grand and noble task, which I have worthily fulfilled, of expiating my secret faults and weaknesses, by taking upon myself the responsibility of more serious faults, of which I was incapable, and of which I never was guilty.

I had not to endure the attack which I had feared, and got off with a simple fright. When I approached her, Madame d'Epinay flung her arms round my neck, and burst into tears. This unexpected reception, on the part of an old friend, touched me greatly, and I also wept freely. I said a few words to her, which did not mean much: she said a few to me, which meant still less, and that was all. Dinner was served; we took our seats at the table, where, in the expectation of the explanation, which I thought was only put off until after supper, I cut a very poor figure; for I am so overcome by the slightest uneasiness which takes possession of me, that I cannot conceal it even from the most unobservant. My embarrassed manner should have inspired her with courage; however, she did not risk it. There was as little explanation after supper as before. There was none on the next day either; and our silent *lits-à-lits* were filled up with indifferent matters or a few polite words on my part, in which, while expressing myself to the effect that I could not yet say anything about the foundation for my suspicions, I protested with all sincerity that, if they proved unfounded, my whole life would be devoted to repairing their injustice. She did not exhibit the least curiosity to know exactly what these suspicions were, or how they had occurred to me; and our reconciliation, both on her part and my own, was entirely limited to our embrace when we met. Since she alone was the injured party, at least in form, it seemed to me that it was not my business to desire an explanation which she herself did not desire, and I returned home as I had left. In other respects my relations with her remained unaltered, I soon almost entirely

forgot the quarrel, and foolishly believed that she had forgotten it herself, because she no longer seemed to remember it.

As will presently be seen, this was not the only annoyance which my own weakness brought upon me; but I also suffered others, equally annoying, which I had certainly not brought upon myself, and which were caused solely by the desire of others to tear me away from my solitude, by dint of tormenting me in it.¹ These annoyances came upon me from Diderot and the Holbachian clique. Since my establishment at the Hermitage, Diderot had never ceased to harass me, either himself or through Deleyre; and I soon saw, from the jests of the latter upon my walks in the forest, with what delight they had travestied the hermit as an amorous shepherd. But it was not a question of this in my encounter with Diderot, the cause of which was more serious. After the publication of the "Fils Naturel," he had sent me a copy of it, which I had read with the interest and attention which one naturally bestows on the works of a friend. On reading the kind of poetical prose dialogue which he had added to it, I was surprised, and even somewhat saddened, to find in it, amongst several discourteous but endurable remarks directed against those who live a solitary life, the following harsh and bitter sentence, without anything to tone it down: "Only the wicked are alone." This sentence is, it appears to me, ambiguous, and capable of two interpretations, one quite true, the other equally false: since it is impossible for a man who is and who desires to be alone, to be able or desirous to injure anyone, and therefore he cannot be wicked. The sentence in itself therefore required an explanation; it required it still more on the part of an author who, when he wrote the sentence, had a friend who was living in retirement and solitude. It appeared to me shocking and dishonourable that, when publishing it, he should either have forgotten this solitary friend, or that, if he had remembered him, he should not have made, at least in the

1 That is to say, the desire of tearing the old woman away from it, whose services were necessary in arranging the conspiracy. It is astonishing that, during the whole of this long storm, my stupid confidence in others prevented me from understanding that it was not I, but she, whom they wanted to see in Paris again.

general statement, the honourable and just exception which he owed not only to this friend, but to the many respected philosophers, who, in all ages, have sought peace and tranquillity in retirement, and of whom, for the first time since the existence of the world, an author permits himself, by a single stroke of the pen, to make so many villains without distinction.

I was tenderly attached to Diderot, I esteemed him sincerely, and I reckoned upon the same feelings on his part with perfect confidence. But, worn out by his unwearying obstinacy in eternally opposing me in my tastes, inclinations, manner of living, in fact, in everything which concerned myself alone; disgusted at seeing a man younger than myself attempting to control me absolutely like a child; sick of his readiness in making promises, and his carelessness in fulfilling them; weary of so many appointments made and broken on his part, and of his fancy for continually making fresh ones, only to be broken again; tired of waiting for him in vain three or four times a month, on days fixed by himself, and of dining alone in the evening, after having gone as far as Saint-Denis to meet him, after waiting for him the whole day, my heart was already full of his continued want of consideration. The last instance appeared to me more serious, and wounded me still more deeply. I wrote to him to complain of it, but with a gentleness and emotion which caused me to drench the paper with my tears; and my letter was touching enough to have drawn tears from him. No one would guess how he replied upon the matter; here is his answer word for word (Packet A, No. 33):

"I am very glad that my work has pleased you, that it has affected you. You are not of my opinion concerning hermits; say as much good of them as you please, you will be the only one in the world of whom I shall think it; and yet I should be able to say a good deal on the matter, if I could say it to you without offending you. A woman of eighty years of age! etc. Someone has told me of a phrase from a letter of Madame d'Epinay's son, which must have pained you greatly, or else I do not know you thoroughly."

I must explain the two last phrases of this letter.

At the beginning of my stay at the Hermitage, Madame le

Vasseur did not seem comfortable, and appeared to find it too lonely. Her remarks on the subject were repeated to me, and I offered to send her back to Paris if she preferred it, to pay for her lodging there, and to look after her just as if she were still with me. She refused my offer, declared that she was very well satisfied with the Hermitage, and that the country air did her good, which it was easy to see was true, for she seemed to grow younger, and was in far better health than at Paris. Her daughter even assured me that she would have been, on the whole, very sorry if we had left the Hermitage, which really was a charming residence; that she was very fond of pottering about in the garden and in the orchard, of which she had the management, and that she had only said what she had been told to say, to try and induce me to return to Paris.

This attempt having proved unsuccessful, they endeavoured to obtain, by appealing to my scruples, the result which my readiness to oblige had not produced; they declared that it was a crime on my part to keep the old woman there, far from the assistance which she might need at her age, without considering that she and many other old people, whose life is prolonged by the healthy air of the country, might procure this assistance from Montmorency, which was close to my doors—as if Paris had been the only place in which there were old people, and it was impossible for them to live anywhere else. Madame le Vasseur, who was a large and very ravenous eater, was subject to overflows of bile and violent attacks of diarrhoea, which lasted several days, and acted as a remedy. At Paris she took nothing for them, and let Nature take its course. She did the same at the Hermitage, since she knew well that she could do nothing better. Never mind; because there were no physicians and apothecaries in the country, to leave her there showed a wish for her death, although she was in very good health there. Diderot ought to have fixed the age at which it is no longer permitted, under penalty of being charged with manslaughter, to allow old people to live out of Paris.

This was one of the two monstrous accusations, in regard to which he made no exception in my case, in his statement that “Only the wicked are alone”; and this was the meaning of his

pathetic exclamation and the etcetera which he so kindly added, "A woman of eighty years of age! etc."

I thought I could not reply to this reproach better than by referring to Madame le Vasseur herself. I asked her to write quite simply and naturally to Madame d'Epinay and tell her what her opinion was. To put her completely at her ease, I did not even ask to see her letter, and I showed her the following, which I wrote to Madame d'Epinay, in reference to an answer which I had decided to make to a still harsher letter from Diderot, and which she had prevented me from sending.

"Thursday.

"Madame le Vasseur is going to write to you, my good friend. I have asked her to tell you frankly what she thinks. To put her entirely at her ease, I have told her that I do not want to see her letter, and I beg you to tell me nothing about its contents.

"I will not send my letter, since you oppose it; but, as I feel grievously offended, it would be a baseness and a falsehood, which I cannot permit myself, to allow that I am wrong. The Gospel certainly orders him who receives a blow on one cheek to offer the other, but not to ask for pardon. Do you remember the man in the comedy, who exclaims, while dealing blows with his stick, 'That is the part of the philosopher'?

"Do not flatter yourself that you can prevent him from coming in the present bad weather. His anger will give him the time and strength which friendship refuses him, and it will be the first time in his life that he has come on the day he has promised. He will do his utmost to come and repeat, with his own mouth, the insults which he has heaped upon me in his letters. I will endure them with the utmost patience. He will return to Paris to be ill; and, as usual, I shall be a very hateful person. But what can I do? I must endure it.

"But, can you help admiring the cleverness of this man, who wanted to come and take me in a coach to Saint-Denis to dinner, and to bring me back; and who, a week afterwards,¹ finds that his finances do not allow him to visit the Hermitage except on foot? It is not absolutely impossible, to adopt his language, that this is the tone of sincerity; but, in this case, a strange alteration in the state of his finances must have taken place in the course of a week.

"I share your grief at your mother's illness; but you see

that your sorrow is not nearly as great as mine. It causes less suffering to see those whom one loves, ill, than to see them cruel and unjust.

"Adieu, my good friend; this is the last time that I shall speak to you about this unfortunate affair. You speak to me of going to Paris with a coolness and indifference, which, at any other time, would rejoice me greatly."

I informed Diderot of what I had done in regard to Madame le Vasseur, at Madame d'Epinay's own suggestion; and as she chose, as may be imagined, to remain at the Hermitage, where she was very comfortable, always had company, and found her life very agreeable, Diderot, no longer knowing what crime to charge me with, construed this very precaution on my part into one, as well as Madame le Vasseur's continued stay at the Hermitage, although it had been her own choice, and it had only rested, and still rested with her, to return to Paris to live, with the same assistance from me as she received at my house.

Such is the explanation of the first reproach in Diderot's letter, No. 33. The explanation of the second is contained in his letter, No. 34 :

" 'The man of letters'¹ must have written to you, that there were twenty poor wretches on the rampart dying of cold and hunger, and waiting for the farthing you used to give them. This is a sample of our small-talk—and if you were to hear the rest, it would amuse you as much as this."

Here is my answer to this terrible argument, of which Diderot seemed so proud :

"I believe that I replied to the 'man of letters,' that is to say, the son of a farmer-general, that I did not pity the poor whom he had seen upon the rampart, waiting for my farthing; that he had apparently amply compensated them for its loss; that I had appointed him my substitute; that the poor of Paris would have no reason to complain of the exchange; but that I could not easily find an equally good one for those of Montmorency, who had much greater need of it. There is here a good and worthy old man, who, after having worked all his life, can work no longer, and is dying of hunger in his old age. My conscience is better satisfied with the two sous which I give him every Monday, than with the hundred farthings which I

1 A name jokingly bestowed by Grimm upon Madame d'Epinay's son.

should have distributed to all the beggars on the rampart. You are amusing, you philosophers, when you regard all the inhabitants of cities as the only people with whom your duty bids you concern yourselves. It is in the country that one learns to love and serve humanity; one only learns to despise it in cities."

Such were the singular scruples, which led a man of intelligence to the folly of seriously making a crime of my absence from Paris, and made him attempt to prove to me, by my own example, that it was impossible for anyone to live outside the city without being wicked. At the present day I cannot understand how I was so foolish as to answer him and to feel annoyed, instead of laughing in his face as my only reply. However, Madame d'Epinay's decisions and the clamours of the Holbachian clique had so blinded people's minds in her favour, that I was generally considered to be wrong in the matter, and Madame d'Houdetot herself, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Diderot, wanted me to go and see him in Paris, and make all the first advances towards a reconciliation, which, sincere and complete as it was on my part, did not last long. The triumphant argument, which she made use of to influence my heart was, that Diderot, at this moment, was unhappy. Besides the storm aroused against the "Encyclopédie," he had at that time to endure another, even more violent, caused by his piece, which, in spite of the little account prefixed by him at the commencement, he was accused of having taken entirely from Goldoni. Diderot, even more sensitive to criticism than Voltaire, was overwhelmed. Madame de Graffigny had even had the spitefulness to circulate the report that I had taken this opportunity to break off my acquaintance with him. I considered that it would be just and generous publicly to demonstrate the contrary, and I went to spend two days, not only in his company, but at his house. This was my second journey to Paris since my settlement at the Hermitage. I had taken the first in order to hasten to poor Gauffecourt, who had an attack of apoplexy, from which he has never quite recovered, during which I never left his bedside until he was out of danger.

Diderot received me cordially. How many wrongs can a friend's embrace wipe out! What resentment, after that, can

still remain in the heart? We entered into few explanations. There is no need of it in a case of mutual abuse. There is only one thing to be done—to forget it. There had been no underhand proceedings, at least as far as I knew; it was not the same as with Madame d'Epinay. He showed me the outline of the "Père de Famille." "That," said I to him, "is the best defence of the 'Fils Naturel.' Remain silent, work this piece out carefully, and then suddenly fling it at your enemies' head as your only reply." He did so, and found the plan successful. I had sent him the first two parts of *Julie* nearly six months before, asking for his opinion of them. He had not yet read them. We read a portion of them together. He found it all *feuilleton*; that was the word he used, meaning that it was overloaded with words and full of padding. I had already felt this myself; but it was the babbling of delirium; I have never been able to correct it. The last parts are different. The fourth especially, and the sixth, are masterpieces of diction.

On the second day after my arrival, he insisted upon taking me to supper at M. d'Holbach's. We could never manage to agree. I even wanted to break the agreement concerning the manuscript on Chemistry, as I was indignant at being under an obligation for it to such a man. Diderot was completely victorious. He swore that M. d'Holbach had a most sincere affection for me; that I must excuse his manner, which was the same to everybody, and from which his friends had to suffer more than anyone. He represented to me that to refuse the production of this manuscript, after having accepted it two years before, would be an insult to the donor, which he had not deserved; that this refusal might even be misinterpreted, as a secret reproach to him for having been so long in fulfilling the agreement. "I see d'Holbach every day," he added; "I know his inner self better than you do. If you had not reason to be satisfied with it, do you think your friend capable of advising you to act meanly?" In short, with my usual weakness, I allowed myself to be overcome, and we went to supper with the Baron, who received me in his usual manner; but his wife received me coldly, and almost rudely. I no longer recognised the amiable Caroline who, before she was married, showed me

so many marks of goodwill. Long before, I had fancied that I perceived that, since Grimm had been a constant visitor at the house of Aine, I was no longer regarded with so favourable an eye.

While I was in Paris, Saint-Lambert arrived on leave. As I knew nothing of it, I did not see him until after my return to the country, at first at La Chevrette, and afterwards at the Hermitage, where he came with Madame d'Houdetot to ask me to invite him to dinner. It may be imagined how pleased I was to receive them; but I was still more pleased to see the good understanding between them. Rejoiced that I had not disturbed their happiness, I felt happy in it myself; and I can swear that, during the whole course of my mad passion, but especially at this moment, even if I had been able to take Madame d'Houdetot from him, I should not have wished, and I should not even have felt tempted to do so. I found her so amiable, so devoted to Saint-Lambert, that I could hardly imagine that she might have been equally devoted in her love for myself; and, without desiring to disturb their union, all that I had most truly desired from her in my delirium, was that she should allow herself to be loved. In short, however violent the passion with which I had been inflamed for her, I felt it as delightful to be the confidant as the object of her affections, and I have never for a moment regarded her lover as my rival, but always as my friend. It will be said that this was not yet actual love. So be it; but then, it was more.

As for Saint-Lambert, he behaved honourably and judiciously. As I was the only guilty party, I alone was punished, and that even mercifully. He treated me severely, but amicably; and I saw that I had lost something of his esteem, but nothing of his friendship. I consoled myself, since I knew that it would be easier for me to regain the former than the latter, and that he was too sensible to confound an involuntary and momentary weakness with a radical vice. If, in all that had taken place, there had been errors on my part, they were trifling ones. Was it I who had sought his mistress? Was it not he who had sent her to me? Was it not she who had sought me? Could I have avoided seeing her? What could I do? They alone had

done the mischief, and I had been the one to suffer from it. In my place, he would have done just as I did, perhaps worse; for, in short, however faithful, however estimable Madame d'Houdetot may have been, she was a woman. He was very often absent; the opportunities were frequent, the temptations were great, and it would have been very difficult for her always to defend herself with equal success against a more enterprising lover. It was certainly a great thing for her and for me, in such a situation, that we had been able to fix the limits, which we never permitted ourselves to overstep.

Although, in the bottom of my heart, I could produce sufficiently honourable testimony in my favour, appearances were so much against me, that the unconquerable feeling of shame, by which I was always dominated, gave me, in his presence, the appearance of a guilty person, and he often abused it in order to humiliate me. A single incident will make our mutual relations clear. After dinner I read to him the letter which I had written to Voltaire the year before, and which he had heard spoken of. He went to sleep while I was reading it; and I, formerly so proud, now so foolish, did not venture to discontinue reading, and read on while he snored. Thus did I humble myself; thus did he avenge himself; but his generosity never permitted him to do so except when we three were alone.

After he went away again, I found Madame d'Houdetot greatly altered in her behaviour towards me. I was as surprised as if I ought not to have expected it. I was more affected by it than I ought to have been, and this caused me much suffering. It seemed that everything by which I expected to be cured only plunged deeper into my heart the arrow which I had at length rather broken off than pulled out.

I was resolved to conquer myself completely, and to leave nothing undone to change my foolish passion into a pure and lasting friendship. With this object, I had formed the most admirable plans in the world, which I needed Madame d'Houdetot's assistance in carrying out. When I attempted to speak to her, I found her absent and embarrassed. I felt that she had ceased to feel any pleasure in my society, and I saw clearly that something had taken place which she did not want to tell

me, and which I have never learnt. This change, of which I was unable to obtain an explanation, tortured me cruelly. She asked me to return her letters: I returned them all, with a fidelity which, to my great mortification, she for a moment doubted. This doubt was another unexpected pang for me, as she must have well known. She did me justice, but not immediately. I understood that the examination of the packet which I had returned to her had made her conscious of her injustice. I even saw that she reproached herself, and this gave me a certain advantage again. She could not take back her own letters without returning mine. She told me that she had burnt them; in my turn, I ventured to doubt it, and I confess that I doubt it still. No; one does not throw such letters into the fire. The letters in *Julie* have been considered burning. Good heavens! what would have been thought of mine? No, no; a woman capable of inspiring such a passion will never have the courage to burn the proofs of it. But neither do I fear that she has ever misused them. I do not believe her capable of it; and besides, I had taken measures to prevent it. The foolish, but lively fear of being ridiculed had made me commence this correspondence in a tone which protected the contents of my letters from being communicated to others. I even carried the familiar tone which I adopted in them so far as to *thee* and *thou* her, but in such a manner that she certainly could not have been offended. Certainly, she complained of it several times, but without success. Her complaints only aroused my suspicions, and, besides, I could not bring myself to draw back. If these letters are still in existence, and should one day see the light, it will be known how I have loved.

The pain which Madame d'Houdetot's coldness caused me, and the certainty that I had not deserved it, caused me to take the singular course of complaining about it to Saint-Lambert himself. While waiting to see the result of my letter on the subject, I plunged into the distractions to which I ought to have had recourse sooner. Some festivities took place at La Chevette, for which I composed the music. The pleasure of distinguishing myself in the eyes of Madame d'Houdetot, by the display of a talent which she admired, spurred my energies; and another

circumstance contributed to arouse them, namely, the desire of showing that the author of the *Devin du Village* understood music; for I had long since perceived that someone was secretly working to make this seem doubtful, at least in regard to composition. My first appearance in Paris, the tests to which I had there been subjected on different occasions, at M. Dupin's and M. de la Poplinière's; the quantity of music which I had composed during fourteen years in the midst of the most famous artists, under their very eyes; and lastly, the opera of the *Muses Galantes*, even that of the *Devin*, a motet which I had written for Mademoiselle Fel, and which she had sung at the "spiritual concert,"¹ the numerous discussions on this beautiful art which had taken place between myself and its greatest masters—all these proofs should have prevented or dissipated any such doubt. It existed, however, even at La Chevrette, and 'I saw that M. d'Epinay was not free from it. Without appearing to be aware of it, I undertook to compose a motet for him for the dedication of the chapel of La Chevrette, and I asked him to supply me with words chosen by himself. He commissioned de Linant, his son's tutor, to write them. De Linant composed some words suitable to the occasion, and, a week after they were given to me, the motet was finished. This time, spite was my Apollo, and never did richer music leave my hands. The words began with: "Ecce sedes hic Tonantis."² The pomp of the opening was in keeping with the words, and the whole motet was so beautiful that everyone was struck with admiration. I had written for a large orchestra. D'Epinay got together the best instrumentalists. Madame Bruna, an Italian singer, sang the motet, and was excellently accompanied. The motet was so successful that it was afterwards given at the "spiritual concert," at which, in spite of the secret intrigues and the pooriness of the execution, it was twice heartily applauded. For M. d'Epinay's birthday, I supplied the idea of a kind of piece, half drama, half pantomime, which Madame d'Epinay composed, and for which I also wrote the music. Grimm, on his arrival, heard

¹ See page 96.

² I have since heard that these words were by de Santeuil, and that M. de Linant had quietly appropriated them.

of my musical successes; an hour later, nothing more was said about them; but, at any rate, as far as I know, there was no longer any question of my knowledge of composition.

No sooner was Grimm at La Chevrette, where already I was not very comfortable, than he made my stay completely unendurable by putting on airs, which I had never seen exhibited by anyone before, and of which I had not even an idea. The day before his arrival, I was turned out of the best visitor's-room, which I was occupying, next to Madame d'Epinay's; it was got ready for Grimm, and another, in a more remote part of the house, was given to me. "See," said I to Madame d'Epinay with a laugh, "see how the new-comers turn out the old." She appeared embarrassed; and I understood the reason for this better in the evening, when I learned that, between her room and that which I was leaving, there was a secret door of communication, which she had not thought it worth while to show me. Her relations with Grimm were no secret to anybody, neither in her own house nor in public, nor even to her husband; however, far from admitting it to me, her confidant in secrets of far greater importance, and which she knew were perfectly safe with me, she stoutly denied it. I understood that this reserve was due to Grimm, who, although he was the depositary of all my secrets, was unwilling that I should have any of his own in my keeping.

However much my former feelings, which were not yet extinguished, and the man's real merits, prejudiced me in his favour, these feelings were not proof against the efforts he took to destroy them. He received me in the style of the Comte de Tuffière;¹ he hardly condescended to return my greeting; he never addressed a single word to me, and soon cured me of addressing any to him, by never answering me at all. He took precedence everywhere, and held first place, without ever paying any attention to me. I could have let that pass, if he had not displayed an offensive affectation. A single incident out of a thousand will explain what I mean. One evening, Madame d'Epinay, feeling slightly unwell, told the servants to bring her

1 One of the characters in *Le Glorieux*, a comedy by Destouches (1732).

something to eat upstairs to her room, where she intended to have her supper by the side of the fire. She asked me to go upstairs with her, which I did. Grimm came up afterwards. The little table was already laid, but only for two. Supper was brought in; Madame d'Epinaï took her seat on one side of the fire. M. Grimm took an easy chair, settled himself in the other corner, drew up the little table between them, unfolded his napkin, and proceeded to eat, without saying a single word to me. Madame d'Epinaï blushed, and, to induce him to apologise for his rudeness, offered me her own place. He said nothing, and did not even look at me. As I was unable to get near the fire, I decided to walk up and down the room, until they brought me a plate. At last, he allowed me to sup at the end of the table, away from the fire, without making the slightest apology to me, his senior, in ill-health, an older acquaintance of the family, who had introduced him to the house, the honours of which he ought even to have shown to me, as the favourite of the lady of the house. All his behaviour to me was very much after the same pattern. He did not treat me exactly as his inferior; he looked upon me as a perfect nonentity. I found it hard to recognise the former *cuistre*¹ who, in the Prince of Saxe-Gotha's establishment, felt himself honoured by a look from me. I found it still harder to reconcile this profound silence, and this insulting haughtiness, with the tender friendship which he boasted he entertained for me, in the presence of these who he knew entertained it for me themselves. It is true that he rarely gave any signs of it, except to sympathise with my pecuniary position, of which I never complained, or to compassionate my melancholy lot, with which I was quite content, or to lament that I so harshly rejected the beneficent attentions which he declared he was eager to show me. It was by artifices like this that he caused his tender generosity to be admired, my ungrateful misanthropy to be censured, and imperceptibly accustomed everyone to imagine, that the relations between a protector like himself and an unfortunate creature like me could only be, on the one side, benefits, and, on the other, obligations, without supposing,

¹ See page 121.

even as a remote possibility, a friendship between two equals. As for myself, I have vainly tried to discover in what respect I could be under an obligation to this new patron. I had lent him money, he had never lent me any; I had nursed him during his illness, he hardly ever came to see me during mine; I had introduced him to all my friends, he had never introduced me to one of his; I had sung his praises with all my might, he . . . if he sang my praises, it was less publicly, and in quite a different manner. He has never rendered or even offered to render me any service of any kind. How then was he my Maecenas? how was I his *protégé*? This was beyond my powers of comprehension, and it still remains so.

It is true that, more or less, he was arrogant with everybody, but with no one so brutally as with myself. I remember that, on one occasion, Saint-Lambert was on the point of throwing his plate at his head, when he ventured to give him the lie publicly at table, by saying rudely, "That is not true." To his naturally sarcastic tone, he united the conceit of an upstart, and his continual impertinence even made him ridiculous. Intercourse with great people had led him to assume airs which one only sees in the least sensible amongst them. He never summoned his lackey except with an "Eh!"—as if my fine gentleman did not know which of his numerous attendants was on duty. When he gave him a commission to execute, he threw the money on the ground, instead of putting it into his hand. At last, forgetting altogether that he was a man, he treated him with such disgusting contempt and cruel disdain on every occasion that the poor lad, who was a very good fellow, whom Madame d'Epinay had given him, left his service, without any other cause of complaint than the impossibility of enduring such treatment. He was the La Fleur of this new Glorieux.¹ As foppish as he was vain, with his large, dull eyes and his flabby face, he pretended to have great success with the ladies; and, after his farce with Mademoiselle Fel, he was considered by numbers of the fair sex to be a man of deep feeling. This had made him the fashion and had given him a taste for

¹ See note on page 206.

feminine neatness. He began to play the dandy: his toilet became a serious matter. Everybody knew that he made up, and I, who at first refused to believe it, began to be convinced, not only by his beautiful complexion and by the fact of finding some pots of cosmetic on his dressing-table, but because one morning, on entering his rooms, I found him brushing his nails with a little brush made for the purpose, an occupation which he proudly continued in my presence. I argued that a man who could spend two hours every morning in brushing his nails might very well employ a few minutes in filling up the wrinkles in his skin with cosmetic. The worthy Gauffecourt, who was no fool, had humorously nicknamed him "Tiran le Blanc."

All this was merely ridiculous, but very antipathetic to my character, and at last made me suspicious of his. I could scarcely believe that a man, whose head was so turned, could have his heart in the right place. He prided himself, more than anything else, upon his sensibility of soul and vigorous energy of feeling. How did that agree with those defects, which are peculiar to little minds only? How could the lively and continuous flights, which a feeling heart takes in pursuit of things outside it, allow him time to busy himself with such petty cares for his little person? Why, good heavens! one who feels his heart inflamed by this heavenly fire seeks to pour it forth, and to display his inner self. He would be eager to show his heart upon his face; he will never think of any other cosmetics.

I remembered the compendium of his morality, which Madame d'Epinaÿ had told me of, and which she had adopted. This consisted of one single article, namely, that the sole duty of man is, to follow in everything the inclinations of his heart. This code of morality, when I heard of it, afforded me terrible material for thought, although at that time I only looked upon it as a witticism. But I soon saw that this principle was really his rule of conduct, and, in the sequel, I had only too convincing proof of it at my own expense. It is the inner doctrine, of which Diderot has so often spoken to me, but of which he has never given me any explanation.

I remembered the frequent warnings that I had received, several years before, that the man was false, that he was only

playing at sentiment, and that, above all, he had no affection for me. I recollect several little incidents, which M. de Francueil and Madame de Chenonceaux had related to me on that point; neither of them had any esteem for him, and both ought to have known him well, since Madame de Chenonceaux was the daughter of Madame de Rochechouart, the intimate friend of the late Comte de Friese, and M. de Francueil, who was at that time very intimate with the Vicomte de Polignac, had lived much in the Palais-Royal just at the time when Grimm began to secure a footing there. All Paris heard of his despair after the death of the Comte de Friese. It was a question of keeping up the reputation which he had gained after the cruel treatment he had experienced from Mademoiselle Fel, the humbug of which I should have seen through better than anyone else, if I had not been so blind. He had to be dragged to the Hôtel Castries, where, abandoning himself to the most deadly affliction, he played his part worthily. Every morning he went into the garden to weep at his ease, holding before his eyes his handkerchief drenched with tears, as long as he was in sight of the hôtel; but as soon as he turned round into a certain narrow street, persons of whom he had no suspicion saw him immediately put his handkerchief in his pocket and pull out a book. He was seen to do this more than once, and the fact soon became public property in Paris, and was almost as soon forgotten. I had forgotten it myself: a fact, which concerned myself, reminded me of it. I was in bed, at death's door, in the Rue de Grenelle; he was in the country. One morning he came to see me, quite out of breath, and declared that he had only just arrived. A minute afterwards, I learned that he had arrived the day before, and that he had been seen in the theatre the same day.

A thousand little incidents of this kind came back to me; but something which I was surprised that I had not observed sooner, struck me most of all. I had introduced Grimm to all my friends without exception; they had all become his. I was so inseparable from him, that I should hardly have cared to continue visiting at a house to which he had not the entry. Only Madame de Créqui refused to admit him, and from that time I also almost entirely discontinued my visits to her. Grimm, on his part, made other friends, both on his own initiative and

also through the Comte de Friese. Of all those friends, not a single one ever became mine. He never said a word to me, to induce me at least to make their acquaintance; and, of all those whom I sometimes met at his rooms, not one ever showed me the least goodwill, not even the Comte de Friese, with whom he lived, and with whom it would consequently have been very pleasant to me to form a connection, nor the Comte de Schomberg, his relation, with whom Grimm was even more intimate.

More than this: my own friends, whom I made his own, and who had all been devotedly attached to me before they made his acquaintance, showed a sensible alteration in their feelings and behaviour towards me, after they had made it. He never introduced one of his friends to me. I introduced him to all mine, and he ended by depriving me of them all. If such are the results of friendship, what will be the results of hatred?

Diderot himself, at the outset, warned me several times that Grimm, upon whom I bestowed such confidence, was not my friend. Subsequently, he altered his tone, when he himself had ceased to be a friend.

The manner in which I had disposed of my children had required no one's assistance. However, I informed my friends of it, simply for the sake of informing them, in order not to appear better in their eyes than I really was. These friends were three in number: Diderot, Grimm, and Madame d'Epinay. Duclos, who was the most worthy of my confidence, was the only one whom I did not inform. However, he knew it. From whom? I do not know. It is hardly probable that Madame d'Epinay was guilty of this breach of confidence, for she well knew that, by imitating it, if I had been capable of doing so, I could have cruelly avenged myself. There remain Grimm and Diderot, at that time so closely united in many things—especially against myself—that it is more than probable that they were both guilty. I would wager that Duclos, to whom I did not reveal my secret, and who was consequently in no way bound to silence, was the only one who faithfully kept it.

Grimm and Diderot, in their scheme of getting the women-folk away from me, had done their utmost to induce him to enter into their plans; but he always scornfully refused. It was not

until later that I learned from him all that had taken place between them in the matter; but I learned enough at the time from Thérèse to see that, in the whole affair, there was some secret design, and that they were anxious to dispose of me, if not against my will, at least without my knowledge; or that they certainly wished to make use of these two persons as their tools in some secret design. In all this there was certainly something very dishonourable. The opposition of Duclos proves it beyond contradiction. Let him who pleases believe that it was friendship.

This pretended friendship was as disastrous to me at home as outside. The long and frequent conversations with Madame le Vasseur, for several years past, had perceptibly altered her feelings towards me, and this alteration was most certainly not favourable to me. What, then, was the subject of discussion during these singular *tête-à-têtes*? Why this deep mystery? Was the conversation of this old woman sufficiently agreeable for it to be considered such a piece of good fortune, or sufficiently important to make such a mystery about it? During the three or four years that these conferences lasted, they had appeared to me ridiculous; but, when I reconsidered them, I began to wonder at them. This feeling of wonder would have ended in uneasiness, if I had known at the time what this woman was plotting against me.

In spite of Grimm's pretended zeal for me, of which he boasted so loudly outside, and which was difficult to reconcile with the tone which he assumed towards me in my presence, I gained nothing by it, from any point of view, and the pity which he pretended to feel for me served less to benefit than to humiliate me. He even, as far as lay in his power, deprived me of the benefits of the profession which I had chosen for myself, by depreciating my abilities as a copyist. I admit that in that he spoke the truth, but it was not his place to do so. He clearly showed that he did not intend it as a joke, by employing another copyist himself, and taking away from me all the customers he could. One would have said that his object was to make me dependent upon him and his interest for my subsistence, and to exhaust my resources until I should be reduced to such a condition.

All things being taken into consideration, my reason at last imposed silence upon my former prejudice in his favour, which still made itself heard. I came to the conclusion that his character was, at least, very suspicious; and, as for his friendship, I decided that it was false. Accordingly, having made up my mind not to see him again, I informed Madame d'Epinaÿ of my determination, which I justified by several unanswerable reasons, which I have now forgotten.

She strongly opposed this determination, without exactly knowing what reply to make to the reasons which had decided me. She had not yet come to an understanding with him; but, on the following day, instead of entering into a verbal explanation with me, she sent me a very cleverly-worded letter, which they had drawn up together, in which, without entering into details, she excused him on the ground of his reserved disposition, and, imputing it as a crime to me that I had suspected him of treachery towards his friend, exhorted me to become reconciled to him. This letter shook my determination. In a conversation which subsequently took place between us, when I found her better prepared than she had been the first time, I allowed myself to be completely vanquished; I persuaded myself that I might have judged wrongly, and that, in this case, I had really committed a grave wrong towards a friend, which it was my duty to repair. In short, as I had several times already done in the case of Diderot and the Baron d'Holbach, partly of my own accord and partly through weakness, I made all those advances which I had a right to demand: I went to see Grimm, like a second George Dandin,¹ to apologise for offences of which he had been guilty against myself; always under the mistaken conviction, which all my life long has caused me to abase myself before my pretended friends, that there is no hatred so strong that it cannot be disarmed by gentleness and good behaviour; whereas, on the contrary, the hatred of the wicked is only strengthened by the impossibility of finding anything to justify it, and the consciousness of their own injustice is only an

¹ A character in Molière's comedy of the same name, also called *Le mari confondu*. George Dandin is a peasant, who marries a woman of distinguished family.

— additional grievance against him who is the victim of it. Without going further than my own history, I have a strong proof of this axiom in the conduct of Grimm and Tronchin, who became my two most implacable enemies, of their own inclination, for their own pleasure, out of sheer caprice, without being able to quote a single instance of any kind in which I had done either of them wrong,¹ and whose rage increases daily, like that of the tiger, from the ease with which they are able to glut it.

I expected that Grimm, confused by my condescension and advances, would receive me with open arms and the tenderest affection. As a fact, he received me like a Roman Emperor, with an unparalleled haughtiness. I was utterly unprepared for this reception. Embarrassed at having to play a part so ill-suited to me, in a few words I timidly explained the object of my visit. Before taking me back into favour, he delivered, with great dignity, a long harangue which he had prepared, containing a list of his numerous and rare virtues, especially in matters of friendship. He dwelt for some time upon a circumstance, which at first struck me considerably—that he always kept the same friends. While he was speaking, I said to myself that it would be cruel on my part to make myself the only exception to this rule. He returned to this so frequently and with such affectation, that he at last made me think that, if in this he only listened to the feelings of his heart, he would show himself less struck by this sentiment which he so freely expressed, and that he was making use of it as a trick which might serve his purpose of self-advancement. Hitherto I had been in the same case: I had always kept all my friends; since my earliest childhood I had not lost a single one, except by death, and yet I had never made it a subject of reflection; it was not a principle which I had laid down for myself. Since we both had this advantage in common, what right had he to boast of it as peculiar to himself, unless he already designed to deprive me of it? He devoted

¹ It was not until later that I nicknamed the latter "Jongleur" (juggler), long after his declaration of hostility and the cruel persecutions which he stirred up against me at Geneva and elsewhere. I even soon suppressed the name when I saw that I was entirely his victim. I consider mean and paltry vengeance unworthy of my heart, and hatred never sets foot in it.

himself to the task of humiliating me by proving that our mutual friends preferred him to me. I was as well aware as he was of this preference; the question was, how he had obtained it. By superior merits or address, by exalting himself, or by endeavouring to humiliate me? At last, when he had put between us, to his heart's content, all the distance which could attach value to the favour which he intended to grant me, he bestowed upon me the kiss of peace in a slight embrace, which resembled the *accolade* which the King bestows upon newly-created knights. I fell from the clouds; I was amazed; I did not know what to say; I could not utter a single word. The whole scene had the appearance of a reprimand given by a master to a pupil, when he lets him off a flogging. I never think of it without feeling how deceptive are judgments founded upon appearances, to which the vulgar attach such weight, and how frequently audacity and pride are on the side of the guilty, shame and embarrassment on the side of the innocent.

We were reconciled; this was at least a relief to my heart, which is always mortally distressed by a quarrel. It may be imagined that such a reconciliation produced no alteration in his manners; it simply deprived me of the right of complaining of them. Accordingly, I resolved to endure everything, and to say nothing.

So many annoyances, one after another, threw me into a state of depression, which scarcely left me strength to regain command of myself. Without any reply from Saint-Lambert, neglected by Madame d'Houdetot, no longer venturing to open my heart to anyone, I began to fear that, in making friendship the idol of my heart, I had wasted my life in sacrificing to chimeras. In proof of this, out of all my friendships, there only remained two men, who had retained my full esteem, and whom my heart could trust: Duclos, whom I had lost sight of since my retirement to the Hermitage, and Saint-Lambert. I believed that I could only repair my injustice towards the latter by opening my heart to him unreservedly; and I resolved to make a full and complete confession to him, in everything which did not compromise his mistress. I have no doubt that this resolution was another snare set by my passion, in order to keep me closer to

it; but it is certain that I should have thrown myself unreservedly into her lover's arms, that I should have submitted myself completely to his guidance, and that I should have pushed my frankness as far as it could go. I was ready to write a second letter to him, to which I felt sure that he would reply, when I learned the melancholy reason of his silence in regard to the first. He had been unable to endure the fatigues of the campaign to the end. Madame d'Epinaï informed me that he had just had a stroke of paralysis; and Madame d'Houdetot, whose affliction at last made her ill herself, and who was not in a fit state to write to me immediately, sent me word, two or three days later, from Paris, where she was at that time, that he intended to be removed to Aix-la-Chapelle, to take the baths. I do not say that this melancholy news afflicted me as much as her; but I doubt whether the sorrow which it caused me was less painful than her grief and tears. Sorrow at knowing him to be in such a condition, aggravated by the apprehension that uneasiness might have contributed to it, touched me more than all that hitherto happened to me; and I felt, to my cruel sorrow, that I could not find, in my own self-esteem, the strength which I needed in order to support such grief. Happily, this generous friend did not long leave me in such a state of depression; in spite of his illness, he did not forget me, and I soon learned from himself that I had ill-judged his feelings and condition. But it is time to proceed to the great and sudden change in my destiny, the catastrophe which has divided my life into two parts, so different from each other, and which, from a very trifling cause, has drawn such terrible effects.

One day, when I least expected it, Madame d'Epinaï sent for me. When I entered the room, I observed, in her eyes and manner, an appearance of embarrassment, which was the more striking to me as it was unusual, since no one in the world knew better than she how to control her features and movements. "My friend," said she, "I am leaving for Geneva; my chest is in a bad state, my health is breaking up so rapidly that I must go and consult Tronchin, even if I have to neglect everything else." This resolution, so abruptly taken, at the commencement of bad weather, astonished me the more, as, when I left her thirty-six

hours before, not a word had been said about it. I asked her whom she intended to take with her. She told me that she meant to take her son and M. de Linant, and then added, in an indifferent tone, "And won't you come too, my dear bear?" As I did not believe that she spoke seriously, since she knew that, in the time of year upon which we were just entering, I was hardly in a fit state to leave my room, I spoke jestingly of the advantage of one sick person being accompanied by another. She herself did not seem to have meant the proposition seriously, and nothing more was said about it. During the rest of my visit, we spoke of nothing but the preparations for her journey, into which she threw herself with great energy, as she had made up her mind to start in a fortnight.

I did not need much penetration to understand that there was some secret reason for this journey which was concealed from me. This secret, which was a secret to me alone in the house, was discovered the very next day by Thérèse, to whom Teissier, the *maitre d'hôtel*, who had heard it from the lady's-maid, revealed it. Although I am under no obligation to Madame d'Epinay to keep the secret, since I did not learn it from her, it is too closely connected with those which she did confide to me, for me to be able to make any distinction. On this point, therefore, I will say nothing. But these same secrets, which never have been, and never will be revealed by me, either by word of mouth or the pen, have become known to too many, for it to be possible that they can have remained unknown to any of Madame d'Epinay's associates.

When I was informed of the true motive of this journey, I should have recognised the secret instigation of the hand of an enemy, in the attempt to make me the chaperon of Madame d'Epinay; but, as she had not pressed me at all to accompany her, I persisted in regarding the attempt as not seriously intended, and I merely laughed at the fine figure that I should have cut, if I had been foolish enough to undertake the charge. Besides, she gained considerably by my refusal, for she succeeded in persuading her husband himself to accompany her.

A few days afterwards I received the following letter from Diderot. This letter, merely folded in two, so that anyone could

easily read its contents, was addressed to me, "Care of Madame d'Epinay," and intrusted to M. de Linant, the tutor of the son and the confidant of the mother.

LETTER FROM DIDEROT (PACKET A, No. 52).

"I am born to love you and to cause you annoyance. I hear that Madame d'Epinay is going to Geneva, and I do not hear it said that you accompany her. My friend, if you are satisfied with Madame d'Epinay, you must go with her; if you are dissatisfied, you must go all the more readily. Are you overburdened with the weight of the obligations under which she has laid you? here is an opportunity of partly discharging them and of lightening your burden. Will you find another opportunity in your life of showing your gratitude to her? She is going into a country where she will be as if she had fallen from the clouds. She is ill; she will need amusement and distraction. Winter, too! Consider, my friend. The objection on the score of your health may be far stronger than I think it is; but, are you worse to-day than you were a month ago, and than you will be at the beginning of spring? Will you make the journey, three months hence, more comfortably than now? For myself, I declare to you that, if I could not endure the carriage, I would take a stick and follow her. Then, are you not afraid that your behaviour may be misinterpreted? You will be suspected either of ingratitude or of some other secret motive. I am well aware that, whatever you do, you will always have the testimony of your conscience on your side; but is this testimony sufficient by itself, and is it allowed to neglect, up to a certain point, that of other men? Besides, my friend, I write this letter in order to discharge an obligation to you as well as to myself. If it displeases you, throw it in the fire, and think no more of it than if it had never been written. I salute, love, and embrace you."

I trembled with rage, and felt so utterly astounded while reading this letter, that I could scarcely finish it; but this did not prevent me from observing how cleverly Diderot affected a gentler, more flattering, and more polite tone than in any of his other letters, in which he at most addressed me as "my dear," without condescending to call me "friend." I easily perceived the indirect means by which this letter had reached me: the address, style, and the way in which it arrived, betrayed the roundabout manner of proceeding clumsily enough; for we usually corresponded

through the post or the Montmorency messenger, and this was the first and only time that he made use of the present method of communication.

When my first transports of indignation permitted me to write, I hastily threw off the following reply, which I immediately took from the Hermitage, where I was at the time, to La Chevrette, to show it to Madame d'Epinay, to whom, in my blind passion, I intended to read it, as well as Diderot's letter.

"My dear friend, you cannot know either the extent of my obligations to Madame d'Epinay, or how far they are binding, or whether she has really need of me on her journey, or wishes me to accompany her, or whether it is possible for me to do so, or the reasons I may have for refusing. I do not object to discuss all these points with you; but, in the meantime, you must admit that to dictate to me so positively what I ought to do, without being in a position to judge, is, my dear philosopher, to talk nonsense. The worst thing about it is, that I see that the opinion is not your own. Not to mention that I am little disposed to allow myself to be led by a third or fourth person under your name, I find in these indirect acts a certain amount of underhandedness, which ill suits your frankness, which, for both our sakes, you will do well to avoid for the future.

"You express yourself afraid that my conduct may be misinterpreted; but I defy a heart like yours to venture to think ill of mine. Others would perhaps speak better of me, if I were more like them. Heaven preserve me from gaining their approval! Let the wicked spy upon me and interpret my conduct as they please. Rousseau is not a man to fear them, or Diderot a man to listen to them.

"You wish me to throw your letter in the fire if it displeases me, and to think no more about it. Do you think that what comes from you can be so easily forgotten? My dear friend, you hold my tears, in the pain which you cause me, as cheap as my life and health, in the care which you exhort me to take. If you could correct yourself of this, your friendship would be so much the sweeter to me, and I should be so much the less to be pitied."

On entering Madame d'Epinay's room, I found Grimm with her, which delighted me. I read to them, in a loud and clear voice, my two letters, with an intrepidity of which I should not have believed myself capable, and, when I had finished, I added

a few remarks which did not belie it. I saw that this unexpected audacity on the part of a man usually so timid astonished and astounded them both. They did not answer a word. Above all, I saw that arrogant man cast down his eyes, not venturing to meet the angry flashes from my own; but, at the same instant, in the bottom of his heart, he was vowing my destruction, and I am positive that they agreed upon it before they parted.

It was about this time that I at last received, through Madame d'Houdetot, Saint-Lambert's letter (Packet A, No. 57), dated from Wolfenbittel, a few days after his accident, written in answer to mine, which had been greatly delayed on the road. This reply afforded me some consolation, which I greatly needed at that moment, in the proofs of esteem and friendship of which it was full, and which gave me the courage and strength to deserve them. From that moment I did my duty; but it is certain that, if Saint-Lambert had shown himself less sensible, less generous, less a man of honour, I should have been lost beyond recall.

The weather became bad, and people were beginning to leave the country. Madame d'Houdetot informed me of the day on which she intended to come and say good-bye to our valley, and made an appointment to meet me at Eaubonne. It so happened that it was the day on which Madame d'Epinay was leaving La Chevette for Paris, in order to make her final preparations for her journey. Fortunately, she set out in the morning, and I still had time, after leaving her, to go and dine with her sister-in-law. I had Saint-Lambert's letter in my pocket, and read it several times as I walked along. It acted as a shield against my weakness. I made and kept the resolution to see in Madame d'Houdetot nothing but my friend and my friend's mistress; and I spent four or five hours in her company, *tête-à-tête*, in a delightful calm, infinitely preferable, even in the matter of enjoyment, to the attacks of burning fever which I had hitherto felt in her presence. As she knew only too well that my heart was unchanged, she was grateful for the efforts I had made to control myself; it increased her esteem for me, and I had the pleasure of seeing that her friendship for me was not extinguished. She informed me of the speedy return of Saint-

Lambert, who, although he had almost recovered from his attack, was no longer in a condition to endure the fatigues of war, and was leaving the service in order to live quietly with her. We formed the charming plan of an intimate companionship between us three, and we had reason to hope that the execution of this plan would be lasting in its results, seeing that all the feelings which can unite upright and feeling hearts were the foundation of it, and we combined, in our three selves, sufficient talents and knowledge to render any foreign elements unnecessary. Alas! while abandoning myself to the prospect of so charming a life, I little thought of that which awaited me.

We afterwards spoke of my relations with Madame d'Epinay. I showed her Diderot's letter, together with my answer; I told her all the circumstances connected with it, and informed her of my resolution to leave the Hermitage. She vigorously opposed it, and with arguments which were all-powerful with my heart. She declared that she would have much liked me to go with her to Geneva, as she foresaw that she would inevitably be compromised by my refusal; indeed, Diderot's letter seemed to announce it beforehand. However, as she knew my reasons as well as myself, she did not insist upon this point; but she begged me at any price to avoid scandal, and to palliate my refusal by reasons sufficiently plausible to remove the unjust suspicion that she had anything to do with it. I told her that it was no easy task that she was imposing upon me; but that, being resolved to atone for my offences, even at the cost of my reputation, I desired to give the preference to hers, as far as honour would allow me to go. It will soon be seen whether I knew how to keep my promise.

I can swear that, far from my unfortunate passion having lost any of its force, I never loved my Sophie so fondly, so tenderly, as on that day. But Saint-Lambert's letter, my sense of duty, and horror of treachery, made such an impression upon me that, during the whole of the interview, my senses left me completely at peace in her company, and I was not even tempted to kiss her hand. At parting, she kissed me before her servants. This kiss, so different from those which I had sometimes stolen from her beneath the trees, was a guarantee to me that I had regained

command over myself. I am nearly certain that, if my heart had had time to strengthen itself without interruption, three months would have been more than enough to cure me completely.

Here end my personal relations with Madame d'Houdetot: relations, of which every man has been able to judge by appearances according to the nature of his own heart, but in which the passion with which this amiable woman inspired me, the liveliest passion that a man has perhaps ever felt, will always be honoured, in Heaven's sight and our own, by the rare and painful sacrifices which we both made to duty, honour, love and friendship. We had too high an opinion of each other to be able to degrade ourselves easily. We must have been utterly unworthy of esteem to make up our minds to lose a mutual regard of such great value; and the energy of our feelings, which might have made us guilty, was the very thing which prevented us from becoming so.

Thus, after a long friendship for the one of these two women, and a deep affection for the other, I took farewell of both on the same day: of one, never to see her again in my life; of the other, only to see her twice more, upon occasions of which I shall afterwards speak.

After their departure, I found myself greatly embarrassed how to fulfil so many urgent and contradictory obligations, the result of my follies. If I had been in my natural position, after the proposal of the journey to Geneva had been made and I had declined it, I need only have remained quiet, and there would have been nothing more to be said. But I had foolishly made of it a matter which could not remain where it was, and I could only avoid further explanation by leaving the Hermitage, which I had just promised Madame d'Houdetot not to do, at least for the present. Besides, she had asked me to make my excuses for my refusal to my so-called friends, to prevent it being laid to her charge. And yet I could not declare the real reason without insulting Madame d'Epinay, to whom I certainly owed some gratitude, after all that she had done for me. After carefully considering everything, I found myself confronted by the cruel but unavoidable alternatives, of showing disrespect to Madame d'Epinay, Madame d'Houdetot, or myself:

I chose the last. I chose it boldly, unreservedly, without shuffling, and with a generosity which surely deserved to expiate the offences which had reduced me to such an extremity. This sacrifice, which my enemies perhaps expected, and by which they have known how to profit, has caused the ruin of my reputation, and, thanks to their efforts, has robbed me of the esteem of the public; but it has restored to me my own, and has consoled me in my misfortunes. This is not the last time, as will be seen, that I have made similar sacrifices, nor the last time that they have been taken advantage of to overwhelm me.

Grimm was the only one who appeared to have taken no part in this affair; and it was to him that I resolved to address myself. I wrote a long letter to him, in which I exposed the absurdity of wishing me to look upon it as my duty to take the journey to Geneva, the uselessness of it, even the embarrassment I should have been to Madame d'Epainay, and the inconveniences which would have resulted to myself. In this letter, I could not resist the temptation of letting him see that I was well informed, and that it seemed to me singular that anyone should expect me to undertake the journey, while he himself was considered exempt, and his name was not even mentioned. This letter, in which, owing to its being impossible for me to state my reasons outright, I was often obliged to wander from the point, might have presented the appearance of guilt to the general public; but it was a model of prudence and discretion for those who, like Grimm, were well acquainted with the facts, which I did not mention in it, and which fully justified my conduct. I did not even shrink from exciting a further prejudice against myself, by foisting Diderot's advice upon my other friends, in order to hint that Madame d'Houdetot had thought the same, as in fact was the case, and by avoiding to mention that, in consequence of my arguments, she had changed her opinion. There was no better way of clearing her from the suspicion of connivance on her part, than by seeming to be dissatisfied with her conduct in this respect.

This letter concluded with an exhibition of confidence by which any other man would have been touched. While I exhorted Grimm to consider my reasons well, and afterwards to

inform me of his opinion, I gave him to understand that his advice, whatever it might be, would be followed. Such was really my intention, even if he had declared himself in favour of my going. As M. d'Epinaÿ had undertaken to be his wife's escort on the journey, my company would have assumed quite a different aspect: whereas, at first, it was I who was asked to undertake this duty, and there was no question of M. d'Epinaÿ until I had refused.

Grimm did not reply for some time. His answer was curious. I will here give a copy of it (See Packet A, No. 59):

"Madame d'Epinaÿ's departure is put off; her son is ill, and she is obliged to wait until he has recovered. I will think over your letter. Stay quietly at your Hermitage. I will let you know my opinion in time. As she will certainly not leave for some days, there is no hurry. Meanwhile, if you think fit, you can make your offers to her, although that appears to me a matter of indifference. For, as I know your position as well as you know it yourself, I have no doubt that she will reply to them as she ought. It seems to me that the only thing to be gained by it is, that you will be able to say to those who urge you, that, if you do not go, it will not be for want of having offered your services. Besides, I do not see why you think it absolutely necessary that the philosopher should be the speaking-trumpet of all the world; and why do you imagine, because his advice is that you should go, that all your friends are of the same opinion? If you write to Madame d'Epinaÿ, her answer may serve as a reply to all those friends, since you set such great store upon replying to them. Adieu. I salute Madame le Vasseur and the 'Criminal.'"¹

Greatly astonished by the perusal of this letter, I anxiously endeavoured to find out what it might mean, but in vain. What! instead of sending me a simple answer to my letter, he takes time to think over it, as if the time he had already taken had not been enough! He even informs me of the state of suspense in which he desires to keep me, as if it were a question of a difficult problem which had to be solved, or as if it was

¹ M. le Vasseur was in the habit of calling his wife, who ruled him rather strictly, the "Criminal-Lieutenant." Grimm, in jest, gave the same name to the daughter, and, for shortness, afterwards omitted the second word.

important to him to deprive me of every means of clearly understanding his feelings, until the moment when he should be pleased to declare them to me! What could be the meaning of all these precautions, this delay, this secrecy? Is this the way to respond to confidence? Does this look like honourable and upright behaviour? I sought in vain for some favourable interpretation of his conduct; I found none. Whatever his intention might be, his position made it easy for him to carry it out, if it was hostile to myself, while my own made it impossible for me to put any obstacle in his way. A favourite in the house of a great Prince, with many acquaintances in the world, a man who gave the tone to the society in which we moved, whose oracle he was, he was able, with the help of his usual cleverness, to arrange all his machinery as he pleased; whereas I, alone in my Hermitage, far from all, without anyone to advise me, without communication with the outside world, could do nothing but wait and remain quiet. All I did was to write to Madame d'Epinay, about her son's illness, as polite a letter as could possibly be, but in which I did not walk into the snare of offering to accompany her on her journey.

After long waiting, in a state of cruel anxiety, into which this barbarous man had plunged me, I heard, eight or ten days later, that Madame d'Epinay had set out, and I received a second letter from him. It contained only seven or eight lines, which I did not read through. . . . It proclaimed a rupture, but in terms such as only the most infernal hate can dictate, and which, from his eagerness to make them offensive, seemed almost silly. He forbade me to enter his presence as he might have warned me off his estates. His letter, to make it appear ridiculous, only needed to be read with greater calmness. Without copying it, without even reading it to the end, I sent it back to him immediately with the following note:

"I refused to listen to my just suspicions. Too late I understand your character.

"This, then, is the letter which you wanted time to think over. I send it back to you; it is not for me. You can show mine to all the world, and hate me without concealment: that will be one falsehood less on your part."

The permission which I gave him to show my preceding letter referred to a passage in his own, from which the reader will be enabled to judge of the profound adroitness with which he acted throughout the whole affair.

I have said that, in the opinion of the uninitiated, my letter might have afforded many opportunities for attacking me. He was delighted to see it; but how was he to take advantage of it without compromising himself? If he showed the letter, he exposed himself to the reproach of abusing his friend's confidence.

To relieve himself from this embarrassment, he determined to break off his relations with me in the most cutting manner possible, and to make me feel, in his letter, the favour which he did me by not showing mine. He felt quite certain that, in my indignant anger, I should reject his pretended discretion, and allow him to show my letter to everybody. This was exactly what he wanted, and everything turned out as he had planned. He sent my letter all round Paris, together with remarks of his own, which, however, did not prove so successful as he had expected. It was not considered that the permission to show my letter, which he had known how to extort from me, exempted him from reproach, for having so lightly taken me at my word in order to injure me. People kept asking what personal wrong I had done to him that could justify so violent a hatred. At last they came to the conclusion that, even if they had been of such a nature as to oblige him to break with me, friendship, even though extinguished, still had rights which he ought to have respected. But, unfortunately, Paris is frivolous. Impressions of the moment are soon forgotten. The unfortunate man who is absent is neglected; the prosperous man inspires respect by his presence. The game of intrigue and wickedness continues, and is renewed; and its effects, unceasingly reviving, soon efface the past.

This was the way in which this man, after having so long deceived me, at last threw off the mask, convinced that, in the state to which he had brought matters, he no longer needed it. Relieved from all apprehension of being unjust towards this wretch, I left him to his own reflections, and ceased to think of him. Eight days after the receipt of his letter, I received from

Geneva an answer from Madame d'Epinay to my former letter (Packet B, No. 10). I saw, from the tone which she assumed for the first time in her life, that both, reckoning upon the success of their plans, were acting in concert, and that, looking upon me as a man lost beyond all hope of safety, they intended to devote themselves from that time forth, without any risk, to the pleasure of completely crushing me.

In fact, my condition was most deplorable. I saw all my friends leaving me, without my knowing how or why. Diderot, who boasted of alone remaining faithful to me, and who had, for three months past, promised to pay me a visit, never came at all. The winter now began to make itself felt, and, with it, attacks of my usual complaints. My constitution, although vigorous, had been unable to sustain the conflicts of so many contradictory passions. I was in a state of exhaustion, which left me neither strength nor courage to resist anything. Even if my promises, even if the continued remonstrances of Diderot and Madame d'Houdetot had allowed me to leave the Hermitage at this moment, I did not know either where to go or how to drag myself there. I remained stupid and motionless, without power to think or act. The mere idea of taking a step, of writing a letter, of saying a word, made me shudder. However, I could not leave Madame d'Epinay's letter unanswered, without confessing that I deserved the treatment with which she and her friend overwhelmed me. I decided to communicate my feelings and resolutions to her, not doubting for a moment that the feelings of humanity, generosity, propriety, and the good qualities which I believed I had recognised in her, in spite of those that were bad, would make her hasten to agree with me. My letter was as follows:

"THE HERMITAGE, *November 23rd*, 1757.

"If one could die of grief, I should not be alive now. But at last I have made up my mind. All friendship between us is over, madam; but that which no longer exists still preserves its rights, which I know how to respect. I have by no means forgotten your kindness towards me, and you can reckon upon all the gratitude which a man can feel for one whom he can no longer love. All further explanation would be useless: I keep my own conscience, and refer you to your own.

"I wanted to leave the Hermitage, and I ought to have done

so. But it is declared that I must remain here until spring; and since my friends desire it, I will remain until then, if you consent to it."

After this letter had been written and despatched, my only thought was to remain quiet at the Hermitage, take care of my health, endeavour to recover my strength, and make arrangements to leave in the spring, without creating any disturbance, or openly proclaiming the rupture. But this was not what M. Grimm and Madame d'Epinay reckoned upon, as will be seen directly.

A few days later, I at last had the pleasure of receiving from Diderot the visit which he had so often promised, and as often failed to keep his word. It could not have occurred at a more opportune moment; he was my oldest friend; he was almost the only friend I had left; under these circumstances, my delight at seeing him may be imagined. My heart was full; I poured its contents into his. I enlightened him upon many facts which had been kept from him, or had been disguised or invented. I told him what I felt justified in telling him of all that had taken place. I made no pretence of concealing from him what he knew only too well—that a love, as unfortunate as it was foolish, had been the instrument of my destruction; but I never admitted that Madame d'Houdetot knew of it, or, at least, that I had declared it to her. I told him of Madame d'Epinay's unworthy artifices to intercept the very innocent letters written to me by her sister-in-law. I desired that he should learn these details from the lips of the persons whom she had attempted to seduce. Thérèse gave him an exact account of everything; but my feelings may be imagined, when it came to the mother's turn, and I heard her declare and maintain that she knew nothing at all about it! This was her statement, in which she never wavered. Not four days since, she had repeated all the details to me, and then, in my friend's presence, she flatly contradicted me. This attitude appeared to me decisive; and I then keenly felt my imprudence in having so long kept such a woman near me. I did not break out into invectives; I hardly condescended to say a few contemptuous words to her. I felt how much I owed to the daughter, whose unassailable uprightness contrasted

strongly with her mother's contemptible cowardice. But, from that moment, my mind was made up in regard to the old woman, and I only waited for a suitable opportunity to carry out my determination.

This opportunity came sooner than I had expected. On the 10th of December I received an answer from Madame d'Epinay. Its contents were as follows (Packet B, No. 11):

"GENEVA, *December 1st, 1757.*

"After having given you, for several years, every possible proof of friendship and sympathy, I can now only pity you. You are very unhappy. I wish your conscience may be as clear as mine. That may be necessary for your future tranquillity.

"Since you wanted to leave the Hermitage, and ought to have done so, I am astonished that your friends have prevented you. As for myself, I do not consult my friends as to my duties, and I have nothing more to say to you concerning yours."

A dismissal so unexpected, but so clearly expressed, did not leave me a moment to hesitate. I was bound to leave the Hermitage at once, whatever the weather or the state of my health might be, even if I had to sleep in the woods or on the snow, with which the ground was covered, and in spite of anything Madame d'Houdetot might say or do; for, although I was ready to humour her in everything, I was not prepared to disgrace myself.

I found myself in the most terrible embarrassment of my life; but my mind was made up: I swore that, whatever might happen, I would not sleep in the Hermitage after a week. I set about removing my effects, having determined to leave them in the open field rather than keep the key longer than the week; for I was anxious, above all, that everything should be settled before anyone could write to Geneva and receive an answer. I was filled with a courage which I had never felt before: all my vigour had returned to me. Honour and indignation, upon which Madame d'Epinay had not reckoned, restored it to me. Fortune assisted my boldness. M. Mathas, *procureur fiscal*¹ of M. le Prince de Condé, heard of my difficulties. He offered me a little house

¹ The attorney who prosecutes in all cases in which the lord paramount or the public are concerned.

which stood in his garden at Mont-Louis, in Montmorency. I accepted his offer with eagerness and gratitude. The bargain was soon concluded. I hastily bought some furniture, in addition to what I had already, that Thérèse and myself might have a bed to sleep on. With great trouble, and at great expense, I managed to get my goods removed in a cart. In spite of the ice and snow, my removal was effected in two days, and, on the 15th of December, I gave up the keys of the Hermitage, after having paid the gardener's wages, as I could not pay my rent.

I told Madame le Vasseur that we must separate; her daughter tried to shake my resolution, but I was inflexible. I saw her off to Paris in the messenger's cart, with all the furniture and effects belonging to her and her daughter in common. I gave her some money, and undertook to pay for her lodging with her children or elsewhere, to provide for her as long as it was in my power, and never to let her want for bread as long as I had any myself.

Lastly, the day after my arrival at Mont-Louis, I wrote the following letter to Madame d'Epinay:

"MONTMORENCY, *December 17th, 1757.*

"Madam,—Nothing is so simple or so necessary as to leave your house, since you do not approve of my remaining there. As you refused to allow me to spend the rest of the winter at the Hermitage, I left it on the 15th of December. I was fated to enter and to leave it in spite of myself. I thank you for the stay which you invited me to make there, and I would thank you still more if I had paid less dearly for it. You are right in thinking that I am unhappy: no one in the world knows better than yourself the extent of that unhappiness. If it is a misfortune to be deceived in the choice of one's friends, it is equally cruel to be disabused of so pleasant a mistake."

Such is the true story of my stay at the Hermitage, and of the reasons which caused me to leave it. I have been unable to interrupt this narrative, and it was important to give the most exact details, since this period of my life has exercised an influence upon the future, the effects of which will last to my dying day.

BOOK X

[1758]

THE extraordinary energy with which a temporary irritation had enabled me to leave the Hermitage, left me as soon as I was out of it. I was no sooner settled in my new abode than severe and frequent attacks of retention of urine were complicated by the fresh inconvenience of a rupture, which had for some time tortured me, without my knowing that it was one. I soon became subject to the most painful attacks. My old friend Thierry came to see me, and enlightened me as to my condition. Probes, bougies, bandages, all the preparations for the infirmities of age which were collected around me, made me feel rudely, that one can no longer have a young heart without suffering for it, when the body has ceased to be young. The fine weather did not restore my strength, and I passed the whole of 1758 in a state of weakness which made me believe that I was near the end of my career. I saw it approaching almost with eagerness. Cured of idle dreams of friendship, separated from everything which had made me fond of life, I no longer saw anything in it which could make it agreeable; I saw nothing but misery and suffering, which prevented me from all self-enjoyment. I yearned for the moment when I should be free and beyond the reach of my enemies. But let us take up the thread of events again.

It appears that my retirement to Montmorency disconcerted Madame d'Epinay; probably she had not expected it. My melancholy condition, the severity of the weather, and my general loneliness, made her and Grimm believe that, by driving me to the last extremity, they would compel me to cry for mercy, and to degrade myself to the depths of meanness, in order to be left in the refuge which honour ordered me to leave. I

changed my quarters so abruptly that they had not time to anticipate the step; no alternative was left to them except to go double or quits and ruin me completely, or to endeavour to get me back. Grimm was in favour of the former; but I believe that Madame d'Epinaÿ would have preferred the latter. I am inclined to believe this from her answer to my last letter, in which she adopted a much milder tone, and seemed to open the door to reconciliation. The time she made me wait for an answer—a whole month—is a sufficient indication of the difficulty which she found in giving it a suitable turn, and of the anxious thought which she devoted to it. She could not go further without committing herself; but, after her previous letters, and my abrupt departure from her house, one cannot but be struck by the pains she has taken in this letter not to allow a single uncivil word to creep in. In order that the reader may judge for himself, I will give it in full (Packet B, No. 23):

“GENEVA, *January 17th, 1758.*

“Sir.—I did not receive your letter of the 17th of December until yesterday. It was sent to me in a box filled with different things, which has been all this time on its way. I will only answer the postscript; as for the letter itself, I do not clearly understand it; and, if it were possible for us to come to an explanation, I would gladly set down all that has passed to a misunderstanding. To return to the postscript. You may remember that we agreed that the gardener's wages should be paid through you, to make him feel that he was dependent upon you, and to spare you the laughable and unseemly scenes which his predecessor had caused. A proof of this is, that his first quarter's wages was handed to you, and, a few days before I left, I arranged with you to repay what you advanced. I know that at first you made a difficulty about it; but I had asked you to make these advances; I had merely to discharge my obligations, and this we agreed upon. Cahouet has told me that you refused to accept this money. There must be some mistake about the matter. I have ordered it to be offered to you again; I do not see why you should want to pay my gardener, in spite of our agreement, even beyond the time of your stay at the Hermitage. Therefore, sir, I feel sure that, remembering all that I have the honour to tell you, you will not refuse to take back the money which you have been kind enough to advance.”

After all that passed, being no longer able to trust Madame

d'Epinay, I did not desire to renew my connection with her. I did not answer the letter at all, and our correspondence ended with it. Seeing that I had made up my mind, she did the same; and entering into all the plans of Grimm and the Holbachian clique, she united her efforts with theirs in order to ruin me. While they were working at Paris, she was working at Geneva. Grimm, who afterwards went to join her, finished what she had begun. Tronchin, whom they easily gained over, vigorously assisted them, and became my most violent persecutor, without having the least cause of complaint against me, any more than Grimm. All three, acting together, secretly sowed in Geneva the seed which, four years later, was seen to spring up.

They found more difficulty in Paris, where I was better known, and where people's hearts, less disposed to hatred, did not receive its impressions so easily. In order to deal their blows more adroitly, they began by spreading the report that it was I who had left them. (See Deleyre's letter, Packet B, No. 30.) Starting with that, and pretending to be still my friends, they cleverly sowed the seeds of their malicious accusations, in the form of complaints against the injustice of their friend. The result of this was that their hearers, thrown off their guard, were more inclined to listen to them and to blame me. The secret accusations of treachery and ingratitude were spread with greater precaution, and for that very reason with greater effect. I knew that they accused me of the most heinous crimes, without ever being able to learn in what, according to them, they consisted. All that I could infer from public report was, that they were reduced to these four capital offences: my retirement to the country, my love for Madame d'Houdetot, my refusal to accompany Madame d'Epinay to Geneva, my departure from the Hermitage. If they added other grievances, they took their measures so admirably, that it has been absolutely impossible for me ever to learn what was the nature of them.

From this time, therefore, I think that I can date the establishment of a system, subsequently adopted by those who have the disposal of my destiny, which has met with such rapid success, that it would seem almost marvellous to anyone who does not know how easy it is for everything which assists men's malice to secure approval. I must now endeavour to

explain, as briefly as possible, what is visible to my eyes in this secret and deeply-laid system.

With a name already famous and known throughout Europe, I had preserved the simplicity of my early tastes. My deadly aversion to all that was called party, faction, or cabal, had kept me free and independent, without any other fetters than the attachments of my heart. Alone, a stranger, isolated, without support, without family, attached to nothing but my principles and duties, I followed without flinching the paths of uprightness, never flattering, never favouring anyone at the expense of justice and truth. Besides, during two years spent in solitude and retirement, without hearing any news, without any connection with the affairs of the world, without being informed or curious about anything, I lived, four leagues from Paris, separated from it by my carelessness as far as I should have been by the sea from the island of Tinian.

On the other hand, Grimm, Diderot, and d'Holbach, in the midst of the vortex, lived in the society of the great world, and divided between them nearly all its circles. Great men, wits, men of letters, lawyers, women, all listened to them when they acted in concert. It is easy to see the advantage which such a position gives to three men united against a fourth in a position like my own. It is true that Diderot and d'Holbach were not—at least, I cannot believe it—the men to form very black designs; the one was not wicked enough,¹ the other was not sufficiently clever; but for that very reason they played their game better together. Grimm alone formed his plan in his head, and only disclosed so much of it to the other two as was necessary to enable them to assist in carrying it out. His ascendancy over them made this co-operation easy, and the effect of the whole corresponded to his superior abilities.

With these superior abilities, sensible of the advantage he could derive from our respective positions, he formed the design of utterly destroying my reputation, and changing it into one totally different, without compromising himself, by beginning to

¹ I confess, since I wrote this work, that the glimpses which I have had of the mysteries which surround me, make me afraid that I did not know Diderot.

erect around me an edifice of obscurity which it was impossible for me to penetrate, so as to throw light upon his stratagems, and to unmask him.

This undertaking was difficult, seeing that it was necessary for him to palliate its injustice in the eyes of those who were to assist in it. It was necessary to deceive those who were honourable; it was necessary to keep everyone away from me, and not to leave me a single friend, either great or small. What do I say? it was necessary for him not to allow a single word of truth to penetrate to me. If a single generous man had come and said to me, "You are playing the virtuous man; and yet, look how you are treated, and how you are judged—what have you to say?" Truth would have triumphed, and Grimm would have been lost. He knew it; but he had sounded his own heart, and estimated men at their true value. I regret, for the honour of humanity, that he calculated so accurately.

In these underground paths, his steps, to be sure, were obliged to be slow. He has for twelve years pursued his plans, and the most difficult thing still remains for him to do—to deceive the entire public. There are eyes which have watched him more closely than he thinks. He is afraid of this, and does not yet venture to expose his plot to the light of day.¹ But he has found the least difficult way of accompanying it with power, and this power disposes of me. With this to support him, he proceeds with less risk. As the satellites of power as a rule think but little of uprightness, and still less of frankness, he need not fear the indiscretion of any honourable man. Above all, it is necessary for him that I should be surrounded by impenetrable darkness, and that his plot should always be concealed from me, since he well knows that, however skilfully he may have laid his plans, they would never be able to resist a look from me. His great cleverness consists in appearing to treat me indulgently, while in reality defaming me, and in giving his perfidy the appearance of generosity.

I felt the first effects of this system through the secret accusations of the Holbachian clique, without it being possible for me

¹ Since these words were written, he has taken the plunge with the most complete and inconceivable success. I believe that it is Tronchin who has supplied him with the courage and the means.

to know, or even to conjecture, what formed the subject of these accusations. Deleyre, in his letters, told me that I was accused of most disgraceful offences. Diderot, more mysteriously, told me the same thing; and when I entered upon an explanation with both, the whole was reduced to the four heads already mentioned. I became conscious of a growing coolness in Madame d'Houdetot's letters. I could not attribute this coolness to Saint-Lambert, who continued to correspond with me with the same friendliness, and even came to see me after his return. Nor could I blame myself either, since we had parted very amicably, and, on my side, I had done nothing since then, except leave the Hermitage, a step which she herself had felt to be necessary. Consequently, not knowing what to consider responsible for this coolness—which she did not admit, although my heart could not be deceived—I felt generally uneasy. I knew that she was extremely cautious in her behaviour to her sister-in-law and Grimm, on account of their relation to Saint-Lambert; I was afraid of their schemes. This agitation reopened my wounds, and made our correspondence so stormy, that she became quite disgusted. I caught a glimpse of a thousand cruel circumstances, without seeing anything distinctly. My position was most unbearable for a man whose fancy is so easily inflamed. If I had been altogether isolated, if I had known nothing at all, I should have been calmer; but my heart still clung to the attachments which gave my enemies a thousand handles against me; and the feeble rays which penetrated my refuge only served to show me the blackness of the mysteries which were concealed from me.

I have no doubt that I should have succumbed to this cruel torture, which was too much for my frank and open disposition, which, while it makes it utterly impossible for me to conceal my own feelings, makes me fear everything from those which are concealed from me; but, fortunately, other things presented themselves, sufficiently interesting to my heart to create a healthy diversion from those which, in spite of myself, engaged my attention. During the last visit which Diderot had paid to the Hermitage, he had spoken to me about the article on "Geneva" which D'Alembert had inserted in the "Encyclopaedia;" he had told me that this article, which had been agreed

upon together with some Genevese of high standing, had in view the establishment of a theatre at Geneva; that the necessary steps had been taken, and that it would soon be carried out. As Diderot seemed to look favourably upon the scheme, and had no doubt of its success, and as I had too many other things to discuss with him to have time to argue further upon the point, I said nothing; but, feeling indignant at all these intrigues to corrupt my country, I awaited with impatience the volume of the "Encyclopaedia" which contained the article, that I might see whether I could not find some means of answering it in such a manner as to ward off the blow. I received the volume soon after I was settled at Mont-Louis, and I found that the article was written with considerable skill and cleverness, and was worthy of the pen from which it had proceeded. However, this did not deter me from my intention of replying to it; and, in spite of my low spirits, in spite of my grief and suffering, the severity of the weather, and the uncomfortableness of my new abode, in which I had not yet had time to settle down, I set to work with an eagerness which overcame all.

During a somewhat severe winter, in the month of February, and in the condition I have already described, I spent two hours, morning and afternoon, in an open turret at the bottom of the garden in which my house stood. This turret, which stood at the end of a terraced walk, looked upon the valley and fish-pond of Montmorency, and showed me in the distance, as far as I could see, the simple but stately château of Saint-Gratien, the retreat of the virtuous Catinat. In this place, which at that time was bitterly cold, unsheltered from the wind and snow, and with no other fire except that in my heart, I composed, in three weeks, my letter to D'Alembert upon Theatres. This was the first of my writings—for "Julie" was not half finished—in which I have found delight in work. Hitherto, virtuous indignation had been my Apollo; on this occasion, tenderness and gentleness of soul supplied his place. The injustices of which I had only been a spectator had irritated me: those by which I had myself been attacked saddened me; and this sadness, free from all gall and bitterness, was nothing but the sadness of a too loving and tender heart, which, deceived by those whom it believed to be of its own

stamp, had been forced to retire into itself. Full of all that had just happened to me, still shaken by so many violent emotions, my heart mingled the feelings of its sufferings with the ideas with which meditation upon my subject had inspired me: my work showed evident traces of this mingling. Without perceiving it, I described my situation at that time: I portrayed Grimm, Madame d'Epinay, Madame d'Houdetot, Saint-Lambert and myself. While writing, what delightful tears I shed! Alas! in what I wrote it is only too evident that love, the fatal love of which I was doing my utmost to cure myself, was not yet banished from my heart. With all this was mingled a certain feeling of tenderness in regard to myself, as I felt that I was dying, and believed that I was saying farewell to the public for the last time. Far from being alarmed at death, I beheld its approach with joy, but I felt regret at leaving my fellows before they had learned to appreciate me properly, before they knew how much I should have deserved their affection if they had known me better. These are the secret reasons of the singular tone which prevails in this work, and which offers so striking a contrast to that which preceded it.¹

I revised and made a fair copy of this letter, and was about to get it printed, when, after a long silence, I received a letter from Madame d'Houdetot, which overwhelmed me with a fresh affliction, the most painful that I had as yet suffered. She told me in this letter (Packet B, No. 34), that my passion for her was known throughout Paris; that I had spoken of it to persons who had made it public; that these rumours had reached the ears of her lover, and had nearly cost him his life; that at last he did her justice, and that they had become reconciled; but that she owed it to him, as well as to herself and her reputation, to break off all intercourse with me; that, in the meanwhile, she assured me that they would never cease to take an interest in me, that they would defend me before the public, and that she would send from time to time to inquire after me.

"And you too, Diderot!" I exclaimed. Unworthy friend! Nevertheless, I could not make up my mind to condemn him yet. My weakness was known by other persons who might have

¹ The "*Discours sur l'inégalité des Conditions.*"

caused it to be talked about. I wanted to doubt; but soon I was unable to do so any longer. Soon afterwards, Saint-Lambert behaved in a manner worthy of his generosity. Knowing my heart tolerably well, he guessed the state of mind in which I must be, betrayed by one section of my friends, and abandoned by the rest. He came to see me. When he came first, he had very little time to spare. He came again. Unfortunately, as I did not expect him, I was not at home. Thérèse, who was, had a conversation with him, which lasted more than two hours, in the course of which they told each other of several things which it was of great importance for both of us to know. The surprise with which I learned that no one doubted that I had lived with Madame d'Epinay, as Grimm was living with her at that time, was only equalled by his own, when he learned that the report was utterly false. Saint-Lambert, to the lady's great displeasure, was in the same case as myself; and all the explanations, which were the result of this conversation, utterly stifled any regrets I may have felt at having irrevocably broken with her. As for Madame d'Houdetot, he gave Thérèse a detailed account of many circumstances with which neither she nor even Madame d'Houdetot were acquainted—things which I alone knew, which I had mentioned to Diderot alone under the seal of friendship; and it was Saint-Lambert himself to whom he had chosen to confide them. This finally decided me. Resolved to break with Diderot once and for all, I had nothing further to think about, except the manner of doing it; for I had perceived that secret ruptures always proved prejudicial to me, since they left the mask of friendship to my most cruel enemies.

The rules of good breeding established in the world upon this point seem to be dictated by the spirit of falsehood and treachery. To appear to be the friend of a man, when one has ceased to be so, is to reserve to oneself the means of injuring him by deceiving honourable men. I recalled to mind that when the illustrious Montesquieu broke with Father de Tournemine, he hastened to announce it openly, and said to everybody, "Do not listen either to Father de Tournemine or myself, when one speaks of the other, for we are no longer friends." His conduct was highly applauded, and its frankness and generosity were

universally praised. I determined to follow his example in dealing with Diderot; but how was I to announce the rupture authentically from my retreat, and, in addition, without causing a scandal? I decided to insert in my work, in the form of a note, a passage from Ecclesiasticus, which announced it and even the attendant circumstances, in terms sufficiently clear to anyone who was well informed, while it had no meaning for others. I further took care only to allude to the friend whom I was renouncing in the respectful terms which are always due to friendship even when it no longer exists. All this may be seen in the work itself.

There is nothing in this world but good and bad fortune;¹ and it appears that in adversity every act of courage is a crime. The very same thing which had been admired in Montesquieu only brought upon me blame and reproach. As soon as my work was printed and I had received copies of it, I sent one to Saint-Lambert, who, the very day before, had written to me, in Madame d'Houdetot's name and his own, a letter full of the tenderest expressions of friendship (Packet B, No. 37). He returned my copy, accompanied by the following letter (Packet B, No. 38):

"EAUBONNE, *October 10th, 1758.*

"Really, sir, I am unable to accept the present which you have just sent me. At the passage in your Preface, where, mentioning Diderot, you quote a passage from Ecclesiastes" (he is wrong, it is Ecclesiasticus), "the book fell from my hands. After our conversations during this summer, you appeared to me to be convinced that Diderot was innocent of the pretended indiscretions which you laid to his charge. He may have treated you wrongly; I do not know; but I do know that this does not give you the right to insult him publicly. You are not ignorant of the persecutions to which he has to submit, and now you unite the voice of an old friend to the cries of the envious! I cannot conceal from you, sir, how greatly this outrageous conduct shocks me. I do not live with Diderot, but I honour him, and I feel keenly the pain which you cause to a man whom you have never reproached, at least in my presence, with anything more than a little weakness. Sir, we differ too much in our

¹ *Il n'y a qu'heur et malheur dans ce monde*: a proverbial expression, meaning, "In this world everything depends upon luck."

principles ever to be able to agree. Forget my existence; this ought not to be difficult for you. I have never done men either good or harm which they remember for long. I promise you, sir, to forget your person, and to remember your talents alone."

I felt no less afflicted than indignant, when I read this letter, and, in the excess of my wretchedness, finding my pride again, I replied to him as follows:

"MONTMORENCY, *October 11th, 1758.*

"Sir,—When I read your letter, I did you the honour of being surprised at it, and I was foolish enough to be affected by it; but now I find that it is unworthy of an answer.

"I have no wish to continue the copies for Madame d'Houdetot. If it is not agreeable to her to keep what she has, she can send it back to me; I will return her money. If she keeps it, she must still send for the rest of her paper and money. I beg, at the same time, that she will return me the prospectus which she has in her keeping. Farewell, sir."

Courage in misfortune irritates cowardly hearts, but pleases those that are generous. It appears that this letter caused Saint-Lambert to reflect, and that he was sorry for what he had done; but, being too proud on his side to admit it openly, he seized, perhaps prepared, the means of deadening the force of the blow which he had dealt me. A fortnight later, I received the following letter from M. d'Epinay (Packet B, No. 10):

Thursday, 26th.

"Sir,—I have received the book which you have been kind enough to send me; I read it with great pleasure. This is always the feeling with which I have read all the works which have proceeded from your pen. Accept my best thanks for it. I would have offered them to you in person, if my affairs had allowed me to stay any time in your neighbourhood; but I have lived very little this year at La Chevrette. M. and Madame Dupin are coming to dine with me next Sunday. I expect that MM. de Francueil and Saint-Lambert, and Madame d'Houdetot will be of the party. You would do me a real favour by consenting to join us. All those who will be my guests are anxious for your company, and will be delighted to share with me the pleasure of spending a portion of the day with you. I have the honour to be, with the most perfect esteem, etc."

This letter made my heart beat terribly. After having been for a year the talk of Paris, the idea of going to exhibit myself

before Madame d'Houdetot made me tremble, and I could scarcely muster up sufficient courage to sustain this ordeal. However, since she and Saint-Lambert desired it, since D'Epina spoke in the name of all those who had been invited, and mentioned no one whom I should not be glad to see, I came to the conclusion that, after all, I was not compromising myself by accepting an invitation to dinner which was sent me, as it were, by all the guests. I accordingly promised to go. On Sunday, the weather was bad: M. d'Epina sent his carriage for me, and I went.

My arrival created a sensation. I have never met with a more cordial reception. One would have said that the whole company felt how greatly I needed cheering. Only French hearts know how to show tenderness of this kind. However, I found more people there than I had expected; amongst others, the Comte d'Houdetot, whom I did not know at all, and his sister, Madame de Blainville, whose company I could very well have dispensed with. She had visited Eaubonne several times during the preceding year; and her sister-in-law, during our solitary walks, had often made her dance attendance until she was tired out. She cherished a resentment against me which she gratified during this dinner to her heart's content; for it may be guessed that the presence of the Comte d'Houdetot and Saint-Lambert did not give me the laugh on my side, and that a man who found himself at a loss during the most ordinary conversations did not shine very much on that occasion. I have never suffered so much, never cut such a bad figure, or been subjected to more unexpected attacks. When at length we left the table, I escaped from this vixen; I had the pleasure of seeing Saint-Lambert and Madame d'Houdetot come up to me, and we talked together during part of the afternoon, concerning matters which it is true were of no importance, but with the same familiarity as before my fit of madness. This friendliness did not escape my heart; and if Saint-Lambert had been able to read therein, he would certainly have been satisfied. I can swear that, although, on my arrival, the sight of Madame d'Houdetot caused my heart to beat so violently that I almost fainted, when I took my leave I scarcely thought of her at all, my mind being entirely occupied with Saint-Lambert.

Notwithstanding Madame de Blainville's spiteful sarcasms, this dinner did me a great deal of good, and I heartily congratulated myself upon not having refused the invitation. It showed me not only that the intrigues of Grimm and the Holbachians had not separated my old friends from me,¹ but, what was still more flattering to me, that the feelings of Madame d'Houdetot and Saint-Lambert were less changed than I had expected; and I at last understood that jealousy had more to do with his keeping her away from me than disesteem. This consoled and calmed me. Sure of not being an object of contempt to those whom I esteemed, I worked upon my own heart with greater courage and success. If I did not succeed in completely extinguishing in it a guilty and unfortunate passion, I at least kept its remains so well in order, that since that time they have not caused me to commit a single error. Madame d'Houdetot's copying, which she persuaded me to resume; my works, which I continued to send her when they appeared, still brought me, from time to time, messages and notes from her, of no great importance, but couched in polite terms. She even did more, as will be subsequently seen; and the reciprocal conduct of all the three, after our intercourse had ceased, may serve as an example of the way in which honourable persons separate, when it is no longer agreeable to them to associate.

Another advantage resulting from this dinner was, that it was spoken of in Paris, and served to refute unanswerably the report which was everywhere circulated by my enemies, that I was at daggers-drawn with all those who had been present, especially with M. d'Epinay. On leaving the Hermitage, I had written to him a very polite letter of thanks, to which he replied with equal politeness; and this mutual interchange of civilities continued between ourselves and his brother, M. de Lalive, who even came to see me at Montmorency, and sent me his engravings. With the exception of Madame d'Houdetot's two sisters-in-law, I have never been on bad terms with any member of his family.

My letter to D'Alembert met with great success. All my

¹ This was what, in the simplicity of my heart, I still believed when I wrote my "Confessions."

works had done the same, but this was even more profitable to me. It taught the public to mistrust the Holbachian clique. When I went to the Hermitage, they predicted, with their usual self-assurance, that I should not stop there for three months. When they saw that I stopped twenty, and that, when obliged to leave it, I still remained in the country, they declared that it was pure obstinacy: that I was wearying myself to death in my retirement; but that, eaten up with pride, I preferred to die there, the victim of my own obstinacy, rather than to give in and return to Paris. The letter to D'Alembert breathed a gentleness of soul which it was easy to see was not pretended. If I had been devoured by ill-humour in my retreat, it would have made itself felt in the style of the letter. It showed itself in all the writings which I had written at Paris: it ceased to show itself in the first work which I had written in the country. For those who are capable of observing, this indication was decisive. They saw that I had returned to my proper element.

Nevertheless, this same work, full of gentleness though it was, owing to my awkwardness and my usual ill-luck, made me another enemy in the literary world. At M. de la Poplinière's I had made the acquaintance of Marmontel, and this acquaintance had been kept up at the Baron's. At that time Marmontel was editor of the *Mercure de France*. As I was too proud to send my works to those who wrote for the newspapers, and yet wanted to send him this, without letting him think that it was meant for him in his editorial capacity, or that I desired a notice of it in the *Mercure*, I wrote upon the copy, which I sent him, that it was not intended for the writer of the *Mercure*, but for M. Marmontel. I thought that I was paying him a very graceful compliment; but he appeared to see in it a deadly insult, and became my irreconcilable enemy. He wrote a polite article against my letter, but with evident bitterness; and from that time, he missed no opportunity of injuring me in society and of indirectly attacking me in his works. So difficult is it to manage the irritable *amour-propre* of literary men, and such great care is necessary, in paying them compliments, to leave nothing which can even be suspected of a double meaning.

[1759.]—Thus freed from all anxiety, I employed my leisure

and independence in resuming my literary occupations with greater regularity. I finished "Julie" in the winter, and sent it to Rey, who had it printed in the following year. However, my work was again interrupted by a trifling, but rather unpleasant incident. I heard that arrangements were being made at the Opera for a reproduction of the *Devin du Village*. Highly indignant at the idea of these people so arrogantly claiming the right to dispose of my property, I again took up the memorial which I had sent to M. d'Argenson, to which I had received no reply; and having revised it, I sent it by M. Sellon, together with a letter which he was kind enough to take charge of, to M. le Comte de Saint-Florentin, who had succeeded M. d'Argenson in the management of the Opera. Duclos, whom I informed of what I had done, spoke of it to the "little violins,"¹ who offered to give me back, not my Opera, but my free pass, which was no longer of any use to me. Seeing that I could not hope for justice from any quarter, I gave up the affair; and the directors of the Opera, without either replying or listening to my arguments, continued to make what use they pleased of the *Devin*, which incontestably belongs to me alone,² as if it had been their own property, and to draw profits from it.

Since I had shaken off the yoke of my tyrants, I led a tolerably even and peaceful life; deprived of the charm of two strong attachments, I was also free from the weight of their chains. Disgusted with patronising friends, who wanted to have the absolute disposal of my destiny and to make me the slave of their pretended benefits in spite of myself, I was resolved for the future to keep to connections formed by simple goodwill, which, without putting any restraint upon perfect freedom, constitute the enjoyment of life, and are founded upon a footing of complete equality. I had sufficient connections of this kind to be able to taste the pleasures of society, without being obliged to submit to dependence upon it; and, as soon as I had tried this manner of life, I felt that it was most suitable to my age, to end my days

¹ See page 109.

² It now belongs to them by virtue of a fresh agreement made between us quite recently.

in peace, far beyond the reach of the storms, quarrels, and annoyances by which I had recently been almost swamped.

During my stay at the Hermitage, and since my settlement at Montmorency, I have made some agreeable acquaintances in the neighbourhood, to whom I felt under no obligations. At the head of these was young Loyseau de Mauléon, who was just beginning his career at the Bar, but did not know what position he would take. I had no such doubts as he had. I soon marked out for him a brilliant career, which has culminated in his present position. I predicted to him that, if he was rigidly careful in his choice of cases, and always defended the cause of justice and virtue, his talents, elevated by these lofty sentiments, would make him the equal of the greatest orators. He has followed my advice, and has felt the benefit of it. His defence of M. de Portes is worthy of Demosthenes. He was in the habit of coming every year to spend his vacations at Saint-Brice, a quarter of a league from the Hermitage, in the fief of Mauléon, which belonged to his mother, and where the great Bossuet had formerly lived. It is a fief, in which a succession of such proprietors would render it difficult to keep up the old nobility.

Another of my friends, in the same village, was Guérin the bookseller, a man of wit, learning, and amiable character, and in the first rank of his business. Through him I made the acquaintance of Jean Néaulme, an Amsterdam bookseller, his friend and correspondent, who afterwards printed "Émile." Nearer than Saint-Brice, I had M. Maltor, *curé* of Grosley, more fitted to be a minister and statesman than a village *curé*, who should at least have had the administration of a diocese, if places were bestowed according to ability. He had been secretary to the Comte du Luc, and had known Jean Baptiste Rousseau intimately. As full of esteem for the memory of that illustrious exile as of loathing for that of the rascal Saurin who had ruined him, he knew a number of curious anecdotes about both, which Seguy had not inserted in the as yet unprinted life of the former; and he assured me that the Comte du Luc, far from ever having had reason to complain of him, had preserved the warmest friendship for him to the end of his life. M. Maltor, upon whom M. de Vintimille had bestowed this comfortable retreat

after the death of his patron, had been formerly employed in several affairs, of which, in spite of his years, he still had a vivid recollection, and which he discussed very sensibly. His conversation, as instructive as it was amusing, in no way reminded one of a village *curé*: he combined the air of a man of the world with the learning of a student. Of all my permanent neighbours, he was the one whose society was the most agreeable to me, and whom I left with the greatest regret.

At Montmorency I had the members of the Oratory; amongst others Father Berthier, professor of physics, to whom I became attached, owing to a certain air of geniality which I discovered in him, in spite of a slight dash of pedantry. I found it difficult, however, to reconcile this excessive simplicity with his eagerness and adroitness in thrusting himself everywhere; amongst the great, the ladies, the devotees, and the philosophers. He knew how to be all things to all men. I found great pleasure in his society. I spoke of him to everybody; and what I said apparently went back to him. One day he thanked me, with a grin, for having found him a good fellow. There appeared to me something sardonic in his smile, which totally altered his features in my eyes, and which I have often thought of since then. This smile may be most fitly compared to that of Panurge, when buying Dindenaut's sheep. Our acquaintance had commenced soon after my arrival at the Hermitage, where he frequently came to see me. I was already settled at Montmorency, when he left to return to Paris. He often saw Madame le Vasseur there. One day, when nothing was further from my thoughts, he wrote me a letter on her behalf, to inform me that Grimm had offered to support her, and to ask my permission to accept the offer. I heard that he offered her an allowance of 300 *livres*, on condition that she went to live at Deuil, between La Chevette and Montmorency. I will not describe the impression which this information produced upon me: it would have been less surprising if Grimm had had an income of 10,000 *livres*, or any more intelligible connection with this woman, and if it had not been considered such a crime on my part to have taken her into the country, to which he was now inclined to take her back, as if she had grown younger since then. I understood that the good old lady only asked this

permission, which she could easily have dispensed with if I had refused it, in order not to run the risk of losing what she received from me. Although this exhibition of charity on the part of Grimm appeared to me very extraordinary, it did not strike me so much at the time as it did afterwards. But, even if I had known all that I have since found out, I should have given my consent just the same as I did, and was obliged to do, unless I had been prepared to outbid Grimm. From that time, Father Berthier somewhat cured me of the belief in his geniality, which had seemed to him so amusing, and of which I had so thoughtlessly accused him.

This same Father Berthier enjoyed the acquaintance of two persons, who, for some unknown reason, also sought mine: for there was certainly very little sympathy between their tastes and my own. They were children of Melchisedec,¹ whose country and family no one knew—probably, not even their real names. They were Jansenists, and passed for priests in disguise—perhaps in consequence of their absurd fashion of wearing long swords, by which they set great store.² The prodigious secrecy which marked all their proceedings gave them the appearance of party-chiefs, and I have always felt convinced that they managed the *Gazette Ecclésiastique*. One of them, tall, benevolent, and wheedling, was named M. Ferrand; the other, short, dumpy, sneering, and punctilious, was named M. Minard. They called each other cousin. They lived at Paris with D'Alembert in his nurse's house; and had taken a small house at Montmorency, where they spent their summers. They managed for themselves, without servant or messenger. They took it in turns each week to go to market, do the cooking, and sweep the house. They were pretty comfortable, and we sometimes had our meals together. I do not know what made them care about me: the only thing I cared about in them was, that they played chess; and, for the sake of a poor little game, I endured four hours of weariness. As they wanted to poke their noses in everywhere, Thérèse called them "the gossips," and this name stuck to them at Montmorency.

Such, together with my landlord, M. Mathas, who was a

1 *Enfants de Melchisédech*: i.e., persons about whom nothing is known.

2 An alternative rendering is: "to which they were fastened," i.e., from which they seemed inseparable.

worthy fellow, were my chief country acquaintances. I still had a sufficient number at Paris to make it pleasant for me to live there, whenever I might wish, outside the circle of literary men, amongst whom I could reckon no friend except Duclos. Deleyre was too young: and although, upon a closer acquaintance with the intrigues of the philosophical clique against me, he had detached himself from it altogether—or, at least, I thought so—I was not yet able to forget the readiness he had shown in making himself the speaking-trumpet of the whole tribe.

In the first place, I had my old and worthy friend, M. Roguin. He was a friend of the good old times, whose friendship I did not owe to my writings, but to my own merits; and for this reason I have always preserved that friendship. I had the worthy Lenieps, my fellow-countryman, and his daughter, Madame Lambert, who was alive at the time. I had a young Genevese named Coindet, who seemed to me a good fellow, careful, obliging, and zealous, but ignorant, credulous, gluttonous, and presuming; he came to see me immediately after I had gone to live at the Hermitage, and, acting as his own introducer, soon established himself on a firm footing, in spite of me. He had some taste for drawing, and was acquainted with several artists. I found him useful for the illustrations of "Julie"; he undertook to see after the drawings and plates, and executed his commission very successfully.

M. Dupin's house was open to me; and although the society to be met there was less brilliant than in Madame Dupin's best days, it was still one of the best houses in Paris, owing to the distinguished qualities of its heads, and the select company which assembled there. As I had always preferred them to all others, and had only left them in order to be independent, they had never ceased to regard me with friendship, and I was always sure of a welcome from Madame Dupin. I could even reckon her as one of my country neighbours, since they had set up an establishment at Clichy, where I sometimes spent a day or two; and I should have gone there oftener, if Madame Dupin and Madame Chenonceaux had been on more friendly terms. But the difficulty of dividing my attentions in the same house between two women who had no sympathy with each other, made my position at Clichy too constrained. Being on more equal and familiar terms with Madame Chenonceaux, I had the

pleasure of enjoying her society with less restraint at Deuil, close to my doors, where she had taken a little house, and even at my own place, where she came to see me pretty frequently.

Another of my friends was Madame de Créqui, who had devoted herself to a religious life, and had given up the society of D'Alembert, Marmontel, and most literary men, with the exception, I believe, of the Abbé Trublet, who at that time was a sort of canting hypocrite, of whom she herself was tolerably weary. I, whose society she had sought, did not lose her goodwill, and always kept up a correspondence with her. She sent me some fat pullets from Le Mans as a new year's present; and she had made up her mind to come and see me in the following year, when a journey undertaken by Madame de Luxembourg at the same time interfered with her plans. I owe her a place by herself; she will always hold a prominent place in my recollections.

I also had a friend who deserves the next place after Roguin; my old colleague De Carrio, formerly nominal secretary to the Spanish embassy at Venice, afterwards in Sweden, where his Court appointed him *chargé d'affaires*, who had since become the actual secretary to the embassy in Paris. He surprised me at Montmorency when I least expected it. He was decorated with some Spanish order, the name of which I forget, and wore a splendid cross of precious stones. He had been obliged, in his proofs of ancestry, to add another letter to his name, and now called himself the Chevalier de Carrion. I found him just the same—the same excellent heart, and a mind that developed greater amiability day by day. I should have resumed my former intimacy with him, had not Coindet, thrusting himself between us in his usual fashion, taken advantage of my distance from Paris to worm himself into my place, and, in my name, into his confidence, and to supplant me, from his excessive eagerness to serve me.

The recollection of Carrion reminds me of one of my country neighbours, whom it would be the more unpardonable on my part to omit to mention, as I have to confess myself guilty of an inexcusable wrong towards him. This was the worthy M. le Blond, who had rendered me considerable services at Venice; and who, after making a journey in France with his family, had taken a

country house at La Briche, not far from Montmorency.¹ As soon as I heard that he was my neighbour, in the joy of my heart I went to call upon him, more as a pleasure than a duty. I set out the very next day. I met some people who were coming to see me, and I was obliged to turn back with them. Two days afterwards I set out again; he had gone to dine in Paris with all his family. The third time I called, he was at home; I heard women's voices, and saw at the door a carriage which alarmed me. I wished to see him, at any rate for the first time, without interruption, and to talk over our old acquaintance. In short, I put off my visit from one day to another, until at last my shame at deferring so long the fulfilment of such a duty prevented me from fulfilling it at all: having dared to wait so long, I no longer dared to show myself. This neglect, at which M. le Blond was justly indignant, made my idleness appear ingratitude; and yet, in my heart, I felt myself so little to blame, that, if I had been able to afford him any real pleasure, even unknown to him, I am sure that he would not have found me slow in doing so. But indolence, carelessness, and delay in the performance of trifling duties, have always been more prejudicial to me than great vices. My worst faults have been those of omission; I have seldom done what I ought not to have done, but, unfortunately, I have still less often done what I ought to have done.

Since I have returned to the acquaintances I made at Venice, I ought not to forget one which is connected with them, and which has lasted much longer than the rest. I refer to M. de Jonville, who, since his return from Genoa, had continued to show his friendship for me in many ways. He was very fond of my society, and liked to talk about Italian affairs and the mad folly of M. de Montaigu, concerning whom he had heard several characteristic anecdotes through his connection with the Foreign Office. I was also glad to meet at his house my old comrade Dupont, who had bought a commission in his province, and was sometimes obliged to visit Paris on business. M. de Jonville gradually

¹ When writing this, full of my usual blind confidence, I was far from suspecting the real reason and result of this journey to Paris.

showed such fondness for my society, that it became somewhat irksome; and, although we lived at a great distance from each other, it created a disturbance, if I let a week pass without going to dine with him. When he went to Jonville, he always wanted to take me with him; but after I had once spent a week there, which seemed interminably long, I had no desire to go there again. He was certainly an honourable man and an agreeable companion, even amiable in certain respects, but he had little intellectual capacity; he was handsome, somewhat proud of his personal appearance, and tolerably wearisome. He had a singular collection, perhaps unique of its kind, to which he devoted a great deal of his attention, and in which he also endeavoured to interest his friends, who sometimes found less amusement in it than he did. This was a very complete collection of all the Court and Parisian vaudevilles of the last fifty years, in which many anecdotes were to be found, which it would have been useless to look for elsewhere. There is a collection of Memoirs for the History of France, which would scarcely be thought of in any other nation.

One day, while we were on the best of terms, he gave me so cold and freezing a reception, so little after his usual manner, that, after I had given him an opportunity of explanation, and even begged him to give me one, I left his house, resolved never to set foot in it again, and I kept my resolution; for I am rarely seen again where I have once been ill received, and here there was no Diderot to plead for M. de Jonville. In vain I puzzled my brains to discover how I had offended him; I could think of nothing. I felt certain that I had never spoken of him or his except in terms of the greatest respect, for I was sincerely attached to him; and, besides that I had nothing but good to say of him, it has always been my inviolable principle, never to speak of the houses at which I visited in other than respectful terms.

At length, after long pondering, I arrived at the following conjecture. The last time that we had seen each other, he had invited me to supper at the rooms of some girls with whom he was acquainted, together with two or three Foreign Office clerks, very worthy fellows, who had neither the manner nor the appearance of libertines; and I can swear that, for my part, I

spent the evening in melancholy reflections upon the unhappy lot of these poor creatures. I did not contribute towards the expenses, because M. de Jonville gave the supper; and I gave the girls nothing, because I did not give them the chance of earning the present which I might have been able to offer them. We left together, in high spirits and on the best of terms. Without having paid another visit to the girls, three or four days afterwards, I went to dine with M. de Jonville, whom I had not seen since. It was on this occasion that he received me in the manner I have mentioned. As I could not attribute it to anything else but some misunderstanding in reference to the supper, and as I saw that he was not disposed to offer an explanation, I made up my mind and gave up visiting him. I continued, however, to send him my works, and he often sent me his compliments. One evening, when I met him in the *foyer* of the Comedy, he politely reproached me for not going to see him; but this did not make me return to him. Thus the whole affair had the appearance of a fit of sulkiness rather than a regular rupture. However, as I never saw him again, and never heard anything more of him since that time, it would have been too late, after our intercourse had been broken off for several years, to renew the acquaintance. This is the reason why I do not here mention M. de Jonville in my list, although I had for a long time been a visitor at his house.

I will not swell this same list with the names of other less intimate acquaintances, or of those with whom, in consequence of my absence, I had gradually become less intimate, although I still sometimes saw them in the country, either at my own or my neighbours' houses, such, for instance, as the Abbés de Condillac and de Mably, MM. de Mairan, de Lalive, de Boisgelou, Watelet, Ancelet, and others whom it would be tedious to mention. I will just mention, in passing, M. de Margency, the King's chamberlain, a former member of the Holbachian clique, which, like myself, he had left, and an old friend of Madame d'Epainay, whom, in this also like myself, he had given up; lastly, his friend Desmahis, the famous but soon-forgotten author of the comedy called *L'Impertinent*. The former was my country neighbour, his estate at Margency being close

to Montmorency. We were old acquaintances; but our nearness to each other and a certain similarity in our experiences brought us still closer together. The latter died shortly afterwards. He was a man of wit and ability; but he in some respects resembled the original of his comedy, being a bit of a coxcomb with the ladies, by whom his loss was not particularly regretted.

I cannot, however, leave unnoticed a fresh correspondence, which began at that time, and which has had too much influence upon the remainder of my life for me to omit to indicate its origin. I am speaking of M. de Lamoignon de Malesherbes, first President of the Excise Office, who at that time was censor of published books, an office which he filled with equal intelligence and mildness, to the complete satisfaction of literary men. I had not even visited him in Paris; but I had always met with the most courteous civility from him, in matters connected with the censorship; and I knew that, on more than one occasion, he had severely rebuked those who were in the habit of writing against me. In reference to the printing of "Julie," he gave me fresh proofs of his kindness: the cost of postage from Amsterdam of the proof sheets of a work of such size was considerable; and, as all communications were sent to him post free, he allowed them to be addressed to him, and he forwarded them on to me, franked by his father the Chancellor. When the work was printed, he did not allow it to be sold in the kingdom until an edition had been sold, the profits of which he insisted that I should take, notwithstanding my opposition. As acceptance on my part would have been a fraud upon Rey, to whom I had sold my manuscript, I not only refused to accept the present, which was intended for me, without his consent, which he very generously gave, but I wanted to share with him the 100 *pistoles* to which it amounted; but he refused to accept anything. These 100 *pistoles* caused me the annoyance, for which M. de Malesherbes had not prepared me, of seeing my work fearfully mutilated, and prevented the sale of the good edition until the bad was exhausted.

I have always considered M. de Malesherbes as a man of unassailable uprightness. Nothing that has ever occurred has made me doubt his honesty for a moment; but since his weakness is as great as his honour, he sometimes injures those,

in whom he takes an interest, by his efforts to protect them. He not only ordered more than a hundred pages of the Paris edition to be cut out, but he mutilated the copy of the good edition which he sent to Madame de Pompadour, in a manner which deserved to be called a breach of faith. I have said somewhere in this work, that a coal-heaver's wife is more worthy of respect than the mistress of a Prince. This phrase had occurred to me in the fervour of composition, and I swear that no personal allusion was intended. On reading the work over again, I saw that others would certainly see one. However, I would not strike out the phrase, in accordance with my very injudicious principle of leaving nothing out, because it might be considered to contain some personal allusion, provided my conscience assured me that nothing of the kind had been intended when I wrote it; and I contented myself with substituting the word "Prince" for "King," which I had at first written. This alteration did not satisfy M. de Malesherbes; he suppressed the whole sentence in a fresh sheet, which he had printed on purpose and glued in as neatly as possible in Madame de Pompadour's copy. She did not remain in ignorance of this piece of jugglery: some worthy souls were kind enough to inform her of it. I myself did not hear of it until some time afterwards, when I began to feel the consequences.

Is not this also the origin of the secret but implacable hatred of another lady whose case was similar, without my knowing anything of it, and with whom I was not even acquainted when I wrote the passage? When the book was published, the acquaintance was made, and I felt very uneasy. I told the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who laughed at me, and said that the lady in question felt so little offended, that she had not even taken any notice of it. I believed it, perhaps rather too readily, and regained my calmness at a very inopportune moment.

At the beginning of winter, I received a further mark of M. de Malesherbes' kindness, which I greatly appreciated, although I did not consider it advisable to take advantage of it. There was a place vacant on the *Journal des Savants*; Margency wrote to offer it to me, as if on his own initiative. But it was easy for me to see, from the style of his letter

(Packet C, No. 33), that he was acting under instructions and authority; and he himself in a subsequent letter (Packet C, No. 47) gave me to understand that he had been commissioned to make the offer. The work was trifling; it consisted of two extracts a month, to be made from books which were to be brought to me, so that there would never be any need for me to go to Paris, not even to pay a visit of thanks to the magistrate. This gave me admission into the 'society of literary men of the first rank, MM. de Mairan, Clairaut, de Guignes, and the Abbé Barthélemy. I was already acquainted with the first two, and I looked forward with pleasure to making the acquaintance of the last two. Lastly, for this by no means laborious work, which I could easily perform, I was to receive a honorarium of 800 *francs*. I deliberated a few hours before deciding, and I can swear that the only reason for my hesitation was the fear of annoying Margency and displeasing M. de Malesherbes. But, at length, the insupportable restraint of not being able to work when I pleased, and of being tied to time, and, still more, the certainty of inefficiently performing the duties which I should have been obliged to undertake, prevailed over all, and made me decide to refuse a post for which I was not adapted. I knew that my talent consisted entirely in a certain lively interest in the subjects which I had to treat, and that nothing but the love of the great, the true, and the beautiful, could enliven my genius. What would the contents of the different books, from which I should have had to make extracts, or even the books themselves, have mattered to me? My indifference to the whole thing would have frozen my pen and deadened my mind. It was thought that I could write according to the rules of a trade, like all other literary men, whereas I have never been able to write except from inspiration. That was certainly not the kind of thing that was wanted for the *Journal des Savants*. I accordingly wrote a letter of thanks to Margency, couched in the politest terms possible, in which I explained my reasons so fully, that neither he nor M. de Malesherbes can possibly have believed that ill-temper or pride had anything to do with my refusal. They both approved of it; it made no alteration in their friendship

for me, and the secret was so well kept, that the public never got the least scent of it.

The proposal was not made at a favourable moment for me to accept it; for I had for some time intended to abandon literature altogether, especially the profession of an author. All that had just occurred had completely disgusted me with literary men, and I had cause to feel that it was impossible for me to pursue the same career, without coming into contact with them. I was equally disgusted with men of the world, and, in general, with the mixed life which I had recently led, half by myself, and half in society for which I was utterly unfitted. I felt more than ever, from constant experience, that all association on unequal terms is always prejudicial to the weaker party. Living with wealthy people, who belonged to a different state of life from that which I had chosen, without keeping house as they did, I was nevertheless obliged to imitate them in many respects; and certain petty expenses, which were nothing to them, were for me as ruinous as they were indispensable. If another man goes to visit at a country-house, he is waited upon by his lackey, at table as well as in his room; he sends him to fetch whatever he wants; without coming directly into contact with the servants of the house, perhaps not even seeing them, he only gives them a gratuity whenever and as it pleases him; whereas I, alone, without a servant of my own, was at the mercy of the people of the house, whose good graces it was absolutely necessary to gain, if I did not want to suffer many annoyances; and, being treated as their master's equal, I was obliged to treat his servants accordingly, and even to do more for them than anyone else, because, in fact, I had much greater need of their services. Where there are only few servants, this is not a matter of such importance; but, in the houses at which I visited, they were very numerous, all very uppish, great rascals, and keenly alive—to their own interests; and the rascals knew how to manage so that I needed the services of each of them in turn. The women of Paris, with all their wit and intelligence, are entirely wrong in their ideas upon this point; and, in their anxiety to save my purse, they ruined me. If I went out to supper a little distance from home, instead of letting me

serd for a coach, the lady of the house ordered her horses to be put to to drive me back; she was delighted to spare me the expense of the carriage, twenty-four *sous*; but she never thought of the crown which I gave the footman and coachman. If a lady wrote to me from Paris to the Hermitage or Montmorency, in order to spare me the four *sous* for postage, she sent the letter by one of her servants, who made the journey on foot and arrived bathed in perspiration, and I had to give him a crown and a dinner, which he had certainly well earned. If she invited me to stay a week or a fortnight at her country-house, she said to herself: Anyhow, it will be a saving for the poor fellow; he will not have to pay for his food while he is here. She forgot that, during that time, I did no work; that my rent household expenses, washing, and clothes, still had to be paid for; that it cost me twice as much for my barber, and that it was more expensive for me to live in her house than at home. Although I limited my trifling gratuities to the houses in which I was in the habit of staying, they were none the less ruinous to me. I am convinced that it cost me more than twenty-five crowns at Madame d'Houdetot's house at Eaubonne, where I only slept four or five times, and more than a hundred *pistoles* at Épinay and La Chevrette, during the five or six years in which I was a constant visitor there. These expenses are unavoidable for a man of my disposition, who does not know how to do anything for himself or to set his wits to work upon anything, who cannot endure the sight of a lackey who grumbles and performs his duties sulkily. Even at Madame Dupin's, where I was one of the family, and where I rendered many services to the servants, I never received any from them unless I paid for them on the nail.* Subsequently I was obliged altogether to discontinue these trifling gratuities, which my position no longer allowed me to give; and then it was that I felt even more keenly the disadvantage of associating with persons in a different station of life to one's own.

Again, if this life had been to my taste, I should have felt consoled for the heavy expenditure on my pleasures; but I could not endure to ruin myself, simply for the sake of becoming utterly

* *à la pointe de mon argent*: lit., I never received any from them except at the point of—my money.

wearied; and I had felt so strongly the burden of this manner of life, that, taking advantage of the interval of freedom which I then enjoyed, I determined to make it lasting, to renounce fashionable and literary society altogether, to give up writing books, and to confine myself for the remainder of my days to the limited and peaceful sphere for which I felt that I was born.

The profits of the "Letter to D'Alembert" and the "New Héloïse" had somewhat improved the state of my finances, which had been almost exhausted at the Hermitage. I saw about 1,000 crowns in prospect. "Émile," to which I seriously began to devote my attention after I had finished "Héloïse," was well advanced, and I expected that its profits would at least double that sum. I formed the resolution of investing this fund in such a manner as to bring me in a small annuity, which, together with my copying, would be sufficient to keep me without writing any more. I still had two works in hand. The first was my "Institutions politiques." I examined the state of this work, and found that it would still require several years of labour. I had not the courage to continue it and to wait until it was finished, before carrying out my resolution. I accordingly abandoned it, and decided to extract what was possible, and to burn the rest; and, pushing on this work vigorously, without discontinuing "Émile," in less than two years I put the finishing touch to the "Contrat Social."

There still remained the "Dictionnaire de Musique." This was a purely mechanical work which could be taken up at any time, and which I had undertaken merely for the sake of the money. I reserved to myself the right of abandoning it, or finishing it at my leisure, according as my other combined resources might render it necessary or superfluous. In regard to the "Morale sensitive," of which I had only made an outline, I abandoned it altogether.

As my last intention, if I could dispense with copying altogether, was to remove to a distance from Paris, where the constant stream of visitors made it expensive for me to live, and deprived me of the time to make provision for myself, I kept in reserve, in order to prevent in my retirement the feeling of weariness which is said to come upon an author when he has

laid down his pen, an occupation which might fill up the void in my solitude, without leading me into the temptation of publishing anything more during my lifetime. I do not know what whim had prompted Rey, for a long time past, to urge me to write the Memoirs of my life. Although, as far as incidents were concerned, they were not at that time particularly interesting, I felt that they might be made so by the candour with which I was capable of treating the subject; and I was determined to make it a work unique of its kind, by an unexampled veracity, which, for once at least, would enable the outside world to behold a man as he really was in his inmost self. I had always ridiculed the false ingenuousness of Montaigne, who, while pretending to confess his defects, is most careful to attribute to himself only such as are amiable; whereas I, who have always believed, and still believe, myself to be, all things considered, the best of men, felt that there is no human heart, however pure it may be, which does not conceal some odious vice. I knew that I was represented in the world under features so utterly different from my own, and sometimes so distorted, that, in spite of my defects, none of which I had the least desire to conceal, I could not help being the gainer by showing myself in my true character. Besides, this was impossible without also showing others as they were, and consequently this work could not be published until after my own death and that of several others. This further emboldened me to write my Confessions, for which I shall never have to blush before anybody. I accordingly determined to devote my leisure to carrying out this undertaking, and I commenced to collect the letters and papers which might guide or assist my memory, greatly regretting all that I had torn up, burned, or lost, up to this time.

This project of complete retirement, one of the most sensible that I had ever formed, made a very strong impression on my mind, and I had already commenced to carry it out, when Heaven, which was preparing a different destiny for me, flung me into a fresh whirl of excitement.

Montmorency, the ancient and splendid patrimony of the family of that name, has been confiscated, and no longer belongs to it. Through the sister of Duc Henri, it has passed to the house of Condé, which has changed the name of

Montmorency to Enghien ; and the Duchy has no other château except an old tower, in which the archives are kept, and where the vassals come to render homage. But at Montmorency, or Enghien, may be seen a private house, built by Croiset (called *le pauvre*) which, equal in magnificence to the most superb château, deserves and bears the name of one. The imposing aspect of this fine building, the terrace upon which it stands, the view from it, which is perhaps unequalled in the world, its spacious *salon*, painted by a master-hand, its garden, laid out by the celebrated Le Nostre—all this forms a whole, the striking majesty of which nevertheless presents a certain simplicity, which arouses a lasting admiration. M. le Maréchal, Duc de Luxembourg, who at that time occupied the house, came twice every year into the district where his forefathers had formerly been masters, to spend five or six weeks as an ordinary inhabitant, but in great style, which 'in no way fell short of the old magnificence of his house. The first time he visited it, after I had settled at Montmorency, M. and Madame la Maréchale sent their compliments to me by a footman, and an invitation to sup with them whenever I pleased. Each time that they came again, they never failed to repeat their compliments and invitation. This reminded me of Madame de Beuvenzal sending me to dine in the servants' hall. Times were changed, but I was still the same. I had no desire to be sent to dine in the servants' hall, and I cared but little for the tables of the great. I should have preferred that they had left me for what I was, without making much of or humiliating me. I replied to M. and Madame de Luxembourg's civilities politely and respectfully, but I did not accept their invitations. My ill-health, as much as a natural shyness and awkwardness in conversation, made me shudder at the mere idea of presenting myself before an assembly of Court grandees ; and I did not even go to the château to pay a complimentary visit of thanks, although I understood well enough that this was what they wanted, and that all their eagerness was due to curiosity more than goodwill.

Nevertheless, they continued to make advances, and even with greater persistency. Madame la Comtesse de Boufflers,

who was very intimate with Madame la Maréchale, had come to Montmorency. She sent to inquire after me, and asked whether she might pay me a visit. I replied politely, but did not stir. During the Easter visit of the following year (1759), the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who belonged to the suite of M. le Prince de Conti, and to Madame de Luxembourg's circle, came to visit me several times. We became acquainted; he pressed me to go to the château. I refused. At last, one afternoon, when I least expected it, I saw M. le Maréchal de Luxembourg approaching, attended by five or six persons. There no longer remained any means of escape; and I could not, without being considered arrogant and ill-bred, avoid returning his visit, and paying my respects to Madame la Maréchale, on the part of whom he overwhelmed me with polite messages. Thus commenced, under fatal auspices, a connection which I could no longer escape, but which a presentiment, only too well founded, made me dread, until I found myself committed to it.

I was terribly afraid of Madame de Luxembourg. I knew that she was amiable. I had seen her several times at the theatre, and at Madame Dupin's ten or twelve years ago, when she was Duchesse de Boufflers, and was still in the first brilliancy of her beauty. But she had the reputation of being spiteful; and this, in so great a lady, made me tremble. No sooner did I see her than I was vanquished. I found her charming, with that charm which is proof against time, and is most calculated to act upon my heart. I expected to find her conversation sarcastic and full of epigrams. This was not the case; it was something far better. Her conversation does not sparkle with wit; it exhibits no flights of fancy, or even, properly speaking, *finesse*; but it is marked by an exquisite refinement, which is never striking, but is always pleasing. Her flatteries are the more intoxicating in proportion to their simplicity; it seems as if they fall from her lips without thinking, and are the overflowings of a heart which is too full. I fancied that I perceived, at my first visit, that, in spite of my awkward manner and clumsy phrases, she found my society agreeable. All Court ladies know how to produce this impression whenever they please,

whether it be true or not; but all do not know, as Madame de Luxembourg did, how to produce it in so charming a manner, that one no longer thinks of doubting it. From the first day, my confidence in her would have been as complete as it soon afterwards became, had not Madame la Duchesse de Montmorency, her daughter-in-law, a somewhat spiteful, and, as I believe, quarrelsome young fool, taken it into her head to attack me, and, in the midst of all her mamma's civilities and her own coquetries, made me suspect that they were only laughing at me.

I should, perhaps, have found it difficult to make myself easy in regard to this apprehension in the case of the two ladies, had not the very great kindness of M. le Maréchal convinced me that theirs also was genuine. Considering my timid disposition, nothing is more surprising than the readiness with which I took him at his word as to the footing of equality on which he wanted to put himself with me, except perhaps the equal readiness with which he himself took my word as to the complete independence in which I wanted to live. Convinced that I was right to be satisfied with my position and not to desire any change in it, neither he nor Madame de Luxembourg appeared for a moment to trouble themselves about my purse or my means. Although I could not doubt the warm interest which they both took in me, they never offered to find me a place or to assist me with their influence, except once, when Madame de Luxembourg seemed desirous that I should enter the Académie Française. I raised the objection of my religious faith; she said that that was no obstacle, or that, if it was one, she would undertake to remove it. I replied that, in spite of the great honour I should consider it, to be a member of so illustrious a body, as I had refused the invitation of M. de Tressan, and, in a manner, of the King of Poland, to enter the Académie of Nancy, I could not with propriety become a member of any other. Madame de Luxembourg did not press the matter further, and nothing more was said about it. The simplicity of intercourse with such great people, who could have done anything for me, since M. de Luxembourg was, and deserved to be, the special friend of the King, is in singular contrast with the continual

fussiness, as troublesome as it was officious, of the patronizing friends I had just left, and whose object was rather to humiliate than to serve me.

When M. le Maréchal had visited me at Mont-Louis, I had received him and his suite in my one room with a feeling of embarrassment; not because I was obliged to ask him to sit down in the middle of my dirty plates and broken jugs, but because my floor was rotten and falling to pieces, and I was afraid that the weight of his suite might make it give way altogether. Thinking less of my own danger than of that to which this worthy gentleman's affability exposed him, I hastened to get him out of it by taking him, in spite of the weather, which was still very cold, to my tower, which was completely exposed and had no fireplace. When we were there, I told him the reason why I had brought him; he repeated it to Madame la Maréchale, and both pressed me to stay at the château until the floor had been repaired; or, if I preferred, at a detached building in the middle of the park, which was called the "little château." This enchanted abode deserves special mention.

The park or garden of Montmorency is not on a level, like that of La Chevrette. It is uneven, hilly, with alternate elevations and depressions, which the clever artist has taken advantage of to give variety to the groves, waters, decorations, and different views, and to multiply, so to speak, with the aid of genius and art, a space which in itself is somewhat confined. This park is crowned at the top by the terrace and the château; at the bottom, it forms a ravine, which opens and widens in the direction of the valley, the angle of which is filled by a large sheet of water. Between the orangery, which occupies this enlarged space, and this sheet of water surrounded by elevations adorned with groves and trees, is the little château of which I have spoken. This building and the ground which surrounds it formerly belonged to the celebrated Le Brun,¹ who amused himself with building and ornamenting it with the exquisite taste in architecture and decoration which this great painter had made his own. Since then, this château has been rebuilt, but after its first owner's

¹ A celebrated French painter (1619-1690).

designs. It is small, simple, but elegant. As it lies between the basin of the orangery and the large sheet of water, and is consequently exposed to the damp, it has been pierced in the middle by an open peristyle between two rows of columns, so that the air, blowing through the whole building, keeps it dry, notwithstanding its situation. On looking at this building from the opposite height in perspective, it appears completely surrounded by water, like an enchanted island, or the most beautiful of the three Borromean Islands, Isola Bella, in Lago Maggiore.

In this solitary building, I was offered the choice of one of the four complete apartments which it contains, in addition to the ground floor, which consists of a ball-room, a billiard-room, and a kitchen. I chose the smallest and simplest, above the kitchen, which I had as well. It was delightfully neat, with furniture in blue and white. In this profound and delightful solitude, in the midst of woods and waters, to the accompaniment of the songs of birds of every kind, surrounded by the perfumes of orange blossoms, I composed, in a continued state of ecstasy, the fifth book of "*Émile*," the fresh colouring of which is in great part due to the lively impression of the locality in which I wrote.

How eagerly I ran every morning at sunrise to breathe the perfumed air of the peristyle! What delicious *café au lait* I took there with my Thérèse! My cat and dog kept us company. This retinue alone would have been enough for my whole life; I should never have experienced a moment's weariness. I was in an earthly paradise; I lived there in the same state of innocence, and enjoyed the same happiness.

During their July visit, M. and Madame de Luxembourg showed me so many attentions, and treated me with such kindness, that, living in their house and overwhelmed by their civilities, I could not do less than repay it by visiting them frequently. I hardly left them at all: in the morning, I went to pay my respects to Madame la Maréchale; after dining there, I took a walk in the afternoon with M. le Maréchal; but I did not stay to supper, at which a number of great persons were always present; besides, they supped too late for me. Up to this time, all went on without a hitch, and no harm would have resulted, if I had known how to leave things alone. But I have never

been able to preserve a mean in my friendships, and simply to fulfil the duties of society. I have always been everything or nothing. Soon I was everything: and finding myself made much of and spoiled by people of such importance, I overstepped the proper limits, and conceived for them a friendship, which it is only allowable to feel towards one's equals. I showed it by the familiarity which I assumed in my manners, while they, on their part, never abandoned the politeness to which they had accustomed me. Yet I never felt quite at my ease with Madame la Maréchale. Although not completely reassured as to her character, I feared it less than her wit, of which I particularly stood in awe. I knew that she was difficult to satisfy in conversation, and that she had the right to be so. I knew that women, especially great ladies, must be amused, and that it is better to offend them than to bore them; and I judged, from her remarks upon the conversation of the people who had just taken leave of her, what she must have thought of *my* silly nonsense. I thought of an expedient to save myself from the embarrassment of talking to her: this was, to read to her. She had heard "Julie" spoken of; she knew that it was being printed; she showed an eagerness to see the work; I offered to read it to her, and she consented. I went to her every morning at ten o'clock: M. de Luxembourg came, and the door was shut. I read by the side of her bed, and portioned out my readings so well, that they would have lasted throughout her stay, even if it had not been interrupted.¹ The success of this expedient surpassed my expectations. Madame de Luxembourg took a violent fancy to "Julie" and its author: she spoke of nothing but me, thought of nothing but me, flattered me the whole of the day, and embraced me ten times a day. She insisted that I should always sit by her at table, and when any great noblemen wanted to take this place, she told them that it belonged to me, and made them sit somewhere else. It is easy to imagine the impression which these charming manners produced upon me, who am subjugated by the slightest marks of affection. I became sincerely attached to her, in proportion to

¹ The loss of a great battle, which greatly afflicted the King, obliged M. de Luxembourg to return suddenly to Court.



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ROUSSEAU READING VOLFE AT THE DE LUXEMBOURG'S

the attachment which she showed for me. My only fear, when I perceived this infatuation was that, as I felt I was not sufficiently agreeable to keep it alive, it might change to disgust, and, unfortunately for me, this fear was only too well founded.

There must have been a natural opposition between her turn of mind and my own, since, independently of the many stupid and injudicious remarks which every moment escaped me in the course of conversation, and even in my letters, and when I was on the best of terms with her, there were certain things which displeased her, without my being able to imagine the reason. I will only mention one instance out of twenty. She knew that I was making a copy of "Héloïse" for Madame d'Houdetot, at so much a page; she wanted me to make one for her on the same terms. I promised to do so; and, consequently, entering her name as one of my customers, I wrote her a few lines of polite thanks, or, at least, I had intended them as such. I received the following answer, which utterly astonished me (Packet C, No. 43):

"VERSAILLES, *Tuesday*.

"I am delighted, I am satisfied; your letter has given me infinite pleasure; I hasten to inform you and to thank you for it.

"Here are the exact words of your letter: 'Although you are certainly a very good customer, I feel some difficulty about taking your money; properly speaking, I ought to pay for the pleasure of being permitted to work for you.' I will not mention the subject again. I regret that you do not tell me more about the state of your health. Nothing interests me more. I love you with all my heart; and, I assure you, it is with great sorrow that I write this to you, for it would be a great pleasure to me to tell it to you by word of mouth. M. de Luxembourg loves you and embraces you in all sincerity."

On receiving this letter, I hastened to reply to it before examining it more fully, in order to protest against any impolite interpretation; and, after having devoted several days to this examination with a feeling of uneasiness which may be imagined, without being able to understand what was the matter, I wrote the following note as a final answer on the subject:

"MONTMORENCY, *December 8th, 1759.*

"Since writing my letter, I have examined the passage in question hundreds and hundreds of times. I have considered it in its own natural meaning, I have considered it in every meaning that could be put upon it, and I confess, Madame la Maréchale, that I am at a loss to know whether it is I who owe you excuses, or whether it is not rather yourself who owe them to me."

It is now ten years since these letters were written. I have often thought of them since then; and, even to this day, I am so stupid on this point, that I have not been able to understand what she could find in the passage in question that was, I will not say offensive, but even calculated to cause her displeasure.

In reference to this manuscript of "*Héloïse*," which Madame de Luxembourg wanted to have, I ought to mention here what I had intended to do, in order to give it some special distinction above all the rest. I had written the adventures of Lord Edward separately, and I had long been undecided whether I should insert them, either wholly or in extracts, in this work, in which they seemed to me to be out of place. I finally decided to cut them out altogether, because, not being in keeping with the tone of the remainder, they would have spoiled its touching simplicity. I had a weightier reason, when I made the acquaintance of Madame de Luxembourg. In these adventures there was a Roman Marchioness of very odious character, some features of which, without being applicable to her, might perhaps have been applied to her by those who only knew her by reputation. I therefore congratulated myself upon the resolution I had taken, and determined to keep to it. But, being extremely desirous of enriching her copy with something which was not contained in any others, I was misguided enough to think of these unfortunate adventures, and I formed the plan of making a selection of them and adding it to the work—a mad project, the extravagance of which can only be explained by the blind fatality which was dragging me to my destruction. *Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat.*

I was foolish enough to make this extract with great care and labour, and to send it to her as if it had been the

most beautiful thing in the world, at the same time informing her, as was true, that I had burnt the original, that the extract was intended for her alone, and would never be seen by anybody, unless she herself showed it; and this action on my part, far from proving to her my prudence and discretion, as I expected, only gave her an idea of the opinion which I myself held as to the application of the features of the work, by which she might have felt offended. My imbecility was so great, that I entertained no doubt that she would be enchanted by what I had done. She did not compliment me upon it as heartily as I expected, and, to my very great surprise, never spoke to me of the manuscript which I had sent her. I myself, delighted with my conduct in the matter, did not suspect till long afterwards, in consequence of other indications, the effect which it had produced.

In regard to her manuscript, I had another idea, which was more sensible, but which, in its remoter effects, was almost equally prejudicial to me. So greatly does everything assist the work of destiny, when it summons a man to misfortune. I thought of ornamenting this manuscript with the drawings of the engravings of "Julie," which were of the same size as the manuscript. I asked Coindet for the drawings, to which I had every possible claim, the more so as I had allowed him the profits of the plates, which had a large sale. Coindet is as cunning as I am the reverse. My repeated requests for them at last made him understand for what purpose I wanted them. Then, under pretence of improving them, he induced me to leave them with him, and finally presented them himself. *Ego versiculos feci: tulit alter honores.*

This introduced him to the Hôtel de Luxembourg and gave him a certain footing in it. After my removal to the little château, he frequently came to see me, and always in the morning, especially when M. and Madame de Luxembourg were at Montmorency. The consequence was that, in order to spend the day with him, I did not go to the château at all. I was reproached for these absences; I explained the reason. I was pressed to take M. Coindet with me; I did so. This was just what the rascal had been scheming for. Thus, thanks to the extraordinary kindness

with which I was treated, M. Thélusson's clerk, who was sometimes invited to dine with his master when there were no other guests, suddenly found himself admitted to the table of a Marshal of France, and the company of Princes, Duchesses, and the highest personages of the Court. I shall never forget that, one day, when he was obliged to return to Paris early, M. le Maréchal said to the company after dinner, "Let us walk along the road to Saint-Denis, then we can give M. Coindet our company." The poor fellow could not stand it: he lost his head completely. As for me, I felt so affected that I could not utter a word. I followed behind, weeping like a child, and longing to kiss the footprints of this good Maréchal. But the continuation of the history of this manuscript has made me anticipate events. Let me now take them up in their proper order, as far as my memory will allow me.

As soon as the little house at Mont-Louis was ready, I furnished it neatly and simply, and returned there to live, being unable to renounce the determination to which I had come when I left the Hermitage, namely, always to live in a place of my own: but neither could I make up my mind to give up my apartment in the little château. I kept the key of it, and in my fondness for the nice little breakfasts in the peristyle, I often slept there, and sometimes spent two or three days, as if it had been my country-house. I perhaps had more comfortable and agreeable apartments at that time than any private individual in Europe. My landlord, M. Mathas, who was the best fellow in the world, had left me the complete control of the repairs at Mont-Louis, and insisted that I should make use of his workmen as I pleased, without any interference on his part. I found means to make a complete suite of apartments out of a single room on the first floor, consisting of a bedroom, an antechamber, and a wardrobe. On the ground floor were the kitchen and Thérèse's room. The turret served as a study, after a glazed partition and a fire-place had been added. When I was there, I amused myself with decorating the terrace, which was already shaded by two rows of young lime-trees; I planted two more rows, in order to make a regular arbour; I had a table and some stone benches put there; I surrounded it with lilac, seringa and honeysuckle; I had a pretty

border of flowers laid out, parallel to the two rows of trees; and this terrace, which was higher than that of the château, from which the view was at least as fine, and which was inhabited by a number of birds which I had tamed, served me as a kind of reception room, when I had company, such as M. and Madame de Luxembourg, M. le Duc le Villeroy, M. le Prince de Tingry, M. le Marquis de Armentières, Madame la Duchesse de Montmorency, Madame la Duchesse de Boufflers, Madame la Comtesse de Valentinois, Madame la Comtesse de Boufflers, and other persons of similar rank, who condescended to undertake, by a very fatiguing climb, the pilgrimage from the château to Mont-Louis. I owed the compliment of all these visits to M. and Madame de Luxembourg: I was sensible of this, and my heart rendered them the homage of gratitude. It was in one of my transports of emotion that I said to M. de Luxembourg, "Ah! M. le Maréchal, I used to hate the great before I knew you; and I hate them still more, since you have made me feel how easy it would be for them to make themselves adored." More than this, I put the question to all those who knew me during this period, whether they have ever observed that this brilliancy has dazzled me for a single moment, that the fumes of this incense have mounted to my head; whether they have seen me less uniform in my conduct, less simple in my manners, less affable towards the people, less familiar with my neighbours, less ready to assist everyone when I have had the power, without ever being offended by the numberless and frequently unreasonable importunities, with which I was incessantly overwhelmed. If my heart drew me towards the château of Montmorency, owing to my sincere attachment for its owners, it brought me back in the same manner to my own neighbourhood, to taste the sweets of that even and simple life, outside which there is no happiness for me. Thérèse had formed a friendship with the daughter of one of my neighbours, a bricklayer, named Pilleu: I did the same with the father, and, after having lunched at the château in the morning, not without some unwillingness, in order to please Madame la Maréchale, I eagerly returned in the evening to sup with the worthy Pilleu and his family, sometimes at his house, sometimes at mine.

Besides these two lodgings, I soon had a third at the Hôtel de Luxembourg, the owners of which pressed me so earnestly to go and see them sometimes, that I agreed, in spite of my aversion to Paris, where I had only been on the two occasions I have mentioned, after my retirement to the Hermitage; even then I only went on days that had been agreed upon beforehand, simply to supper, and returned the following morning. I entered and left by the garden adjoining the boulevard; so that I was enabled to say, with strict truth, that I had never set foot upon the pavement of Paris.

In the midst of this temporary prosperity, the catastrophe which was to mark the end of it was preparing in the distance. Shortly after my return to Mont-Louis, I made, in spite of myself as usual, a new acquaintance, which also marks an epoch in my history: whether for good or evil, will be afterwards seen. I refer to my neighbour, the Marquise de Verdelin, whose husband had just bought a country-house at Soisy, near Montmorency. Mademoiselle d'Ars, daughter of the Comte d'Ars, a man of position but poor, had married M. de Verdelin, old, ugly, deaf, harsh, brutal, jealous, covered with scars, and one-eyed; in other respects a good sort of fellow, when one knew how to take him, and possessed of an income of 15,000 to 20,000 *livres*, to which his wife's parents married her. This paragon of amiability, who swore, shouted, grumbled, stormed, and made his wife cry all day long, always ended by doing what she wanted, with the idea of putting her in a rage, seeing that she knew how to make him believe that it was he, and not she, who wanted it done. M. de Margency, of whom I have spoken, was Madame's friend, and became her husband's. Some years ago he had let to them his château of Margency, near Eaubonne and Ardilly, where they were living just at the time of my amour with Madame d'Houdetot. Madame de Verdelin and the latter had made each other's acquaintance through their mutual friend, Madame d'Aubeterre; and as the garden of Margency was on the road which Madame d'Houdetot had to take to get to Mont-Olympe, her favourite walk, Madame de Verdelin gave her a key, that she might go through the garden. Thanks to this key, I often went with her; but I was not fond of unexpected

meetings; and when Madame de Verdelin happened to meet us, I left them together without saying a word, and walked on. This ungallant behaviour on my part could not have given her a very favourable impression of me. However, when she was at Soisy, she nevertheless sought my society. She came to see me several times at Mont-Louis, without finding me at home; and as I did not return her visit, she bethought herself of sending me some pots of flowers for my terrace, in order to force me to do so. I was obliged to go and thank her; that was enough; the acquaintance was made.

This connection was stormy at first, like all those which I made in spite of myself. It was never even really peaceful; Madame de Verdelin's turn of mind was too antipathetic to my own. She utters spiteful and epigrammatic remarks with such an air of simplicity, that it requires the closest attention, which is very fatiguing to me, to know when she is laughing at anybody. One instance of her silliness which I remember will be enough to give an idea of her manner. Her brother had just been appointed to the command of a frigate which was starting on a cruise against the English. I was speaking of the manner in which this frigate had been armed, without any injury to its speed. "Yes," said she, without changing her tone, "only as many cannon are taken as are wanted for fighting." I have rarely heard her say anything good of any of her absent friends without slipping in something against them. What she did not put a bad construction upon she turned into ridicule; her friend Margency was not excepted. Another thing which I found unendurable was the continual nuisance of her little messages, presents, and notes, which I was obliged to rack my brains to know how to answer, and which were always a source of fresh embarrassment, whether I had to write a letter of thanks or a refusal. However, from continually seeing her, I at last became attached to her. She, like myself, had her sorrows; our mutual confidences made our *tête-à-têtes* interesting. Nothing unites hearts so much as the pleasure of shedding tears together. We sought each other's society in order to console ourselves, and the need for this made me overlook much. I had shown such roughness in my outspokenness to her, and had sometimes shown

so little respect for her character, that I really must have felt a great deal, to believe that she could sincerely pardon me. The following is a sample of the letters which I sometimes wrote to her, in regard to which it is worthy of notice that she never, in any of her answers, showed the least sign of annoyance:

"MONTMORENCY, *November 5th*, 1760.

"You inform me, madame, that you have not expressed yourself very well, in order to give me to understand that I have expressed myself very badly. You speak of your pretended stupidity, in order to make me sensible of my own. You boast of being nothing more than a 'good woman,' as if you were afraid of being taken at your word, and you make excuses to me in order to make me feel that I owe you some in return. Yes, madame, I know it well; it is I who am a fool, a 'good man,' and worse still, if it is possible. It is I who do not choose my terms sufficiently well to please a fine French lady, who pays as much attention to phrases and speaks as well as you do. But you must consider that I take them in the ordinary meaning of the language, without being familiar with the polite acceptations which are sometimes attached to them in the virtuous society of Paris. If my expressions are sometimes ambiguous, I endeavour, by my conduct, to give them a definite meaning," etc.

The remainder of the letter is after the same style. Her answer (Packet D, No. 41) will give an idea of the incredible self-restraint of a woman's heart, who can feel no greater resentment against such a letter than is shown in her reply, and than she herself has exhibited towards me. Coindet, bold and daring to the verge of effrontery, who was ever lying in wait for my friends, was not slow to introduce himself at Madame de Verdelin's in my name, and soon became, unknown to me, more intimate there than myself. This Coindet was a queer fellow. He introduced himself from me to all my acquaintances, made himself at home, and took his meals with them without ceremony. In his devoted zeal for me, he never spoke of me except with tears in his eyes; but, when he came to see me, he preserved the most profound silence about all these connections, and everything in which he knew I must feel interested. Instead of telling me what he had heard, said, or

seen, which was of interest to me, he listened to me, and even asked me questions. He never knew anything about Paris except what I told him; in short, although everyone spoke to me of him, he never spoke to me of anybody. He was only close and mysterious with his friend. But let us leave Coindet and Madame de Verdelin for the present; we will return to them later.

Some time after my return to Mont-Louis, Latour, the painter, came to see me, and brought me my portrait in pastil, which he had exhibited some years before at the Salon. He had wanted to make me a present of it, but I had refused it. Madame d'Epinay, who had given me hers and wanted mine, had made me promise to ask him for it back. He had taken some time to touch it up. In the meantime, my rupture with Madame d'Epinay occurred. I gave her back her portrait, and, as I could no longer think of giving her mine, I hung it up in my room in the little château. M. de Luxembourg saw it there, and took a fancy to it. I offered it to him; he accepted it, and I sent it to him. He and Madame la Maréchale understood that I should be very pleased to have theirs. They had them taken in miniature by a very clever artist, and set in a sweetmeat-box of rock-crystal, mounted in gold, which they presented to me in a most handsome manner, with which I was delighted. Madame de Luxembourg would never consent that her portrait should be on the upper part of the box. She had several times reproached me with being fonder of the Marshal than of herself; and I had not denied it, because it was true. She proved to me very politely, but at the same time very cleverly, by this manner of placing her portrait, that she did not forget my preference.

About the same time, I was guilty of an act of folly which did not help to keep me in her good graces. Although I had no acquaintance with M. de Silhouette,¹ and was little inclined to like him, I had a great opinion of his administrative powers. When he began to lay a heavy hand upon the financiers, I saw that he was not commencing the operation at a favourable

¹ Controller-general of Finance in 1757.

moment. Nevertheless, I wished him all success; and, when I heard that he had been removed from office, I was so thoughtless as to write the following letter to him, which assuredly I do not attempt to justify:

“MONTMORENCY, *December 2nd, 1759.*

“Condescend, sir, to accept the homage of a recluse who is unknown to you, but who esteems you for your talents, who respects you for your administration, and who has done you the honour of believing that it would not long remain in your hands. Unable to save the State, except at the expense of the capital which has destroyed it, you have dared to brave the outcries of the money-grubbers. When I saw how you crushed these wretches, I envied you your office. Now that I see how you have abandoned it without belying yourself, I admire you. Be satisfied with yourself, sir; you take with you from it an honour which you will long enjoy without a rival. The execrations of rascals are the glory of an upright man.”

[1760.]—Madame de Luxembourg, who knew that I had written this letter, spoke to me about it when she came out at Easter; I showed it to her; she wished for a copy, and I gave her one; but I did not know, when I did so, that she herself was one of those money-grubbers who had an interest in sub-leases and had caused the removal of Silhouette. To judge from my numerous follies, it seemed as if I purposely wanted to arouse the hatred of an amiable and influential woman, to whom I was becoming more sincerely attached every day, and whose displeasure I was far from wishing to bring upon myself, although, by my repeated acts of stupidity, I was doing everything that was wanted to produce such a result. I think it is hardly necessary to mention that it is to her that the story of M. Tronchin's opiate, of which I have spoken in the first part of my Confessions, refers;¹ the other lady was Madame de Mirepoix. Neither of them has ever mentioned it to me again, or appeared to have the slightest recollection of it; but I find it difficult, even if one did not know anything of subsequent events, to assume that Madame de Luxembourg can have really forgotten it. For my own part, I tried to reassure myself as to the effect

of my follies by the evidence which I produced to myself, that none of them had been committed with the intention of offending her; as if a woman could ever pardon such follies, even though she is perfectly certain that they were not the result of deliberate intention.

However, although she seemed to see and feel nothing, although I found no abatement in her warmth, and no alteration in her manner towards me, a continually growing presentiment, which was only too well founded, made me tremble incessantly, for fear her infatuation for me might be succeeded by disgust. Could I expect, on the part of so great a lady, a constancy which would be proof against my lack of address to support it? I did not even know how to conceal from her this dim presentiment, which disquieted me and only made me more sullen and awkward. This may be seen from the following letter, which contains a very singular prediction.

N.B.—This letter, which is undated in my rough copy, was written in October, 1760, at the latest.

“How cruel your kindness is! Why disturb the tranquillity of a recluse, who renounced the pleasures of life, in order to feel the weariness of them no longer? I have spent my life in the vain endeavour to find lasting attachments: I have been unable to form any in the ranks which were accessible to me. Am I to look for them in yours? Neither interest nor ambition has any temptations for me; I have little vanity: I am rather timid; I can resist everything except affection. Why do you both attack me in a weakness which I must overcome, since, considering the distance which separates us, the overflowings of tender hearts cannot bring mine near to you? Will gratitude be sufficient for a heart which knows not two ways of bestowing itself, and only feels capable of friendship? Friendship, Madame la Maréchale! Ah! therein lies my misfortune. It is very handsome of you and Monsieur le Maréchal to use this term; but I am a fool to take you at your word. You are amusing yourselves: I am forming an attachment to you, and the end of the game has fresh sorrows in store for me! How I hate all your titles, and how I pity you for having to bear them! You seem to me so worthy to taste the charms of private life. Why do you not live at Clarens? I would go there in search of the happiness of my life; but—the château of Montmorency, the Hôtel de

Luxembourg! Is that where one ought to see Jean Jacques? Is that where a friend of equality, who, in thus paying for the esteem which is shown for him, believes that he is returning as much as he receives, ought to carry the affections of a tender heart? You are good, and also feeling: I know it: I have seen it. I regret that I have not been able to believe it sooner; but, considering the position which you hold, and the manner in which you live, nothing can make a lasting impression upon you; and so many new interests efface each other, that not one is permanent. You will forget me, madame, after you have made it impossible for me to imitate you. You will have done much to make me unhappy and unable to justify myself."

I coupled M. de Luxembourg's name with hers, in order to make the compliment less harsh for her; besides, I was so sure of him, that I had never for a moment felt any anxiety as to the duration of his friendship. None of my apprehensions in regard to his wife ever extended to him. I have never felt the least mistrust of his character, which I knew was weak, but trustworthy. I had no more fear of a coldness on his part than expectation of a heroic attachment. The simplicity and familiarity of our intercourse showed how each of us depended upon the other. We were both right: as long as I live I shall honour and cherish the memory of this worthy gentleman; and, whatever attempts may have been made to part him from me, I am as certain that he died my friend, as if I had received his last sigh.

During their second stay at Montmorency, in 1760, having come to the end of "Julie," I had recourse to "Émile," in order to keep in with Madame de Luxembourg; but this did not prove so successful, either because the subject was less to her taste, or because she was at last tired of so much reading. However, as she reproached me with allowing myself to be cheated by my publishers, she wanted me to leave the printing and publication of it to her, that she might make a better bargain. I accepted her proposal, expressly stipulating that the work should not be printed in France. We had a long dispute upon this point: I maintained that it was impossible to obtain, and even imprudent to ask for tacit permission, and I would not hear of its being printed in the kingdom on any other terms; while she insisted that there would not be the least difficulty about the censorship, under

the system which had been adopted by the Government. She found the means of bringing M. de Malesherbes over to her views; he wrote me a long letter himself, in order to prove that the *Profession de foi du vicaire savoyard* was just the kind of thing to meet with the approval of the human race everywhere, and, under the circumstances, even of the Court. I was surprised to find this official, who was as a rule so timid, so easy-going in this matter. As his mere approval was enough to legalize the printing of a book, I could make no further objection. However, in consequence of a singular scruple, I still insisted that the work should be printed in Holland, and by Néaulme, whom, not satisfied with mentioning him, I apprized of my intention. I agreed that the profits of the edition should go to a French publisher, and that, when it was ready, it should be sold in Paris or anywhere else, since the sale did not concern me. These were the exact terms of the agreement made by Madame de Luxembourg and myself, after which I handed over the manuscript to her.

She had brought with her on this occasion her granddaughter, Mademoiselle de Boufflers, now Madame la Duchesse de Lauzun. Her name was Amélie. She was a charming person. Her face, gentleness, and timidity were truly maidenly. Nothing could have been more amiable or more interesting than her features, nothing tenderer or more chaste than the feelings which they inspired. Besides, she was a mere child, not yet eleven years of age. Madame la Maréchale, finding her too shy, did her best to rouse her. She several times allowed me to kiss her, which I did with my usual awkwardness. Instead of the pretty things which anyone else in my place would have said, I stood mute and utterly confused. I do not know which of us was the more bashful, the poor little one or myself. One day I met her alone on the staircase of the little château; she was coming to see Thérèse, with whom her governess still was. Not knowing what to say to her, I asked her to give me a kiss, which, in the innocence of her heart, she did not refuse, as she had already given me one that very morning, by her grandmamma's orders, and in her presence. The next day, while reading "*Émile*" at Madame la Maréchale's bedside, I came upon a passage, in which I have justly

censured the very thing that I had myself done the day before. She found the observation very just, and made some sensible remark upon it, which caused me to blush. How I curse my incredible stupidity, which has often caused me to appear vile and guilty, when I have only been foolish and embarrassed—a foolishness which is regarded as only a false excuse in the case of a man who is known to be not wanting in intelligence! I can swear that in this kiss, which was so blamable, as in all the rest, Mademoiselle Amélie's heart and feelings were no purer than my own. I can even swear that, if at that moment I could have avoided meeting her, I would have done so; for, although I was very pleased to see her, I was greatly at a loss to find something agreeable to say to her in passing. How is it that a child can intimidate a man whom the power of kings fails to alarm? What is a man to do? How is he to behave, if he is utterly destitute of presence of mind? If I force myself to speak to people whom I meet, I infallibly utter some foolish remark; if I say nothing, then I am a misanthrope, a wild animal, a bear. Complete imbecility would have been far more favourable to me; but the talents which I lacked in society have made those which I possessed the instruments of my ruin.

At the end of her stay on this occasion, Madame de Luxembourg carried out a good work, in which I had some share. Diderot had very rashly offended Madame la Princesse de Robeck, a daughter of M. de Luxembourg. Her *protégé* Palissot avenged her by the comedy of the *Philosophes*, in which I was held up to ridicule, and Diderot was very severely handled. The author was more merciful to me, not so much, I believe, on account of the obligations under which he was to me, as for fear of displeasing his patroness's father, who he knew entertained an affection for me. Duchesne, the bookseller, with whom I was not acquainted at the time, sent me the piece when it was printed, I suspect by Palissot's instructions, who perhaps thought that I should be glad to see a man pulled to pieces, with whom I had broken off relations. He was greatly mistaken. When I broke with Diderot, whom I believed to be weak and indiscreet rather than absolutely wicked, I still preserved in my heart a feeling of attachment, even of esteem, for

him, and of respect for our old friendship, which I am convinced was for a long time as sincere on his part as on my own. The case is quite different with Grimm, a man whose character is false, who never loved me, who is not even capable of loving, and who, with a light heart, without any reason for complaint, simply in order to satisfy his spiteful jealousy, has secretly become my bitterest calumniator. He is no longer anything to me. Diderot will always be my old friend. My tenderest feelings were moved at the sight of this hateful piece; I could not bear to read it, and, without finishing it, I sent it back to Duchesne, together with the following letter :

"MONTMORENCY, May 21st, 1760.

"Sir,—On looking through the piece which you have sent me, I have shuddered at finding myself praised. I refuse to accept this horrible present. I am convinced that, in sending it to me, you did not intend to insult me; but you either do not know, or you have forgotten, that I have had the honour of being the friend of a man deserving of respect, who is unworthily traduced and calumniated in this libellous production."

Duchesne handed this letter round. Diderot, who ought to have been touched by it, was annoyed. His *amour-propre* could not pardon me the superiority of a generous action, and I heard that his wife attacked me on every possible occasion, with a rage which affected me but little, since I knew that everybody looked upon her as a regular "fish-fag."

Diderot, in his turn, found an avenger in the Abbé Morellet, who wrote a little *brochure* against Palissot, after the manner of the "Petit Prophète," called "La Vision." In this pamphlet he very imprudently insulted Madame de Robeck, whose friends caused him to be imprisoned in the Bastille; she herself was not of a sufficiently revengeful disposition—not to mention that at that time she was a dying woman—to have had anything to do with it.

D'Alembert, who was very intimate with the Abbé Morellet, wrote and asked me to beg Madame de Luxembourg to procure his release, promising, in token of his gratitude, to praise her in the "Encyclopédie."¹ The following was my reply:

¹ This letter together with several others, disappeared at the Hôtel de Luxembourg, while my papers were deposited there.

"Sir,—I have not waited for your letter, before expressing to Madame la Maréchale de Luxembourg the pain which the imprisonment of the Abbé Morellet caused me. She knows the interest which I take in the matter, she shall also know the interest that you take in it; it will be sufficient for her, in order that she herself may take an interest in it, to know that he is a person of merit. Further, although she and M. le Maréchal honour me with a kindness which is the consolation of my life, and although your friend's name is, in their opinion, a recommendation in favour of the Abbé Morellet, I do not know how far they may consider it fitting, on this occasion, to make use of the influence attached to their position and the personal esteem in which they are held. I do not even feel convinced, that the act of vengeance in question concerns Madame la Princesse de Robeck so much as you appear to think; and, even should you be correct, one must not suppose that the pleasure of avenging oneself is the exclusive property of philosophers, and that, when they choose to be women, women will be philosophers.

"I will inform you of what Madame de Luxembourg says to me when I have shown her your letter. Meanwhile, I think that I am sufficiently well acquainted with her, to be able to assure you beforehand that, even if she should have the pleasure of contributing to the release of the Abbé Morellet, she would certainly refuse to accept the tribute of gratitude which you promise to render her in the columns of the 'Encyclopédie,' although she might feel herself honoured by it, because she does not do good for the sake of praise, but only in order to satisfy her goodness of heart."

I spared no pains to arouse the zeal and compassion of Madame de Luxembourg on behalf of the poor prisoner, and I succeeded. She took a journey to Versailles on purpose to see M. le Comte de Saint-Florentin; and this journey shortened her stay at Montmorency, which the Maréchal was obliged to leave at the same time, his presence being required at Rouen, whither the King was sending him as the Governor of Normandy, in connection with certain proceedings in the Parliament, which it was desired to suppress. The following is the letter which Madame de Luxembourg wrote to me the second day after her departure (Packet D, No. 23):

"VERSAILLES, *Wednesday*.

"M. de Luxembourg left yesterday at six o'clock in the

morning. I do not yet know whether I shall join him. I am waiting to hear from him, because he does not know himself how long he will be there. I have seen M. de Saint-Florentin, who is most favourably disposed towards the Abbé Morellet; but he finds that there are difficulties, which, however, he hopes to surmount the first time he has to see the King, which will be next week. I have also asked as a favour, that he shall not be banished, which was talked of: it was intended to send him to Nancy. This, sir, is as much as I have been able to do; but I promise you that I will not leave M. de Saint-Florentin alone, until the matter is arranged as you desire. And now let me tell you how sorry I was to be obliged to leave you so soon, but I flatter myself that you have no doubt of it. I love you with all my heart, and shall do so as long as I live."

A few days later I received the following letter from D'Alembert, which caused me real joy (Packet D, No. 26):

August 1st.

"Thanks to your efforts, my dear philosopher, the Abbé has left the Bastille, and his imprisonment will have no further consequences. He is setting out for the country, and, together with myself, sends you a thousand thanks and compliments. *Vale et me ama.*"

The Abbé also, a few days afterwards, wrote me a letter of thanks (Packet D, No. 29), which did not appear to me to come straight from the heart, and in which he appeared to some extent to depreciate the service which I had rendered him; and, some time afterwards, I found that he and D'Alembert had in a manner, I will not say supplanted, but succeeded me in Madame de Luxembourg's favour, and that I had lost in her esteem as much as they had gained. However, I am far from suspecting the Abbé Morellet of having contributed to my loss of favour; I esteem him too highly to think that. As for M. d'Alembert, I say nothing about him here; I will return to him later.

At the same time I had another affair on hand, which was the occasion of the last letter I ever wrote to Voltaire—a letter which he exclaimed loudly against as an abominable insult, but which he never showed to anyone. I will here supply the omission.

The Abbé Trublet, with whom I was slightly acquainted, but of whom I had seen very little, wrote to me on the 13th of June,

1760 (Packet D, No. 11), to inform me that M. Formey, his friend and correspondent, had printed in his journal my letter to M. de Voltaire about the disaster at Lisbon. The Abbé Trublet wanted to know how this publication had been rendered possible; and, with his Jesuitical slyness, asked me my opinion of the reprinting of the letter, without wanting to tell me his own. As I thoroughly detest cunning persons of this sort, I thanked him, as he deserved, but somewhat stiffly: he noticed this, but nevertheless it did not prevent him from trying to get over me in one or two more letters, until he had found out everything he wanted to know.

I well understood, whatever Trublet might say, that Formey had not found the letter printed, and that it had been printed by him for the first time. I knew that he was an unblushing pilferer, who, without ceremony, earned an income from the works of others, although he had not yet ventured upon the astounding impudence of removing the author's name from a book already published, putting his own to it, and selling it for his own profit.¹

But how had this manuscript come into his hands? That was the question. It was not a difficult one to answer, but I was simple enough to be puzzled by it. Although Voltaire was honoured beyond all measure in this letter, he would have had reason to complain, in spite of his uncivil behaviour, if I had had it printed without his consent, and I accordingly decided to write to him on the matter. Here is this second letter, to which he made no reply, and at which, in order to give freer vent to his brutality, he pretended to be irritated even to madness:

"MONTMORENCY, *June 17th*, 1760.

"Sir,—I never thought to find myself writing to you again. But, having learnt that the letter which I wrote to you in 1756 has been printed at Berlin, I feel it my duty to give you an account of my conduct in regard to it, and I will fulfil this duty in all truthfulness and sincerity.

"This letter, having been really addressed to yourself, was never meant to be printed. I communicated its contents, conditionally, to three persons to whom the rights of friendship did not permit me to refuse anything of the kind, and whom these

¹ In this fashion he afterwards appropriated "*Émile*."

same rights of friendship still less permitted to abuse their trust by violating their promise. These three persons are: Madame de Chenonceaux, Madame Dupin's step-daughter; Madame la Comtesse d'Houdetot; and a German named Grimm. Madame de Chenonceaux was anxious for the letter to be printed, and asked my consent. I told her that it depended upon you. Your consent was asked; you refused it, and nothing more was said about the matter.

"Nevertheless, M. l'Abbé Trublet, with whom I have no sort of connection, has just written, with a most friendly mark of attention, to inform me that he has received the sheets of a journal belonging to M. Formey, in which he has read this identical letter, accompanied by a note, in which the editor, under date of the 23rd of October, 1759, says that he found it some weeks ago in the Berlin booksellers' shops, and that, since it is one of those pamphlets which soon disappear beyond hope of return, he thought it his duty to allot it a place in his journal.

"This, sir, is all that I know about the matter. It is quite certain that hitherto this letter has never even been heard of in Paris. It is quite certain that the copy, whether in manuscript or print, which has fallen into M. Formey's hands, can only have come to him either through you, which is not likely, or through one of the three persons whom I have just mentioned. Lastly, it is quite certain that the two ladies are incapable of such a breach of confidence. From my retreat, I cannot gain any further information about the matter. You have correspondents, by whose assistance it would be easy for you, if it were worth the trouble, to trace it back to its source, and learn the truth about the facts.

"In the same letter, M. l'Abbé Trublet informs me that he is keeping back the number of the journal, and will not lend it without my consent, which I certainly will never give. But this copy may not be the only one in Paris. My wish is that the letter may not be printed there, and I will do my best to prevent it; but, in case I am unable to succeed, and, being informed in time, may be able to secure the prior right, then I will not hesitate to have it printed myself. This appears to me to be only fair and natural.

"As for your reply to the same letter, it has not been communicated to anyone, and you may feel assured that it will never be printed without your consent,¹ which I shall never be so

¹ That is to say, during his life-time and mine: and surely, the most scrupulous behaviour, especially in dealing with a man who tramples it ruthlessly under foot, cannot require more.

indiscreet as to ask for, for I know well, that what one man writes to another, is not meant for the public. But if you like to write an answer for publication, addressed to me, I promise you that I will faithfully add it to my letter, without a single word of reply on my part.

"I do not love you, sir: you have done me injuries, which I could not but feel most deeply—me, your disciple and most enthusiastic admirer. You have ruined Geneva in return for the shelter you have found there: you have alienated my fellow-citizens from me, in return for the eulogies which I have lavished upon you in their midst: it is you who have made life in my native country unendurable for me: it is you who will cause me to die in a foreign land, deprived of all the consolations of a dying man, and to be thrown into a gutter, as the last token of respect: while you will be followed to the grave with all the honours that a man can expect. In fact, I hate you, since you have so willed it; but I hate you as a man who is more worthy loving you, if you had so chosen. Of all the sentiments towards you, with which my heart was filled, the only one that survives is the admiration which one cannot refuse to your splendid genius, and admiration for your writings. If I can honour nothing but your talents, the fault is not mine. I shall never fail in the respect that is due to them, or in the behaviour which such respect demands. Farewell, sir!"¹

In the midst of all these petty literary squabbles, which only confirmed me more and more in my resolution, I was the recipient of the greatest honour which the profession of letters has ever conferred upon me, and of which I felt most proud: M. le Prince de Conti condescended to visit me twice, once at the little château, and once at Mont-Louis. On both occasions, he selected the time when Madame de Luxembourg was not at Montmorency, in order to make it clearer that he only came to see me. I have never had any doubt that I owed his kindness originally to Madame de Luxembourg and Madame de Boufflers; but neither have I any doubt that I owe the

¹ It will be observed that, although this letter has been written nearly seven years, I have neither mentioned it nor shown it to a living soul. This has also been the case with the two letters which M. Hume forced me to write to him last summer, until he made the noise about them, which everybody knows of. The evil that I have to say about my enemies, I say to themselves privately; as for the good, when there is any, I say it openly and with a good heart.

kindness with which he has never ceased to honour me since then, to his own feelings and myself.¹

As my apartment at Mont-Louis was very small, and the situation of the turret was delightful, I took the Prince there; and he, to crown his favours, desired that I would have the honour of playing a game of chess with him. I knew that he could beat the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who was a much better player than myself. However, in spite of the signs and grimaces of the Chevalier and those who were present, which I pretended not to see, I won the two games which we played. When they were finished, I said to him in a respectful, but serious tone, "My Lord, I have too much respect for your most serene Highness, not to beat you always at chess." This great Prince, so witty and learned, who deserved to be spared from flattery, felt—at least, I think so—that I was the only person present who treated him as a man, and I have every reason to believe that he felt really grateful to me for it.

Even if he had been displeased, I could not reproach myself with wishing to deceive him in anything, and I certainly have not to reproach myself with having ill-requited his goodness in my heart, although I certainly sometimes requited it with a bad grace, whereas he himself displayed infinite delicacy in the manner in which he showed it. A few days afterwards, he sent me a hamper of game, which I accepted in a proper manner. Some time after that, he sent me a second hamper, accompanied by a note from one of his officers of the hunt, written by his instructions, informing me that the contents had been shot by His Highness himself. I accepted it—but I wrote to Madame de Boufflers that I would accept no more. This letter was generally blamed, and deservedly. To refuse presents of game from a Prince of the blood, who, besides, displays such delicacy in sending them, shows rather the boorishness of an ill-bred person who forgets himself, than the delicate feeling of a proud man, who desires to preserve his independence. I have never read over this letter without blushing

¹ Notice the persistency of this blind and stupid confidence, in the midst of all the ill-treatment, which ought to have disabused me of it. It never disappeared until after my return to Paris in 1770.

for it, or without reproaching myself for having written it. However, I have not undertaken to write my Confessions in order to be silent upon my follies, and the present instance disgusts me with myself too much for me to allow myself to conceal it.

If I did not commit the additional folly of becoming his rival, I very nearly did so; for, at the time, Madame de Boufflers was still his mistress, and I knew nothing about it. She came to see me pretty often with the Chevalier de Lorenzi. She was handsome and still young. She affected the old Roman spirit, while I was always romantic; this was a sufficient similarity. I was nearly caught; I believe she saw it. The Chevalier saw it also; at least, he spoke to me about it, and in a manner not calculated to discourage me. But this time I was prudent—and it was time to be so, at fifty years of age. Full of the good advice which I had just given to the grey-beards in my letter to D'Alembert, I was ashamed to profit so little by it myself. Besides, after learning what I did not know before, I must have lost my head entirely, if I had dared to carry my rivalry so high! Lastly, being perhaps not yet thoroughly cured of my passion for Madame d'Houdetot, I felt that nothing could henceforth take her place in my heart, and I bade adieu to love for the remainder of my life. At the moment of writing these lines, a young woman, who had her designs upon me, has just made dangerous advances to me, and that with very significant glances; but, if she has pretended to forget my fifty years, I have remembered them. After having extricated myself from this snare, I have no longer any fear of falling, and I feel that I can answer for myself for the rest of my days.

Madame de Boufflers had observed the emotion which her presence caused me, and could also see that I had triumphed over it. I am neither foolish nor vain enough to believe that, at my age, I can have inspired her with any fancy for me; but, from certain expressions which she made use of to Thérèse, I believe that I aroused a certain feeling of curiosity in her mind. If this is the case, and if she has not forgiven me for not having satisfied this curiosity, it must be admitted that I was

born to be the victim of my weaknesses, since victorious love was so fatal to me, and vanquished love even more fatal still.

Here ends the collection of letters which has served me as a guide in these two books. Henceforth, I can only follow in the footsteps of my recollections; which, however, in reference to this cruel period of my life, are so vivid, and have left so strong an impression upon me that, lost in the vast ocean of my misfortunes, I am unable to forget the details of my first shipwreck, although its results only afford me confused recollections. Accordingly, in the following book, I can still proceed with tolerable certainty. If I go further, I shall have to grope in the dark.

BOOK XI

[1761.]

ALTHOUGH "Julie," which had been in the press for a long time, was not yet published at the end of 1760, it was beginning to make a great stir. Madame de Luxembourg had spoken of it at Court, Madame d'Houdetot in Paris. The latter had even obtained permission from me for Saint-Lambert to have it read in manuscript to the King of Poland, who was delighted with it. Duclos, to whom I had also had it read, had spoken of it to the Academy. All Paris was impatient to see this romance; the booksellers' shops in the Rue Saint-Jacques and the Palais-Royal were besieged by persons making inquiries about it. At last it appeared, and its success, contrary to what is usually the case, corresponded to the eagerness with which it had been expected. Madame la Dauphine, who was one of the first who read it, spoke of it to M. de Luxembourg as a delightful work. Opinions were divided amongst men of letters; but amongst the general public the verdict was unanimous; the ladies, especially, became infatuated with the book and the author to such an extent, that there were few, even amongst the highest circles, whose conquest I could not have made if I had been so disposed. I possess proofs of this, which I do not wish to commit to writing, but which, without any need of putting them to the test, confirm my opinion. It is singular that this work has met with greater success in France than in the rest of Europe, although the French, both men and women, are not very well treated in it. Quite contrary to my expectation, it was least successful in Switzerland, most successful in Paris. Do then friendship, love, and virtue, prevail more in Paris than elsewhere? Most certainly, no; but there still prevails there that exquisite

feeling, by which the heart is transported, when these qualities are portrayed, and which makes us cherish in others the pure, tender, and virtuous feelings, which we ourselves no longer possess. The corruption of manners is at the present day everywhere the same; virtue and morality no longer exist in Europe; but, if there be a place where affection for them still exists, it is in Paris that we must look for it.¹

Amidst so many prejudices and factitious passions, one must know how to analyse properly the human heart, in order to disentangle the true feelings of nature. A delicacy of tact is necessary, which can only be acquired by intercourse with the great world, in order to feel, if I may so venture to say, the delicacies of heart of which this work is full. I unhesitatingly place the fourth part of it by the side of the "*Princesse de Clèves*," and I assert that, if these two works had been read only in the provinces, their true value would never have been recognised. It is, therefore, not surprising that the book met with the greatest success at Court. It abounds in piquant, but veiled allusions, which were bound to please, because those at Court are more practised in seeing through them. However, a further distinction must here be made. The reading of such works is certainly not suited to those witty people, whose cunning and *finesse* is only of avail to see through what is bad, and who see nothing at all where there is only good to be seen. If, for instance, "*Julie*" had been published in a certain country which I have in my mind, I am sure no one would have read it to the end, and that it would have died at its birth.

I have collected most of the letters, which were written to me on the subject of this work, in a packet which is in the hands of Madame de Nadaillac. If this collection ever sees the light, it will disclose several curious things, amongst others, a diversity of opinion, which shows what it is to have anything to do with the public. The feature which has been least observed, and which will always make it a work unique of its kind, is the simplicity of the subject and the sustained interest which, confined to three persons, is kept up through six volumes, without the aid

¹ These words were written in 1769.

of incidents, romantic adventures, or improprieties of any kind, either in the characters or in their actions. Diderot has paid great compliments to Richardson upon the enormous variety of his situations and the number of characters introduced by him. Richardson certainly has the merit of having given them all distinctive characteristics; but, in regard to their number, he has the fault common to most insipid writers of romance, who make up for the barrenness of their ideas by the aid of characters and incidents. It is easy to excite interest by incessantly presenting unheard-of incidents and new faces, who pass like the figures in a magic-lantern; but it is far more difficult to sustain this interest continually by means of the same objects, without the aid of wonderful adventures. And if, other things being equal, the simplicity of the subject adds to the beauty of the work, the romances of Richardson, though superior in so many other things, cannot, in this respect, be compared to mine. However, it is dead—I know it, and I know the reason; but it will come to life again.

My only fear was that, owing to its extreme simplicity, the development of the story might prove wearisome, and that I had not been able to keep up a sufficiently lively interest to the end. I was reassured by an incident which, of itself alone, flattered me more than all the compliments which this work has procured me.

It appeared at the beginning of the Carnival. A book-hawker took it to Madame la Princesse de Talmont¹ one day when there was a ball at the Opera. After supper she dressed herself to go, and, while waiting, began to read the new romance. At midnight she ordered her horses to be put to, and went on reading. She was informed that her carriage was waiting; she made no reply. Her servants, seeing that she had forgotten herself, went to tell her that it was two o'clock. "There is no hurry yet," she answered, and still went on reading. Some time afterwards, her watch having stopped, she rang the bell to know what time it was. When she heard that it was four o'clock, she said, "Then it is too late to go to the ball; take out the

¹ It was not she, but another lady whose name I do not know; but I have been assured of the fact.

horses," undressed herself, and spent the rest of the night in reading.

Since hearing of this incident, I have always wanted to see Madame de Talmont, not only to learn from her own lips if it is strictly true, but also because I have never thought it possible that anyone could feel so lively an interest in "Julie" without possessing the sixth sense, that moral sense, with which so few hearts are endowed, and without which it is impossible for anyone to understand my own.

What made the women so favourably disposed towards me was their conviction that I had written my own history, and that I myself was the hero of this romance. This belief was so firmly established, that Madame de Polignac wrote to Madame de Verdelin, begging her to persuade me to let her see the portrait of Julie. Everyone was convinced that it was impossible to express sentiments so vividly without having felt them, or to describe the transports of love so glowingly, unless they came straight from the heart. In this they were right. It is quite true that I wrote this romance in a state of most feverish ecstasy, but they were wrong in thinking that it had needed real objects to produce this condition; they were far from understanding to what an extent I am capable of being inflamed by beings of the imagination. Had it not been for a few reminiscences of my youth and Madame d'Houdetot, the love which I felt and described would have had only the nymphs of the air for its object. I did not desire either to confirm or refute an error which was to my advantage. It may be seen in the preface, in the form of a dialogue, which I had printed separately, how I left the public in suspense on that point. Rigid moralists may say that I ought to have declared the truth without reserve. For my own part, I do not see what obligation there was for me to do so; and I think that I should have shown far more stupidity than frankness in making such a declaration, when there was no necessity for it.

Nearly about the same time appeared the "Paix Perpetuelle," the manuscript of which I had given up in the preceding year to a certain M. de Bastide, editor of a journal called *Le Monde*, into which, whether I liked it or not, he would have been glad

to cram all my manuscripts. He was acquainted with M. Duclos, and came in his name to try and induce me to help him to fill his journal. He had heard "Julie" spoken of, and wanted me to let it appear in it, as well as "Émile"; he would also have liked to have the "Contrat Social," if he had had any suspicion of its existence. At length, wearied by his importunities, I decided to let him have my extracts from the "Paix Perpetuelle" for twelve *louis*. The agreement was, that it should be printed in his journal; but, as soon as he became the owner of the manuscript, he thought fit to have it printed by itself, after certain passages had been cut out, in accordance with the requirements of the censorship. What would have been the result, if I had added my own criticisms of the work, which, fortunately, I did not mention to M. de Bastide, and which were not included in our agreement! These criticisms are still unprinted, and I have them amongst my papers. If they ever appear, it will be seen how Voltaire's witticisms and self-complacency on this subject must have made me laugh—me, who understood so well the extent of this poor man's intelligence in regard to the political matters in which he ventured to interfere.

In the midst of the successful reception of my work by the public and the favour of the ladies, I felt that I was losing ground at the Hôtel de Luxembourg, not with M. de Luxembourg, whose kindness and friendship seemed to increase daily, but with Madame de Luxembourg. Since I had found nothing more to read to her, her room had not been so freely open to me; and, during her visits to Montmorency, although I presented myself with great regularity, I hardly ever saw her except at table. My place at her side, even, was no longer reserved for me as before. As she no longer offered it to me, spoke to me but little, and I had not much to say to her either, I was glad to find another place, where I was more at my ease, especially in the evening; for I unconsciously made a practice of sitting closer to M. le Maréchal.

In regard to "the evening," I remember that I have said that I did not sup at the château, and this was true at the commencement of our acquaintance; but, as M. de Luxembourg did not dine at all, and did not even appear at table, the result was that, at the end of several months, although I was on a very

familiar footing in the house, I had never been at a meal with him. He was kind enough to make a remark to that effect. This decided me to go to supper there sometimes, when there were not many guests; and I greatly enjoyed myself, seeing that we took our dinner almost in the open, and, as is said, *sur le bout du banc*¹; whereas supper was a very lengthy meal, because the guests made themselves comfortable, in order to rest themselves after a long walk; it was a very good meal, because M. de Luxembourg was somewhat of a gourmand; and a very agreeable one, because Madame de Luxembourg did the honours with charming grace. Without this explanation, it would be difficult to understand the concluding portion of one of M. de Luxembourg's letters (Packet C, No. 36), in which he tells me that he recalls our walks with great pleasure, especially, he adds, when, on our return to the courtyard in the evening, we found no marks of carriage wheels; for, as the ruts in the sand were raked over every morning, I guessed, from the number of wheel-tracks, how many guests had arrived during the afternoon.

This year (1761) filled to the brim the cup of the afflictions, which this worthy gentleman had suffered, since I had had the honour of knowing him; as if the evils which destiny was preparing for myself were fated to commence with the man to whom I felt the most sincere attachment, and who was most worthy of it. In the first year, he lost his sister, Madame la Duchesse de Villeroy; in the second, his daughter, Madame la Princesse de Robeck; in the third, his only son, the Duc de Montmorency, and his grandson, the Comte de Luxembourg, the last and only inheritors of his name and family. Outwardly, he endured all these losses with apparent courage; but his heart did not cease to bleed inwardly for the rest of his life, and his health gradually declined. He must have felt the unexpected and tragic end of his son the more keenly, as it happened at the very moment when the King had just granted him for his son, and promised him for his grandson, the reversion of his commission as Captain of the Gardes du Corps. He had the sorrow of seeing, before his own eyes, the life of this child, in whom such hopes were centred, gradually wasting

¹ Without ceremony.

away, in consequence of the mother's blind confidence in the physician, who caused the poor child's death from sheer want of nourishment, owing to his being fed upon nothing but drugs. Alas ! if they had only trusted in me, the grandfather and the grandson would both be still alive. I said everything I could ; I wrote to M. le Maréchal ; I remonstrated with Madame de Montmorency upon the more than strict diet, which, in her faith in her physician, she prescribed for her son. Madame de Luxembourg, whose opinions coincided with my own did not wish to usurp the mother's authority. M. de Luxembourg, who was weak and gentle, never cared to oppose anyone. Madame de Montmorency felt a confidence in Borden, of which her son finally became the victim. How delighted the poor child was, when he was able to get permission to come to Mont-Louis with Madame de Boufflers, to ask Thérèse for something to eat, and to put a little nourishment into his famished stomach ! How I deplored, in my own heart, the miseries of greatness, when I saw the only heir of so large an estate, of so great a name, of so many titles and dignities, devour with the greediness of a beggar a sorry morsel of bread. But it was no use for me to say or do anything ; the physician triumphed, and the child starved.

The same confidence in quacks, which caused the death of the grandson, dug the grave of the grandfather, and, in addition to this, he was weak-minded enough to attempt to conceal from himself the infirmities of old age. M. de Luxembourg suffered at times from pains in his great toe ; he had an attack while at Montmorency, which prevented him from sleeping, and made him somewhat feverish. I ventured to pronounce the word "gout" ; Madame de Luxembourg scolded me. The Maréchal's *valet de chambre* and surgeon declared that it was not the gout, and proceeded to dress the part afflicted with some healing ointment. Unfortunately, the pain abated, and, when it returned, recourse was invariably had to the same remedy which had previously given relief ; his constitution broke up, his sufferings increased, and the remedies in proportion. Madame de Luxembourg, who at last saw that it was the gout, opposed this senseless treatment. They afterwards concealed his condition

from her, and he died at the end of a few years, through his own fault and his persistent efforts to cure himself. But let me not so far anticipate misfortunes; how many others have I to relate before I come to that!

It is strange by what fatality all that I could say or do seemed doomed to displease Madame de Luxembourg, even when I was exceedingly anxious to preserve her goodwill. The blows which M. de Luxembourg sustained one after another only made me more attached to him, and consequently to Madame de Luxembourg; for they always seemed to me so sincerely united, that the feelings which I entertained for the one naturally extended to the other. M. le Maréchal was getting old. His constant attendance at Court, the duties entailed by it, the continual hunting-expeditions, above all, the fatigues of his office during the three months he was on duty, would have required the vigour of a young man, and I no longer saw anything which could keep up his strength in the position which he occupied. Since his dignities would be distributed amongst others, and his name would become extinct after his death, there was little need for him to continue a laborious life, the chief object of which had been to secure the Prince's favour for his children. One day, when we three were alone, and he was complaining of the fatigues of his Court duties like a man disheartened by his losses, I ventured to speak to him of retiring, and to give him the advice which Cineas gave to Pyrrhus. He sighed, but made no decided answer. But, the very first time she saw me alone, Madame de Luxembourg scolded me severely for this advice, which seemed to me to have alarmed her. She added a remark, the justice of which I felt, and which made me abandon the idea of ever referring to the same topic again; that the habit of living so long at the Court had become a real necessity; that, even at that moment, it was a diversion for M. de Luxembourg; and that the retirement which I recommended to him would not be so much a rest for him as an exile, in which idleness, weariness, and grief would soon put an end to his life. Although she must have seen that she had convinced me, although she could depend upon the promise which I made and kept, she never seemed to me quite easy in

regard to the matter, and I remember that, since that time, my *tête-à-têtes* with M. le Maréchal were less frequent and were nearly always interrupted.

While my awkwardness and ill-luck thus united to injure me in her opinion, the people of whom she saw most, and for whom she entertained the greatest affection, did not promote my interests in that quarter. The Abbé de Boufflers, especially, who was as brilliant as a young man could possibly be, never seemed particularly well-disposed towards me; not only is he the only person, in Madame la Maréchale's circle, who has never shown me the slightest marks of attention, but I fancied that I observed that, after each of his visits to Montmorency, I lost ground with her. Certainly, however, it is true that, without any attention on his part, the mere fact of his presence was sufficient to account for it, so dull and heavy did my clumsy *spropositi*¹ appear by the side of his graceful and refined wit. During the first two years, his visits to Montmorency had been very rare; and, thanks to the indulgence of Madame la Marquise, I had held my ground tolerably well; but, as soon as he made his appearance with tolerable regularity, I was crushed beyond hope of recovery.

I should have liked to take refuge under his wing, and to make him my friend; but the same awkwardness which made his favour a necessity to me prevented me from gaining it; and my maladroit efforts in that direction ended by completely ruining me with Madame la Maréchale, without being of any service to me in regard to him. With his intellect, he might have succeeded in everything; but his total incapacity for steady application, and his taste for amusement only permitted him to acquire imperfect accomplishments of every description. By way of compensation, these attainments were extensive; and that is all that is necessary in the great world in which he is anxious to shine. He can compose pretty little poems, write pretty little notes, can play a little on the cithern, and daub a little in pastil. He undertook to paint Madame de Luxembourg's portrait; the result was horrible. She declared that it was

¹ Absurdities, blunders.

not in the least like her, which was quite true. The traitorous Abbé consulted me; and I, like a fool and a liar, said that it was like her. I wanted to flatter the Abbé; but I did not flatter Madame de Maréchale, who scored it down against me; and the Abbé, after his trick had succeeded, laughed at me. I learned, through the result of my tardy first attempt, never again to attempt to play the sycophant and flatterer, *invita Minerva*.¹

My ability lay in telling useful but hard truths to mankind with a certain amount of energy and courage; and I ought to have stopped at that. I was not born, I will not say to flatter, but to praise. The awkwardness of the praises which I attempted to bestow has done me more harm than all the severity of my reproaches. I will here quote a terrible example of this, the consequences of which have not only decided my destiny for the rest of my life, but will perhaps decide my reputation among posterity.

When the family stayed at Montmorency, M. de Choiseul sometimes came to supper at the château. He came one day as I was leaving it. They spoke about me: M. de Luxembourg told him the history of my relations with M. de Montaigu at Venice. M. de Choiseul said that it was a pity that I had abandoned the diplomatic career, and that, if I was inclined to enter it again, it would give him great pleasure to find me employment. M. de Luxembourg repeated this to me: as I was not accustomed to be spoiled by ministers, I felt it all the more; and I am not at all sure that, if my health had permitted me to entertain the idea, I should not have made a fool of myself again, in spite of my resolutions. Ambition only took possession of me during the brief intervals when all other passions left me alone; but one of these intervals would have been sufficient to enlist my sympathies again. This kindly intention on M. de Choiseul's part gained my affection and strengthened the esteem which some of the proceedings of his ministry had caused me to entertain for his talents: the *pacte de famille*,² in particular,

1 *Malgré Minerve*: specially applied to a poet, who persists in writing verses, in spite of his having no talent for it.

2 A treaty of defensive alliance, concluded in 1761, between the two branches of the house of Bourbon in France and Spain.

appeared to me to indicate a statesman of the first rank. He gained my esteem still more from the poor opinion I had of his predecessors, not even excepting Madame de Pompadour, whom I looked upon as a sort of Prime Minister; and when it was currently reported that one of those two would drive out the other, I believed that I was offering prayers for the glory of France when I prayed for the triumph of M. de Choiseul. I had always had a feeling of antipathy against Madame de Pompadour, even when I saw her, before she had risen to power, at Madame de Poplinière's, while she was still Madame d'Etioles. Since then, I had been annoyed by her silence in the matter of Diderot, and the manner in which she had behaved towards me, both in regard to the *Fêtes de Ramire*, the *Muses Galantes*, and the *Devin du Village*, which had by no means brought me advantages proportionate to its success: in all these cases I had found very little inclination on her part to oblige me: this, however, did not prevent the Chevalier de Lorenzi from proposing to me to write something in praise of this lady, at the same time giving me to understand that it might be useful to me. This proposal made me the more indignant, as I saw clearly that it did not come from him: I knew well that this man, who was totally insignificant in himself, never thought or acted except as he was prompted by others. I am not sufficiently capable of putting restraint upon myself to have been able to conceal from him my contempt for his proposition, or, from anyone else, my dislike for the favourite, which I am convinced she knew; all these considerations united my self-interest to my natural inclination, in the prayers which I offered for the success of M. de Choiseul. Already prepossessed in favour of his abilities, which was the extent of my acquaintance with him: full of gratitude for his good intentions; in addition, totally ignorant, in my retirement, of his tastes and manner of life, I regarded him by anticipation as the avenger of the public and myself; and, as I was at the time engaged in putting the finishing touches to the "Contrat Social," I set down, in a single passage, my opinion of preceding ministries, and of that which was beginning to eclipse them all. On this occasion, I offended against my most firmly established principle; and, further, I did not reflect

that, when one desires to praise or blame strongly in the same article, without mentioning names, it is necessary to apportion the praise to those for whom it is intended in such a manner that the most sensitive *amour-propre* cannot possibly misunderstand it. In regard to this, I felt so foolishly secure, that it never even occurred that it could be possible for anyone to be mistaken. It will soon be seen whether I was right.

It had been one of my misfortunes to be always connected with authoresses. I thought that, amongst the great, I should at least be free from this. Not at all; my misfortune still pursued me. As far as I know, Madame de Luxembourg was never attacked by this complaint; but Madame de Boufflers was. She wrote a tragedy in prose, which was at first read, sent round, and praised up in M. le Prince de Conti's circle; and, not satisfied with all these eulogies, she wanted to ask my opinion also, in order to secure my approbation. I gave it, and praised the work in the moderate terms which it deserved. I also informed her, as I thought was only right, that her piece, entitled *L'Esclave Généreux*, had a great resemblance to a little known English play, which, however, had been translated into French, called *Oroonoko*.¹ Madame de Boufflers thanked me for my opinion, but assured me that her piece had not the least resemblance to the English. I have never mentioned this plagiarism to a single person except herself, and then only to fulfil a duty which she herself had imposed upon me; but this has not prevented me from often thinking since then of the manner in which Gil Blas fulfilled his duty to the preaching archbishop, and its results.

Without mentioning the Abbé de Boufflers, who was not fond of me, and Madame de Boufflers, whom I had offended in a manner which women and authors never forgive, none of Madame le Maréchale's other friends seemed particularly inclined to become mine. I may mention M. le Président Hénault, who, as a member of the society of authors, was not free from their faults; Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, both of them on intimate terms with Voltaire

1 By T. Southerne (1696), founded upon a novel by Mrs. Aphra Behn.

and D'Alembert, with the latter of whom Mademoiselle de Lespinasse finally lived—of course, in a most respectable manner: let no one imagine that I mean anything else. I had begun by feeling a lively interest in Madame du Deffand, whom I pitied on account of the loss of her eyesight; but her manner of living, so entirely contrary to mine, that she got up about the time that I went to bed; her extravagant passion for trifling displays of wit; the importance which she attached to the most contemptible rags which appeared, whether complimentary or abusive; the despotic violence of her oracular utterances; her exaggerated prepossessions in favour of or against everything, which prevented her from speaking of any subject except hysterically; her incredible prejudices, her unconquerable obstinacy, her unreasoning enthusiasm to which she was carried away by the stubbornness of her impassioned judgments—all this soon discouraged me from the attentions which I was ready to pay her. I neglected her; she noticed it. This was sufficient to put her in a rage; and, although I felt how greatly a woman of this character was to be feared, I preferred to expose myself to the scourge of her hatred than to that of her friendship.

As if it was not enough for me to have so few friends in Madame de Luxembourg's circle, I had enemies in her family—only one, certainly, but one who, in the situation in which I now find myself, is equal to a hundred. It was certainly not her brother, M. le Duc de Villeroy, who not only came to see me, but invited me several times to Villeroy; and, as I had answered this invitation with all possible politeness and respect, he had taken this vague answer as an acceptance, and arranged that M. and Madame de Luxembourg should pay him a fortnight's visit, on which it was proposed that I should accompany them. As the care which my health required rendered it dangerous for me at that time to change my quarters, I begged M. de Luxembourg to be good enough to make my excuses. It may be seen from his answer (Packet D, No. 3) that he did so with the best grace in the world; and M. le Duc de Villeroy's kindness towards me showed no alteration. His nephew and heir, the young Marquis de Villeroy, did not share the kindly feelings with

which his uncle honoured me, nor, I must confess, did I entertain the same respect for him. His frivolous behaviour made him unendurable to me, and my coldness brought upon me his dislike. One evening, at table, he wantonly insulted me; I came out very badly, because I am a fool and utterly without presence of mind, and anger, instead of sharpening the little ready wit I may possess, entirely deprives me of it. I had a dog which had been given to me when it was quite a puppy, almost immediately after my arrival at the Hermitage, and which I had named "Duke." This dog, which, although no beauty, was of an uncommon breed, I had made my friend and companion; and it certainly deserved the name better than the majority of those who have assumed it. It had become a favourite at the château of Montmorency, owing to its sensible and affectionate disposition, and the attachment which we felt for each other; but, in a moment of foolish weakness, I had changed its name to "Turk," as if there had not been hundreds of dogs called "Marquis," without any Marquis being offended at it. The Marquis de Villeroy, who knew of this change of name, pressed me so hard upon the point that I was obliged to relate, in the presence of the company, what I had done. What gave offence in the story was, not so much that I had given the dog the name of "Duke," as that I had afterwards altered it. The worst thing was, that there were several dukes present, amongst others, M. de Luxembourg and his son. The Marquis de Villeroy, who was a duke presumptive, and bears that title at the present day, cruelly enjoyed the embarrassing position in which he had placed me, and the effect produced by it. I was assured, the next day, that his aunt had severely scolded him; and it may be imagined how far this reprimand, if he really received it, must have improved my relations with him.

My only protector against all these enemies, both at the Hôtel de Luxembourg and at the Temple, was the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who professed to be my friend; but he was still more the friend of D'Alembert, under whose wings he passed amongst the ladies for a great geometrician. He was, besides, the gallant, or rather the tame cat, of Madame la Comtesse de Boufflers, who was herself a great friend of D'Alembert; the

Chevalier de Lorenzi's very existence and thoughts depended upon her. Thus, far from my possessing any outside counterpoise to my folly which could keep me in Madame de Luxembourg's good graces, all who approached her seemed to work together to injure me in her esteem. However, besides her kindness in undertaking to see after "Émile," she showed me an additional mark of favour and sympathy, which caused me to believe that, even if she was getting tired of me, she still preserved, and would always preserve, the friendship which she had so often promised to entertain for me to the end of my life.

As soon as I thought that I could reckon upon this feeling on her part, I began to relieve my heart by making a confession of all my faults to her; since it is an inviolable principle with me, to show myself to my friends exactly as I am, neither better nor worse. I informed her of my relations with Thérèse, and all their consequences, not omitting the manner in which I had disposed of my children. She received my confessions kindly, even too kindly, and spared me the censure which I deserved; and what especially touched me was the kindness which she lavished upon Thérèse: she gave her little presents, sent for her, encouraged her to go and see her, received her most tenderly, and frequently kissed her before everybody. The poor girl was transported with joy and gratitude, which I certainly shared; the kindness with which M. and Madame de Luxembourg overwhelmed me through her touched me more than that which they showed to me directly.

For a considerable time matters remained on this footing; but at last Madame la Maréchale pushed her kindness so far as to express a wish to remove and adopt one of my children. She knew that I had put a monogram upon the eldest one's linen; she asked me for the duplicate of it, and I gave it to her. In the search she employed La Roche, her *valet de chambre* and confidential servant, whose inquiries proved useless; he found out nothing, although only twelve or fourteen years had elapsed; if the registers of the Foundling Hospital had been regularly kept, or if the inquiry had been properly conducted, the mark ought not to have been so difficult to discover. However that may be, I was less annoyed at his failure than I should have

been, if I had followed the child's career from its birth. If, with the assistance of the information afforded, any child had been presented to me as mine, the doubt, whether it really was so, or whether another had been substituted for it, would have tormented my heart with uncertainty, and I should not have enjoyed in all its charm the true feeling of nature, which, in order to be kept alive, must be kept up by constant familiarity, at least during infancy. The continued absence of a child whom one does not yet know, weakens and at last utterly destroys the feelings of a parent; it is impossible to love a child which has been put out to nurse as much as one which is brought up at home. This reflection may extenuate the effects of my faults, but only aggravates their origin.

It may be useful to observe that, through the medium of Thérèse, this same La Roche made the acquaintance of Madame le Vasseur, whom Grimm still kept at Deuil, close to La Chevrette, and only a little distance from Montmorency. After I left, it was through M. la Roche that I continued to send this woman the money which I never ceased to supply her with, and I believe that he very often took presents to her from Madame la Maréchale; thus, although she was always complaining, she was certainly not to be pitied. In regard to Grimm, as I am not fond of speaking of people whom I feel bound to hate, I never mentioned him to Madame de Luxembourg unless I was obliged to; but she several times introduced his name without telling me what she thought of him, and without ever letting me discover whether she was acquainted with the man or not. As reserve with those whom I love, and who are perfectly frank with me, is by no means to my taste, especially in what concerns them, I have sometimes reflected since then upon the reserve which she showed towards me, but only when such reflection has been rendered natural by other events.

After having waited a considerable time since I had handed "Emile" to Madame de Luxembourg, without hearing anything about it, I at length was informed that an arrangement had been made at Paris with the bookseller Duchesne, and by him with Néaulme of Amsterdam. Madame de Luxembourg sent me the two copies of the agreement with Duchesne to sign.

I recognised the writing as that of M. de Malesherbes' letters, which he did not write himself. The certainty that my agreement had been concluded with the consent and under the eyes of the magistrate made me sign it with confidence. Duchesne gave me 6,000 *francs* for the manuscript, half down, and, I think, 100 or 200 copies. Having signed the two documents, I sent them both to Madame de Luxembourg, in accordance with her desire; she gave one to Duchesne and kept the other herself, instead of sending it back to me, and I have never seen it again.

Although my acquaintance with M. and Madame de Luxembourg had interrupted my plans of retirement, they had not caused me to renounce them altogether. Even at the time when I was most in favour with Madame la Maréchale, I always felt that nothing but my sincere attachment to her and her husband could render their surroundings endurable; my whole difficulty was to unite this attachment with a manner of life more agreeable to my taste and less injurious to my health, which the perpetual restraint and the late suppers continually undermined, in spite of all the care which they took to avoid exposing me to any risk; for, in this respect, as in everything else, they showed the greatest possible attention. For instance, every evening, after supper, M. de Maréchal, who went to bed early, never failed to take me away with him, whether I liked it or not, in order that I might do the same. It was not until just before my catastrophe that he ceased, for some reason unknown to me, to show me this attention.

Even before I perceived any coldness on the part of Madame la Maréchale, I was anxious, in order to avoid exposing myself to it, to carry out my old plan; but, as I was without the means, I was obliged to wait until the agreement of "Emile" was concluded, and in the meantime I put the final touches to the "Contrat Social," and sent it to Rey, fixing the price of the manuscript at 1,000 *francs*, which he gave me. I ought not perhaps to omit a little incident which has reference to that manuscript. I handed it, carefully sealed, to Duvoisin, a minister from the Pays de Vaud, and chaplain at the hôtel de Hollande, who sometimes came to see me, and undertook to forward it to Rey, with whom he was

acquainted. This manuscript, written in a very fine hand, was very small, and did not fill his pocket. However, as he was passing the *barrière*,¹ it somehow or other fell into the hands of the clerks, who, after having opened and examined it, afterwards returned it to him, when he claimed it in the name of the Ambassador. This gave him the opportunity of reading it himself, which, as he ingenuously informed me, he did, at the same time praising the work highly, without a word of blame or criticism, no doubt reserving to himself the right of playing the part of the avenger of Christianity when the work should have appeared. He resealed the manuscript, and sent it to Rey. Such was essentially the story which he told me in the letter in which he gave me an account of the matter, and that is all that I have heard about it.

Besides these two works and my "Dictionnaire de Musique," at which I worked from time to time, I had some other writings of less importance, all ready for publication, which I intended to bring out, either separately or in a general collection of my works, if I ever undertook to produce one. The most important of these, most of which are still in manuscript in the hands of Du Peyrou, was an "Essai sur l'Origine des Langues," which I had read to M. de Malesherbes and the Chevalier de Lorenzi, who expressed his approval of it. I calculated that all these works together, after all expenses, would be worth to me at least 8,000 or 10,000 *francs*, which I intended to sink in a life-annuity for myself and Thérèse. After this, we would go and live together in the corner of some province, where I would no longer trouble the public with myself, or trouble myself about anything further, except how to end my days peacefully, while continuing to do as much good around me as was possible, and to write at my leisure the Memoirs which I meditated.

Such was my scheme, the execution of which was rendered still easier to me by the generosity of Rey, which I must not pass by in silence. This publisher, of whom I heard so much that was bad at Paris, is nevertheless the only one, of all those with whom I have had anything to do, that I have always had

1 The gate where the offices of the *octroi*, or town dues, were.

reason to be satisfied with.¹ We certainly often quarrelled about the publication of my books; he was careless, and I was hasty. But, in financial matters and others connected with them, although I never had a regular agreement with him, I always found him strictly honourable. He is also the only one who has openly admitted that he made a good thing out of me; and he has often told me that he owed his fortune to me, and offered to share it with me. Being unable to show his gratitude to myself directly, he desired to prove it at least in the person of my better-half, upon whom he settled an annuity of 300 *francs*, stating in the deed that it was an acknowledgment of the advantages he owed to me. We settled the matter between us, without any show or pretentiousness; and if I had not been the first to let everybody know of it, no one would ever have heard of it. I was so affected by his behaviour, that from that I became sincerely attached to him. Some time afterwards, he asked me to stand godfather to one of his children; I consented; and one of my regrets, in the condition to which I have been reduced, is that I have been deprived of all opportunity of ever making my attachment of any service to my goddaughter and her parents. How is it that I, who am so grateful for the modest generosity of this publisher, feel so little gratitude for the noisy attentions of so many distinguished personages, who boastfully fill the world with an account of the benefits which they claim to have bestowed upon me, the results of which I have never felt? Is it their fault, or is it mine? Is it merely vanity on their part, or ungratefulness on mine? I ask the intelligent reader to consider and decide the matter; for myself, I am dumb.

This pension was a great assistance to Thérèse, and a great relief for me. But I was far from desiring any direct profit for myself from it, any more than from any other presents which she received. She has always had the absolute disposal of it. If I kept her money, I rendered her a faithful account of it, without ever deducting a farthing for our common expenses, even when she was better off than I was. "That which is mine is

¹ When I wrote these lines, I was far from imagining, or conceiving, much less believing, the frauds which I subsequently discovered in the printing of my works, which he was obliged to admit.

ours," I said to her, "and that which is yours is yours." I always behaved, in money matters, in accordance with this principle, which I often repeated to her. Those who are base enough to accuse me of accepting through her hands what I refused to accept with my own, no doubt judged my heart by their own, and had but little knowledge of me. / I would gladly eat with her the bread she may earn, but never that which may be given to her. / I appeal to her own testimony on this point, both now and hereafter, when, in the course of nature, she shall have survived me. Unfortunately, she knows little about economy in anything, and she is careless and extravagant, not from vanity or fondness of delicacies, but from sheer thoughtlessness. No one is perfect in this world; and, since her excellent qualities must be counterbalanced, I prefer that she should have faults, rather than vices, although these faults are sometimes more prejudicial to us both. The efforts which I have made for her sake, as formerly for mamma's, to put by a little hoard which might some day be useful to her, are inconceivable; but it has always been labour lost. Neither of them ever reckoned with herself; and, in spite of all my endeavours, all that I earned was immediately gone. Notwithstanding the simplicity with which she dresses, Rey's pension has never been sufficient, and I have always been obliged to assist her every year. Neither she nor I was born to be rich, and I certainly do not reckon that as one of our misfortunes.

The "Contrat Social" was printed with little delay. It was different with "Emile," for the publication of which I was obliged to wait, before I could carry out my project of retirement. From time to time, Duchesne sent me specimens of type to choose from; and after I had made a choice, instead of putting the work in hand, he sent me fresh ones. When we had at last settled upon the size and type, and several sheets had already been struck off, in consequence of a slight alteration which I made in a proof, he began all over again, and, at the end of six months, we were not so far advanced as on the first day. While these experiments were going on, I discovered that the book was being printed in France as well as in Holland, and in two separate editions. What could I do? The manuscript was no longer under my

control. Far from having had anything to do with the French edition, I had always opposed it ; but, at length, since it was being brought out, whether I liked it or not, and served as a model for the other, I was obliged to glance over it and look at the proofs, to prevent my work being mutilated and disfigured. Besides, the work was being printed with such definite approval on the part of the magistrate, that the undertaking was in some sort under his direction ; he frequently wrote to me, and even came to see me on the subject, on a certain occasion of which I will speak presently.

While Duchesne proceeded at a tortoise-pace, Néaulme, whom he kept back, proceeded even still more slowly. The sheets were not sent to him regularly as they were printed. He thought that Duchesne, that is to say De Guy, who acted for him, was not behaving in good faith ; and, seeing that the agreement was not being carried out, he wrote to me letter after letter full of complaints and grievances, which I could no more remedy than my own. His friend Guérin, who at that time saw me pretty frequently, was always talking to me about the book, but with the greatest reserve. He did and he did not know that it was being printed in France ; he did and he did not know that the magistrate was interesting himself in it ; he sympathised with me upon the embarrassment the book would cause me, while at the same time he seemed to accuse me of imprudence, without ever telling me in what it consisted ; he equivocated and shuffled incessantly ; he seemed to talk only to make me talk. At that time, I fancied myself so secure, that I laughed at the cautious and mysterious tone which he adopted in the matter, as a habit contracted by constant intercourse with ministerial and magisterial offices. Feeling sure that everything connected with the work was in order, firmly convinced that it enjoyed not only the approval and protection of the magistrate, but even deserved and had obtained the favour of the ministry, I congratulated myself upon my courage in acting rightly, and laughed at the faintheartedness of my friends, who seemed anxious about me. Duclos was amongst the number, and I confess that my confidence in his uprightness and shrewdness might have alarmed me if I had felt less confidence in the usefulness of the work and the honour of its patrons. He came to see me on the part of

M. Baille, while "Emile" was in the press, and spoke to me about it. I read to him the "Savoyard Vicar's Profession of Faith"; he listened to it quietly, and, as it seemed to me, with great pleasure. When I had finished, he said to me: "What, citizen! is this part of a book which is being printed in Paris?" "Yes," I answered; "and it was to be printed at the Louvre, by order of the King." "I admit it," said he; "but be kind enough not to tell anyone that you have read me this extract." This singular way of expressing himself surprised, but did not alarm me. I knew that Duclos saw a good deal of M. de Malesherbes; and I found it difficult to understand how he could hold so different an opinion in regard to the same thing.

I had lived at Montmorency for more than four years, without having enjoyed one single day of good health. Although the air is excellent, the water is bad; and this may very well have been one of the causes which aggravated my usual complaints. About the end of the autumn of 1761 I fell seriously ill, and spent the whole winter in almost constant suffering. My physical ailments, increased by numerous uneasinesses, made them still more painful to me. For some time secret and gloomy forebodings had been disturbing me, although I did not know to what they referred. I received several curious anonymous letters, and even signed ones which were equally curious; one from a councillor of the Parliament of Paris, who, dissatisfied with the present constitution of affairs, and prognosticating no good from its results, wished to consult me as to the choice of an asylum in Geneva or Switzerland, to which he and his family might retire; another from M. de —, *président à mortier*¹ in the Parliament of —, who proposed to me to draw up a memorandum and remonstrances for this Parliament, which at that time was out of favour with the Court, at the same time offering to supply me with all the materials and documents which I might require.

When I am suffering, I am easily irritated. This was what happened when I received these letters, and I showed it by my answers, in which I flatly refused to do what I was asked. I certainly do not reproach myself for refusing, since these letters

¹ See page 8.

might have been snares set for me by my enemies,¹ and what I was asked to do was opposed to the principles from which I was still less than ever inclined to depart; but, when I might have refused politely, I refused rudely; and therefore in that I was wrong.

The two letters of which I have just spoken will be found amongst my papers. The letter from the councillor did not altogether surprise me, because, in common with him and many others, I thought that the break up of the constitution threatened France with speedy destruction. The disasters of an unfortunate war,² which were all the fault of the Government; the incredible financial disorders; the continued disagreements in the administration, which had hitherto been conducted by two or three ministers openly opposed, and who, in order to injure each other, were ruining the kingdom; the general discontent of the people and of all classes in the State; the stubbornness of an obstinate woman, who, ever sacrificing her intellectual powers, if she possessed any, to her inclinations, almost invariably kept the most capable men out of offices, in order to fill them with those who were her favourites; all these things contributed to justify the forebodings of the councillor, the public, and myself. These forebodings several times made me consider whether I should not act wisely in seeking a refuge for myself outside the kingdom, before the troubles, which seemed to threaten it, broke out; but, reassured by my insignificance and peaceful disposition, I believed that, in the retirement in which I intended to live no storm could reach me. My only regret was that, when things were in this condition, M. de Luxembourg undertook commissions which could not fail to make him disliked in his government. I could have wished him to prepare a retreat for himself there, ready for all emergencies, in case the great machine should fall to pieces, which there seemed reason to fear under existing circumstances; and it still seems to me at the present time that there can be no doubt that, if the reins of government had not fallen completely

¹ For instance, I knew that the President of ——— was intimately connected with the Encyclopaedists and the Holbachians.

² The Seven Years' War.

into the hands of one man, the French monarchy would now be in its last agonies.

While my condition grew worse, the printing of "Emile" proceeded more slowly, and was at last entirely suspended. I was unable to learn the reason. Guy did not condescend either to write to me again or to answer my letters. I could not procure information from anyone, and knew nothing of what was going on, M. de Malesherbes being in the country at the time. No misfortune, whatever it may be, ever troubles or overwhelms me, provided that I know in what it consists; but I am naturally afraid of darkness; I dread and hate its gloomy appearance; mystery always makes me uneasy; it is too much opposed to my disposition, which is frank to the verge of imprudence. During the daytime, the sight of the most hideous monster would, I believe, alarm me but little; but if I were to see by night a figure in a white sheet, I should be afraid. Thus my fancy, kindled by this prolonged silence, busied itself in conjuring up for me a number of phantoms. The more I had at heart the publication of my last and best work, the more I tormented myself to find out what could be delaying it; and, as I always went to extremes in everything, I saw in the suspension of the printing the suppression of the book. Meanwhile, as I was unable to imagine the reason or the manner of this interruption, I remained a prey to the most cruel uncertainty. I wrote letter after letter to Guy, M. de Malesherbes, and Madame de Luxembourg; and as no answers came at all, or did not come when I expected them, I was utterly confused and almost beside myself. Unfortunately I heard, at the same time, that Father Griffet, a Jesuit, had spoken of "Emile," and had even quoted passages from it. In a moment my imagination, like a flash of lightning, disclosed the whole iniquitous mystery; I saw its progress as clearly and as surely as if it had been revealed to me. I imagined that the Jesuits, furious at the tone of contempt in which I had spoken of their colleges, had got possession of my work; that it was they who were delaying its publication; that, having been informed by their friend Guérin of my present condition, and foreseeing my speedy death, of which I myself entertained no doubt, their object was to delay the printing until that event occurred, with

the intention of mutilating and altering the work, and, in order to serve their own ends, of attributing to me opinions totally different from my own. It is astonishing what a crowd of facts and circumstances entered my head to accommodate themselves to this mad idea, and to give it an air of probability—nay, to prove and demonstrate its truth. I knew that Guérin was completely devoted to the Jesuits. I attributed to them all the friendly advances which he had made to me. I persuaded myself that it was at their instigation that he had urged me to enter into negotiations with Néaulme; that it was through the latter that they had got hold of the first sheets of my work; and that they had subsequently found means to make Duchesne stop printing, and perhaps to get possession of my manuscript, in order to work upon it at their leisure, until my death should leave them free to publish their travesty of it. I had always felt, in spite of Father Berthier's show of affection, that the Jesuits had no love for me, not only as being an Encyclopaedist, but also because my views were even more hostile to their principles and influence than the unbelief of my colleagues, since atheistic and religious fanaticism, which approach closely in their common intolerance, are even capable of uniting, as they have done in China, and as they do now against myself; whereas rational and moral religion, which takes away all human control over the conscience, deprives of further resource those who claim that power. I knew that the Chancellor also was a great friend of the Jesuits; I was afraid that the son, intimidated by the father, might find himself compelled to abandon to them the manuscript which he had taken under his protection. I even imagined that I could see the effect of this abandonment in the chicanery which was stirred up against me in regard to the two first volumes, in which fresh sheets were required for mere trifles; while the two remaining volumes, as was well known, were full of such outspoken sentiments, that it would have been necessary to recast them entirely, if they had been criticised by the censor like the two first. I knew, besides—and M. de Malesherbes himself told me—that the Abbé de Grave, who had been charged with the inspection of this edition, was another partisan of the Jesuits. I saw nothing but Jesuits everywhere, without reflecting that they, on the eve of

their annihilation, and fully occupied with their own defence, had something else to do than to intrigue against the printing of a book in which they were not concerned. I am wrong, however, in saying, "without reflection"; I certainly did think of it. M. de Malesherbes himself even took care to make the objection, as soon as he heard of my fantastic idea; but, owing to another of these caprices, to which a man is subject who attempts, in the bosom of obscurity, to judge of secret and important affairs of which he knows nothing, I refused to believe that the Jesuits were in danger, and I regarded such rumours as a ruse on their part to lull their adversaries to sleep. Their past and ever consistent successes gave me so terrible an idea of their power, that I already lamented the degradation of the Parliament. I knew that M. de Choiseul had studied amongst the Jesuits, that Madame de Pompadour was not on bad terms with them, and that their league with the favourites and ministers had always been considered of great service to both parties against their common enemies. The Court appeared to be neutral; and feeling convinced that, if the society one day met with a severe check, the Parliament would never be strong enough to give it, I drew from this inaction on the part of the Court the justification of their confidence and the augury of their triumph. In short, seeing in all the rumours of the day nothing but a feint and snares on their part, and believing that, in their position of security, they had time to attend to everything, I had no doubt that they would soon crush Jansenism, the Parliament, the Encyclopaedists, and all who had not submitted to their yoke; and that, if they permitted my book to appear, it would not be until they had transformed it into a weapon for themselves, by making use of my name in order to deceive my readers.

I felt that I was dying. I can scarcely understand how it was that my extravagant notions did not prove my death-blow, so terribly was I alarmed at the idea that my memory would be dishonoured in a work which was my best and most worthy of me. I never felt such dread of death; and I believe that, if I had died then, I should have died in a state of utter despair. Even at the present day, when I see the blackest and most hideous conspiracy which has ever been entered into against a

man's memory advancing without hindrance to its accomplishment, I shall die much more peacefully, feeling sure of leaving behind me in my writings a witness in my favour which, sooner or later, will triumph over the conspiracies of men.

[1762.]—M. de Malesherbes, the witness and confidant of my agitation, did his utmost to calm it, in a manner which proved his inexhaustible goodness of heart. M. de Luxembourg assisted in this good work, and went to see Duchesne several times, in order to find out how the edition was progressing. At last the printing was resumed and proceeded more rapidly; and I have never known why it had been suspended. M. de Malesherbes took the trouble to come to Montmorency to calm my agitation, and he succeeded. My perfect confidence in his uprightness, having overcome the derangement of my poor head, rendered effectual every effort on his part to restore its equilibrium. After what he had seen of my distress and frenzy, it was natural that he should consider that I greatly deserved to be pitied. The talk of the philosophical cabal, by which he was surrounded, repeated over and over again, came back to his mind. When I went to live at the Hermitage, they publicly declared, as I have already said, that I should not be able to stand it long. When they saw that I persevered, they said that it was due to obstinacy, pride, and shame at the idea of giving in, but that I was really wearied to death, and was very unhappy. M. de Malesherbes believed it and wrote to me. Feeling deeply this mistake on the part of a man whom I so highly esteemed, I wrote to him four letters one after the other, in which I explained the true reasons for my conduct, and at the same time faithfully described my tastes, my character, and all the feelings of my inmost heart. These four letters, written offhand, hurriedly, with a single stroke of the pen, and which I never even read over, are perhaps the only compositions which I have ever written with perfect ease during the whole of my life, and, what is even more astonishing, at a time when I was suffering deeply and was in a state of the utmost depression. Feeling my strength giving way, I sighed at the thought that I was leaving behind, in the minds of honourable men, so unjust an opinion of myself; and, by means of the sketch hastily thrown off in these four letters, I attempted, in some

degree, to supply the place of the Memoirs which I had proposed to write. These letters, which pleased M. de Malesherbes, and which he showed to people in Paris, are to a certain extent the summary of that which I here set forth in detail, and, on this ground, are worthy of being preserved. The copy of them, which he had made at my request, and which he sent me some years afterwards, will be found amongst my papers.

From that time the only thing which troubled me, when I thought of my approaching death, was the want of a literary friend whom I could trust, in whose hands I could deposit my papers, so that, after my death, he might pick and choose from them. After my journey to Geneva, I had become friendly with Moulton; I was fond of this young man, and should have liked him to close my eyes. I told him of my desire, and I believe that he would have performed this act of humanity with pleasure, if his affairs and his family had permitted him. Deprived of this consolation, I wished at least to give him a proof of my confidence, by sending him the "Savoyard Vicar's Profession of Faith" before it was published. He was very pleased with it; but, from the tone of his reply, he did not appear to me to share the feeling of confidence, with which at that time I awaited its effect. He expressed a wish to have something of mine which no one else possessed. I sent him a "Funeral Oration upon the late Duke of Orleans," which I had written for the Abbé d'Arty, but which had not been delivered because, contrary to his expectation, that duty had not been intrusted to him.

The printing, when it had once been resumed, was quietly continued and finished; and I noticed as a singular fact, that, after the fresh sheets, which had been stringently exacted for the first two volumes, the last two were passed without a word, and no objection of any kind was taken to their contents. However, I still felt an uneasiness, which I must not omit to mention. After having been alarmed at the Jesuits, I became alarmed at the Jansenists and philosophers. An enemy to everything that comes under the denomination of party, faction, and cabal, I have never expected any good from those who belong to them. The "Gossips" had left their former abode some time ago, and had established themselves so close to me, that, from their room, it

was possible to hear everything that was said either in mine or on my terrace, and it was perfectly easy to climb, from their garden, the low wall which separated it from my turret. I had made this turret my study, and in it there was a table covered with proofs and sheets of "Emile" and the "Contrat Social"; these sheets I stitched together as they were sent to me, and thus had complete copies of all the volumes long before they were published. My thoughtlessness, carelessness, and confidence in M. Mathas, in the garden by which I was enclosed, often made me forget to shut my turret at night, and in the morning I found it wide open. This would have not have caused me the least uneasiness, had I not fancied that I noticed that my papers had been disturbed. Having noticed this several times, I became more careful about shutting the turret. The lock was bad, and the key would only turn half-way in it. A more careful examination showed me that my papers were disturbed even more than when I left the door wide open. At last, one of my volumes disappeared for a day and two nights, and I was utterly unable to find what had become of it until the morning of the third day, when I found it on my table again. I neither felt then, nor ever have felt, any suspicion of M. Mathas, or his nephew M. Dumoulin, as I know that both had a sincere regard for me, and I felt every confidence in them. I began to feel less sure about the "Gossips." I knew that, although they were Jansenists, they had some connection with D'Alembert and lived in the same house. This caused me some uneasiness, and made me more careful. I removed my papers to my room, and entirely gave up visiting these people, as I had also heard that they had exhibited in several houses the first volume of "Emile," which I had been imprudent enough to lend them. Although they continued to be my neighbours until I left, I held no further communication with them from that time forth.

The "Contrat Social" appeared a month or two before "Emile." Rey, whom I had made promise never to introduce any of my books secretly into France, applied to the magistrate for permission to introduce this by way of Rouen, to which place he sent his consignments by sea. He received no reply; his packages remained at Rouen for several months, when they were sent back to him, after an attempt had been made to confiscate

them; but he created such a disturbance that they were returned to him. Certain persons, out of curiosity, procured some copies from Amsterdam, which circulated without making much stir. Mauléon, who had heard and even seen something of this, spoke to me about it with an air of mystery which surprised me, and would even have made me uneasy, unless, feeling sure that I had acted in order in everything, and had done nothing with which I could reproach myself, I had reassured myself by my grand principle. I entertained no doubt that M. de Choiseul, who had already shown himself favourably disposed towards me, and appreciated the eulogy which my esteem had caused me to pronounce upon him in this work, would support me on this occasion against the illwill of Madame de Pompadour.

At that time, I certainly had as much reason as ever to reckon upon the kindness of M. de Luxembourg, and his support in case of necessity; for he never gave me more frequent or more touching proofs of his friendship. During his Easter visit, my melancholy state of health did not allow me to go to the château; but he never let a day pass without paying me a visit, and, seeing that my sufferings were incessant, he at last persuaded me to let him send for Brother Côme.¹ He brought him to me himself, and had the courage, certainly rare and meritorious in a great nobleman, to remain with me during the operation, which was a long and painful one. However, it was only a question of being probed; but I had never been able to submit to it, even at the hands of Morand, who made the attempt several times, but always unsuccessfully. Brother Côme, whose skill and lightness of hand was unequalled, at last succeeded in introducing a very small probe, after having caused me great suffering for more than two hours, during which I did my utmost to restrain my cries, to avoid distressing the tender-hearted Marquis. On the first examination, Brother Côme thought he had discovered a large stone, and told me so; on the second, he could not find it. After having made a second and third examination, with a care and exactitude which made

¹ Jean Basellhac (1703-1781), a great authority on stone and diseases of the bladder. He was a member of the religious order, founded by Robert de Molesme, in the village of Cîteaux, in 1098.

the time seem very long, he declared that there was no stone at all, but that the prostate gland was scirrhus and abnormally swollen. He found the bladder large and in good condition, and he ended by expressing his opinion that I should suffer greatly, and that I should live for a long time. If the second prediction is fulfilled as completely as the first, my sufferings are not nearly at an end.

Thus, after having been successively treated for so many years for complaints which I never had, I ended by learning that my malady, incurable without being fatal, would last as long as myself. My imagination, checked by this knowledge, no longer presented to me the prospect of a cruel death in the agonies of stone. I ceased to fear that the end of a bougie, which had long ago been broken off in the urethra, had laid the foundation for the formation of a stone. Freed from imaginary evils, more cruel than those which were real, I endured the latter more patiently. There is no doubt that, since that time, I have suffered much less from my malady than I had ever done before, and I never remember that I owe this relief to M. de Luxembourg, without being stirred to fresh emotion when I think of him.

Thus restored, so to speak, to life, and more than ever occupied with my plans for passing what still remained of it, I only waited for the publication of "Emile" in order to put them into execution. I thought of Touraine, which I had already visited, and which pleased me greatly, owing to the mildness of its climate and the gentleness of its inhabitants.

*"La terra molle e lieta e diletta.
Simile a se gli abitator produce."*¹

I had already mentioned my plan to M. de Luxembourg, who endeavoured to dissuade me from it. I spoke to him of it again, as a step upon which I had decided. He then proposed to me the Château of Merlon, fifteen leagues from Paris, as a refuge which might possibly suit me, where he and his wife would be delighted to see me settled. The proposal touched me, and made a favourable impression upon my mind. First of all, it was necessary to see the place, and we agreed that he

¹ The country, agreeable, fertile, and delightful, produces inhabitants like itself.

should send his *valet de chambre* with a carriage, on a day which was fixed upon, to drive me there. On that day I was very unwell, the journey had to be put off, and various disappointments prevented the plan from being carried out. As I subsequently heard that Merlou belonged, not to M. de Luxembourg, but to his wife, I had less difficulty in consoling myself for not having gone there.

"Emile" at last appeared, without my having heard any more about fresh proofs or other difficulties. Before its publication, M. de Luxembourg asked me to return all the letters from M. de Malesherbes, which had reference to the work. My great confidence in both, my feeling of perfect security, prevented me from considering the extraordinary, and even alarming, aspect of this request. I gave up the letters, with the exception of one or two which had inadvertently been left in some books. Some time previously, M. de Malesherbes had observed to me that he would withdraw the letters which I had written to Duchesne at the time when I was alarmed about the Jesuits; and I must confess that these letters were not very creditable to my intelligence. But I told him that I was not desirous of appearing better in any respect than I really was, and that he might leave the letters with Duchesne. I do not know whether he did so.

The publication of this book did not take place with the outburst of approval, which had followed that of all my other writings. Never did a work meet with such great praise from private individuals, and so little approbation from the public. What those who were most capable of judging said and wrote to me about it, confirmed me in the opinion that it was the best, as well as the most important, of my writings. But all this was told me with the most curious circumspection, as if it had been a matter of importance to keep all favourable opinion of it secret. Madame de Boufflers, who declared to me that the author of such a work deserved statues and the homage of all mankind, without any ceremony begged me, at the end of her note, to send it back to her. D'Alembert, who wrote to me to the effect that the work decided my superiority, and was bound to place me at the head of all men of letters, did not sign his

note, although he had signed all those which he had previously written to me. Duclos, a friend on whom I could depend, an upright but cautious man, and who thought highly of the work, avoided expressing any opinion of it in writing. La Condamine fell upon the "Profession of Faith," and beat about the bush. Clairaut, in his letter, confined himself to the same part of the book, but was not afraid to declare how greatly he had been touched by reading it: he told me, in so many words, that the perusal of it had warmed his old soul. Of all those to whom I sent my book, he was the only one who told the world, openly and unreservedly, how highly he thought of it.

Mathas, to whom I had also given a copy before it was on sale, lent it to M. Blaire, Parliamentary Councillor, and father of the Intendant of Strasburg. M. de Blaire had a country house at Saint-Gratien, and Mathas, who was an old acquaintance, sometimes went to see him when he was able. He made him read "Emile" before it came out. M. de Blaire, on giving it back to him, made the following remark, which was repeated to me on the same day: "M. Mathas, this is a very fine book; but it will soon be spoken of more than is desirable for the author." When he repeated this to me, I merely laughed, and saw nothing more in it than the self-importance of a magistrate, who makes a mystery of everything. All the disturbing expressions, which were repeated to me, made equally little impression upon me; and, far from foreseeing in the least the catastrophe which was close at hand, convinced of the beauty and usefulness of my work, certain that I was in order in all respects, sure, as I believed I had a right to be, of all the influence of Madame de Luxembourg, and even of the favour of Ministers, I congratulated myself upon the resolution which I had taken—to retire in the midst of my triumphs, and when I had just crushed all those who were jealous of me.

One thing alone alarmed me in regard to the publication of the work, not so much out of consideration of my own safety as from a desire to quiet my conscience. At the Hermitage and at Montmorency, close to my doors, I had seen with indignation the vexatious annoyances inflicted, owing to the jealous care with which the pleasures of princes are guarded, upon the unfortunate peasants,

who are obliged to put up with the damage caused to their fields by the game, not venturing to protect themselves further than by making a noise, and compelled to spend the nights amidst their beans and peas, beating kettles, drums, and bells, to keep off the wild boars. A witness of the barbarous severity with which M. le Comte de Charolois caused these poor people to be treated, I had made an attack upon this cruel behaviour, towards the end of "Emile." This was another violation of my principles, which has not remained unpunished. I heard that the officers of M. le Prince de Conti treated the peasants upon his estates with hardly less cruelty. I trembled for fear that this Prince, towards whom I entertained the deepest feelings of respect and gratitude, might apply to himself the attack which a feeling of revolted humanity had caused me to make upon his uncle, and be offended at it. However, as my conscience completely justified me on this point, I quieted myself by its testimony, and I was right. At least, I have never heard that this great Prince paid the slightest attention to this passage, which was written long before I had the honour of his acquaintance.

A few days before or after the publication of my book—I do not exactly remember the time—another work on the same subject appeared, taken word for word from my first volume, with the exception of a few platitudes, scattered over the extract. This book bore the name of a Genevese, named Balxsert; and, according to the title, it had gained the prize at the Haarlem Academy. I easily understood that this Academy and this prize had been quite recently founded, in order to disguise the plagiarism in the eyes of the public; but I also saw that there must have been some previous intriguing, which I was at a loss to understand, either through the communication of my manuscript, without which the theft would have been impossible, or for the purpose of establishing the story of this pretended prize, for which it had been necessary to find some foundation. It was not until several years afterwards that I penetrated the mystery, in consequence of a word which D'Ivernois let fall, and saw, as it were between the lines, who it was that had drawn M. Belexsert into the affair.

The dull murmur which precedes the storm began to make

itself heard. All keen-witted persons saw clearly that, in regard to my book and myself, some plot was brewing, which would soon explode. As for me, my feeling of security and stupidity were so great, that, far from having any idea of my misfortune, I did not even suspect the cause, after I had felt the effects of it. My opponents began by cleverly spreading the idea that, while the Jesuits were severely treated, no favouritism could be shown towards books and authors who attacked religion. I was reproached for having put my name to "Emile," as if I had not put it to all my other writings, against which nothing had been said. It seemed as if people were afraid of being forced to take certain steps which they would regret, but which circumstances rendered necessary, and to which my imprudence had given occasion. These rumours reached my ears, but caused me scarcely any uneasiness. It never even occurred to me that in the whole affair there could be anything which personally affected me—me, who felt myself so completely beyond reproach, so strongly supported, and so entirely in order in all respects, and who had no fear that Madame de Luxembourg would leave me in difficulties on account of an error, which, if it had been committed, was entirely due to her. But, as I knew the usual course of things in similar cases, that it is the custom to rage against the booksellers while the authors are spared, I was not without some uneasiness in regard to poor Duchesne, if M. de Malesherbes should abandon him.

I remained calm. The rumours increased and soon assumed a different character. The public, and, above all, the Parliament, appeared irritated by my calmness. At the end of a few days the excitement became terrible; the threats changed their object, and were addressed directly to myself. Members of Parliament might be heard saying quite openly, that it was no good to burn the books; that the authors ought to be burnt as well. As for the booksellers, not a word was said about them. The first time that these expressions of opinion, more worthy of an inquisitor of Goa than of a senator, were repeated to me, I had no doubt that they were an invention of the Holbachians intended to frighten me and drive me out of the country. I laughed at this childish trick, and said to myself that if they

had known the real state of things, they would have sought some other means of frightening me; but at length the rumour became so pronounced, that it was clear that it was serious. M. and Madame de Luxembourg had made their second visit to Montmorency somewhat earlier than usual this year, and were there at the beginning of June. I heard very little said about my new books, in spite of the stir which they created in Paris; and neither M. nor Madame de Luxembourg said a word to me on the matter.

One morning, however, when I was alone with M. de Luxembourg, he asked me, "Have you said anything against M. de Choiseul in the 'Contrat Social'?" Starting back with surprise, I replied, "I? No, certainly not; that I swear to you; on the contrary, I have pronounced upon him, with a pen which is not given to flattery, the most splendid eulogy that a minister has ever received." With that, I quoted the whole passage to him. "And in 'Emile'?" he went on to ask. "Not a word," I answered; "there is not even a single word in it which refers to him." "Ah!" said he, with more vivacity than usual, "you ought to have done the same thing in the other book, or to have made yourself clearer." "I thought that I had done so," I answered; "I esteemed him highly enough for that." He was on the point of speaking again; I saw that he was ready to unbosom himself; but he checked himself and remained silent. Oh! the misery of a courtier's diplomacy, which, even in the best of hearts, overpowers friendship itself!

This conversation, although brief, enlightened me upon my situation, at least, in regard to certain things, and made me understand that it was certainly I who was attacked. I deplored this unheard-of fatality, which turned to my disadvantage all the good that I said and did. However, believing that I had Madame de Luxembourg and M. de Malesherbes to protect me in this matter, I did not see how it would be possible for my enemies to thrust them aside and reach me; for, in addition, I felt from that moment that it would no longer be a question of equity and justice, and that no one would trouble himself to examine whether I was really right or wrong. However, the storm roared louder and louder. Even Néaulme himself, in his wear-

some chatter, showed me how greatly he regretted having had anything to do with this work, and the certainty which he seemed to entertain of the fate which threatened both the book and its author. One thing, however, still comforted me. I found Madame de Luxembourg so calm, so contented, so cheerful even, that she must have known what she was about, since she did not show the least anxiety on my account, did not utter a word of sympathy or apology, and regarded the turn the affair was taking with as much coolness as if she had nothing to do with it, and had never taken the least interest in myself. The only thing that surprised me was, that she said nothing at all to me. It appeared to me that she ought to have said something. Madame de Boufflers seemed more uneasy. She came to and fro in an agitated manner, showed great activity, assured me that M. le Prince de Conti was also exerting himself to ward off the blow which was being prepared for me, and which she attributed simply to the present state of affairs, in which it was of importance to the Parliament not to give the Jesuits an opportunity of accusing it of indifference in religious matters. She seemed, however, to have little confidence in the success of the Prince's efforts or her own. The drift of all her conversations, which were more alarming than reassuring, was the same: to induce me to leave the country and retire to England, where she offered to find me several friends, amongst others the celebrated Hume, with whom she had long been acquainted. Seeing that I persisted in remaining calm, she adopted a line which was more calculated to shake my resolution. She gave me to understand that, if I was arrested and examined, I should be obliged to mention Madame de Luxembourg, and that her friendship for me certainly deserved that I should not expose myself to the danger of being forced to compromise her. I replied that she might make herself easy, and that in such a case I would certainly not compromise her. She answered, that such a resolution was easier to take than to keep, and in this she was right, especially in my case, since I was quite determined never to perjure myself, or speak falsely before the judges, whatever risk there might be in telling the truth.

Seeing that, although this observation had made a certain

impression upon me, I could not yet bring myself to decide upon flight, she spoke to me of the Bastille for a few weeks, as a means of escaping from the jurisdiction of the Parliament, which does not interfere with State prisoners. I made no objection to this singular favour, provided that it was not solicited in my name. As she said no more about it, I afterwards assumed that she had only proposed the idea in order to try me, and that an expedient, which would have put an end to everything, was not desired.

A few days afterwards, M. le Maréchal received from the *curé* of Deuil, a friend of Grimm and Madame d'Epinay, a letter, containing the information, which he declared came from a trustworthy source, that the Parliament intended to proceed against me with extreme severity, and that, on a certain day, which he mentioned, a warrant would be issued for my apprehension. I regarded this as an invention on the part of the Holbachians: I knew that the Parliament paid great attention to forms, and that it would be an infringement of them all, to commence on this occasion with a warrant of arrest, before it had been judicially established whether I acknowledged the book, and was really its author. I said to Madame de Boufflers: "It is only in the case of those crimes which disturb the public safety, that a warrant is issued, upon a simple information, for the arrest of the accused, for fear they may escape punishment. But, when it is desired to punish an offence like mine, which deserves honours and rewards, the custom is, to proceed against the book, and to avoid attacking the author as much as possible." Upon this, she pointed out to me a very subtle distinction, which I had forgotten, in order to prove to me that it was a favour to me to issue a warrant, instead of summoning me to be heard. On the following day, I received a letter from Guy, in which he informed me that, having been with M. le Procureur-général the same day, he had seen upon his desk the rough draft of a "Requisition"¹ against "Emile" and its author. Observe that the said Guy was the partner of Duchesne, who had printed the work, and also, having no anxiety on his own account,

1 *Réquisitoire*: A demand for surrender.

gave this information to the author out of charity. One may imagine how likely it all appeared to me! It was so simple, so natural, that a bookseller, when admitted to an audience of the *procureur-général*, should quietly read the manuscripts and rough drafts scattered over his desk! Madame de Boufflers and others assured me that it was true. In consequence of the absurdities which were being continually dinned into my ears, I was inclined to believe that everybody had gone mad.

Feeling sure that, under all this, there was some secret which was being withheld from me, I quietly awaited the issue of events, having full confidence in my upright behaviour and innocence throughout the affair, and being only too happy, whatever persecution might await me, to be summoned to the honour of suffering for the truth's sake. Far from being afraid, and keeping myself concealed, I went every day to the château, and took my usual walk in the afternoon. On the 8th of June, the day before the issue of the decree, I took it in company with two professors belonging to the Oratory, Father Alamanni and Father Mandard. We took some provisions with us to Champeaux, where we enjoyed a hearty meal. We had forgotten to take glasses, and supplied their place with stalks of rye, through which we sucked the wine from the bottles, eagerly picking out the thickest stalks, in order to see which could suck the hardest. I have never been so gay in my life.

I have mentioned how I suffered from sleeplessness in my youth. Since then, I had accustomed myself to read in bed every night, until I found my eyes getting heavy. Then I put out my candle, and tried to doze for a few minutes, which did not last long. My usual evening reading was the Bible, and in this manner I have read the whole of it through at least five or six times. On this particular evening, finding myself more wakeful than usual, I continued my reading for a longer time, and read the whole book, which ends with the history of the Levite of Ephraim—the Book of Judges, if I am not mistaken, for I have never looked at it since then. This history greatly affected me, and I was pondering over it in a half-dreamy state, from which I was suddenly roused by a noise and a light. The latter was carried by Thérèse, who was showing the way to

M. le Roche, who, seeing me start up abruptly, said to me, "Do not be alarmed: I come from Madame la Maréchale, who has written to you herself, and also sends you a letter from M. le Prince de Conti." Inside Madame de Luxembourg's letter I found another, which had been brought to her by a special messenger from the Prince, containing the information that, in spite of all his efforts, it had been decided to proceed against me with the utmost rigour of the law. "The excitement," so he wrote, "is very great: nothing can avert the blow: the Court demands it, the Parliament wills it: at seven o'clock to-morrow morning the warrant of arrest will be issued, and executed immediately. I have obtained an assurance that, if he makes his escape, he will not be pursued; but, if he persists in his wish to allow himself to be taken, then he will be arrested." La Roche besought me, in Madame de Luxembourg's name, to get up and go and consult with her. It was two o'clock: she had just gone to bed. "She is waiting for you," he added, "and will not go to sleep until she has seen you." I hurriedly dressed myself, and hastened to her.

For the first time in her life she appeared to me agitated. Her anxiety touched me. In this moment of surprise, in the middle of the night, I myself was not free from excitement, but when I saw her I forgot myself, and thought only of her and the melancholy part which she would play if I allowed myself to be taken; for, while I felt that I had courage enough never to speak anything but the truth, even though it was bound to injure and ruin me, I did not feel that I had sufficient presence of mind or cleverness, or even, perhaps, sufficient firmness, to avoid compromising her, if I was hard pressed. This decided me to sacrifice my reputation for the sake of her peace of mind, and, on this occasion, to do for her, that which nothing would have induced me to do for myself. The moment my mind was made up, I told her, as I did not wish to depreciate the value of my sacrifice, by allowing it to be purchased from me. I am convinced that she could not have been mistaken as to my motives, but she did not say a single word to me which showed that she appreciated them. I was so shocked at this indifference that I even hesitated whether I should not draw

back, but M. de Luxembourg appeared upon the scene, and Madame de Boufflers arrived from Paris a few moments afterwards. They did what Madame de Luxembourg ought to have done. I allowed myself to be flattered, I was ashamed to go back from my word, and the only question remaining was, where I should go, and when I should start. M. de Luxembourg proposed that I should stay a few days at his house, *incognito*, which would give me more time to consider and decide upon my course of action. I would not agree to this, any more than to the suggestion that I should go secretly to the Temple. I persisted in my intention of setting out the same day, rather than remain in concealment anywhere.

Feeling that I had secret and powerful enemies in the kingdom, I thought that, in spite of my attachment for France, I ought to leave it to make sure of not being disturbed. My first impulse was to retire to Geneva, but a moment's reflection was sufficient to dissuade me from committing so great an act of folly. I knew that the French Ministry, which had even greater power in Geneva than in Paris, would not leave me in peace in one of these two cities any more than in the other, if it was determined to persecute me. I knew that the "Discours sur l'Inégalité" had aroused against me, in the Council, a feeling of hatred, which was the more dangerous, as that body did not venture to show it openly. Lastly, I knew that when the "Nouvelle Héloïse" appeared it had been eager to prohibit it, at the urgent request of Doctor Tronchin; but, finding that no one imitated its example, not even in Paris, it was ashamed of its blunder and withdrew the prohibition. I had no doubt that, finding the present opportunity more favourable, it would do its best to profit by it. I knew that, in spite of all appearances, a secret jealousy prevailed against me in the hearts of all the Genevese, which only waited for an opportunity to satisfy itself. Nevertheless, patriotism called me back to my country, and if I could have ventured to hope that I could live there in peace, I should not have hesitated for a moment; but, since neither honour nor reason allowed me to take refuge there as a fugitive, I resolved only to retire to its neighbourhood, and to wait in Switzerland until I saw what course would be taken in regard



Ed. Hedouin inv & sc

ROUSSEAU TAKES LEAVE OF THERESE
(Book XI)

to me at Geneva. It will presently be seen that this state of uncertainty did not last long.

Madame de Boufflers strongly disapproved of this resolution, and made fresh efforts to persuade me to cross over to England. She did not shake my determination. I have never liked England or the English, and all the eloquence of Madame de Boufflers, far from overcoming my dislike, only seemed to increase it, without my knowing why.

Being determined to set out the same day, as soon as morning came, I had already started, as far as everybody else was concerned; La Roche, whom I sent to fetch my papers, would not tell even Thérèse whether I had left or not. Ever since I had decided some day to write the Memoirs of my life, I had accumulated a number of letters and papers, so that he was obliged to make several journeys. Those papers which had already been sorted were laid aside, and I spent the rest of the morning in sorting the others, intending only to take away with me such as might be useful and to burn the rest. M. de Luxembourg was kind enough to help me in this task, which took up so much time, that we were unable to finish it in the morning, and I had not time to burn anything. He offered to sort the papers which remained, and to burn the rubbish himself, without leaving anyone else to do it, and to send me all that he put aside. I accepted his offer, very glad to be freed from this anxiety, so that I might be able to spend the few hours which still remained to me together with those who were so dear, whom I was on the point of leaving for ever. He took the key of the room where I left the papers, and, at my earnest entreaty, sent for my poor "aunt," who was consumed by most cruel anxiety to know what had become of me and what was going to become of me, and was expecting the officers of justice to arrive at any moment, without knowing what she was to do or what she was to say to them. La Roche brought her to the château, without telling her anything; she believed that I was already far away; when she saw me, she uttered a piercing cry, and flung herself into my arms. Oh, friendship, union of hearts, intercourse, and intimacy! During this sweet and cruel moment all the happy, tender, and peaceful days which we had spent in company, crowding together,

made me feel the more keenly the anguish of our first separation, after we had rarely lost sight of each other for a single day, during a period of nearly seventeen years. M. de Luxembourg, who witnessed our embrace, was unable to restrain his tears, and left us alone. Thérèse did not want to leave me. I represented to her the difficulties in the way of her following me at this moment, and the necessity for her remaining to dispose of my effects and to collect my money. When a warrant of arrest is issued against a man, it is the custom to seize his papers, to set a seal upon his belongings, or to make an inventory of them and appoint some one to take charge of them. It was very necessary that she should remain, to observe what took place, and do the best she could. I promised her that she should soon rejoin me; M. le Maréchal confirmed my promise; but I refused to tell her where I was going, so that, if questioned by those who came to arrest me, she might be able to declare with truth her ignorance on this point. When I embraced her at the moment of separation, I was conscious of a most singular emotion, and I said to her, with a fervour, which was, alas! only too prophetic: "My child, you must arm yourself with courage. You have shared the prosperity of my happy days; it now remains for you, since you desire it, to share my misery. You must expect nothing but insults and affliction if you follow me. The lot, which begins for me on this melancholy day, will attend me until my last hour."

Nothing further remained for me to do, except to think about my departure. The officers of justice were to have arrived at ten o'clock. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I started, and they had not yet arrived. It had been settled that I should travel by the post; I had no conveyance. M. le Maréchal made me a present of a cabriolet,¹ and lent me horses and a postillion as far as the first post, where, thanks to the arrangements he had made, no difficulty was made about providing me with horses.

As I had not dined at table, and had not shown myself in the château, the ladies came to say good-bye to me in the *entresol*, where I had spent the day. Madame la Maréchale embraced me

1 A light two-wheeled carriage.

several times, with every appearance of melancholy; but I no longer perceived in her embraces the heartiness of those which she had lavished upon me two or three years before. Madame de Boufflers also embraced me and spoke very kindly to me. Madame de Mirepoix, who was present, also embraced me, which considerably surprised me. This lady is extremely cold, formal, and reserved, and, as it seems to me, not altogether free from the haughtiness which is natural to the house of Lorraine. She had never paid much attention to me. Whether it was that, flattered by the unexpected honour, I was inclined to attach greater value to it, or that she really mingled with her embrace a little of that pity which is natural to generous hearts, I found in her movements and looks a certain earnestness, which deeply affected me. On thinking of it afterwards, I have often suspected that she, knowing the lot to which I was condemned, had been unable to resist a momentary feeling of sympathy for my destiny.

M. le Maréchal did not open his mouth; he was as pale as death. He persisted in accompanying me as far as the conveyance, which was waiting for me at the watering-place. We crossed the garden without uttering a word. I had a key of the park, with which I opened the gate; after which, instead of putting it back into my pocket, I gave it to him without a word. He took it with surprising eagerness, of which I have been unable to avoid thinking frequently since then. I have rarely in my life experienced a more bitter moment than that of this separation. Our embrace was long and silent; we both felt that it was a last farewell.

Between La Barre and Montmorency I met, in a hired coach, four men dressed in black, who saluted me with a smile. From what Thérèse afterwards told me concerning the appearance of the officers, the hour of their arrival, and the manner in which they behaved, I have always been convinced that it was they whom I met; especially as I subsequently heard that, instead of the warrant having been issued against me at seven o'clock, as I had been informed, it had not been put in force until midday. I had to pass right through Paris. There is not much facility for concealment in an open carriage. In the streets, I saw several persons who saluted me as if they knew me, but I did not recognise one of them. The same evening I turned aside to pass Villeroy.

At Lyons, travellers¹ had to go before the town-major. This might have been embarrassing for a man who desired neither to lie nor to change his name. I went with a letter from Madame de Luxembourg, to ask M. de Villeroy that I might be excused from this duty. M. de Villeroy gave me a letter, which I did not make use of, since I did not pass through Lyons. This letter may still be found, sealed up, amongst my papers. M. le Duc pressed me to sleep at Villeroy, but I preferred to take the high road again, and I accomplished two more stages the same day.

My conveyance was uncomfortable, and I was too unwell to make long-day journeys. Besides, my appearance was not sufficiently imposing to ensure my being well served; and everybody knows that, in France, post-horses only feel the whip upon the postillions' shoulders. By feeing the guides handsomely, I thought I could supply the place of threatening words and gestures; but this only made matters much worse. They took me for a poor wretch travelling on commission, who was journeying by the post for the first time in his life. From that time I was supplied with nothing but the most sorry nags, and became the laughing-stock of the postillions. I ended, as I ought to have begun, by being patient and saying nothing, and let them go on as they pleased.

In abandoning myself to the reflections upon all that had recently happened to me, which presented themselves to my mind, I had ample resources against weariness during my journey; but this suited neither the bent of my mind nor the inclinations of my heart. It is astonishing how easily I forget misfortunes, when once they are past, however recent they may be. The recollection of them grows weaker and finally disappears without difficulty as soon as they have happened, to the same extent as the thought of them, as long as they are in the future, alarms and troubles me. My cruel imagination, which tortures itself incessantly in anticipating misfortunes which do not yet exist, distracts my memory, and prevents me from recalling to mind those which are past. No further precautions are possible against what has happened, and it is useless to trouble oneself about it. In a manner I exhaust my misfortunes in advance. The greater my suffering in foreseeing them, the more easily I forget

1 *Courriers*: those who make use of post-horses.

them; while, on the contrary, incessantly occupied with the thought of my past happiness, I recall it and, so to speak, chew the cud of it to such an extent that, when I desire it, I am able to enjoy it over again. It is due to this happy frame of mind, I am convinced, that I have never known that spiteful disposition which ferments in a revengeful heart, which never forgets affronts received, and worries itself with all the evil it would like to inflict upon its enemy by way of requital. Naturally hot-tempered, I have felt angry, even enraged, in the impulse of the moment; but a desire for vengeance has never taken root in my heart. I think too little about the offence to think much about the offender. I only think of the injury which I have received from him on account of that which I may still receive from him; and, if I were sure that he would inflict no further injury upon me, that which he has already inflicted would be immediately forgotten. Forgiveness of offences is constantly preached to us. This is, no doubt, a most beautiful virtue, but it is not meant for me. I do not know whether my heart can conquer its hatred, for it has never felt any; and I think too little about my enemies to have the merit of forgiving them. I will not say to what extent they torment themselves, in order to torment me. I am at their mercy, they have absolute power, they make use of it. There is only one thing beyond their power, which I defy them to do. Although they torment themselves about me, they cannot compel me to torment myself about them.

The day after my departure, I had so completely forgotten all that had recently happened—the Parliament, Madame de Pompadour, M. de Choiseul, Grimm, D'Alembert, their plots, and their accomplices—that I should never have thought of it again, had it not been for the precautions which I was obliged to take. In place of all this, I recalled to mind the subject of my last reading on the eve of my departure. I also recalled the *Idylls* of Gessner,¹ which his translator, Hubert, had sent me some time ago. These two remembrances took so strong a hold upon me, and became so blended in my thoughts, that I determined to try and combine them, by treating, after the manner of Gessner, the theme of the Levite of Ephraim. This idyllic and simple style appeared little suited for so fearful a subject,

1 A celebrated Swiss poet and landscape-painter (1730-1788).

and it was hardly to be imagined that my present situation would furnish me with many cheerful ideas to relieve its sombreness. However, I made the attempt, simply to amuse myself in my chaise, and without any hope of succeeding. No sooner had I begun, than I was astonished at the agreeable turn of my ideas, and the ease with which I expressed them. In three days, I wrote the three first cantos of this little poem, which I subsequently finished at Motiers; and I am convinced that I have never written anything in my life which is pervaded by a more touching gentleness of character, a fresher colouring, a more simple delineation, a more faithful characterisation, a more old-fashioned simplicity in every respect—and that in spite of the horrible nature of the subject, which is essentially abominable; so that, in addition to everything else, I had the credit of overcoming a further difficulty. The "*Levite d'Ephraim*," if it is not the best of my works, will always be my favourite. I have never read it again, I never shall read it again, without being sensible of the approval of a heart free from bitterness, which, far from being soured by misfortune, finds consolation for it with itself, and, in itself, the means of compensation for it. If all those great philosophers who, in their works, profess themselves so superior to that adversity which they have never experienced, were gathered together and placed in a position similar to mine—if, in the first outbursts of the indignation of insulted honour, a similar task were set them to accomplish, it would soon be seen how they would acquit themselves.

When leaving Montmorency for Switzerland, I had made up my mind to go and stay at Yverdun with my good old friend Roguin, who had been living there in retirement for some years, and had invited me to go and see him. On the road, I heard that Lyons would be out of my way, and this prevented me from passing through it. But, on the other hand, I was obliged to pass Besançon, a fortified town, which, consequently, exposed me to the same inconvenience. I accordingly decided to turn to the left, and travel by way of Salins, under pretence of visiting M. de Mairan, M. Dupin's nephew, who held a post at the salt-works, and from whom I had frequently received pressing invitations to go and see him. The expedient was successful; I did not find M. de Mairan, and, highly pleased at having

avoided delay, I continued my journey, without a word being said to me by anyone.

On entering the territory of Berne I ordered a halt. I got out of the carriage, flung myself upon the ground, kissed and embraced it, and, in my delight, cried out: "O Heaven, protector of virtue, I offer my praise to thee! I set foot in a land of liberty." Thus it is that, in the blind confidence of my hopes, I have always been seized with passionate fondness for that which was destined to bring misfortune upon me. The surprised postillion thought I was mad. I got into the carriage again, and, a few hours afterwards, I had the pure and lively satisfaction of being pressed in the arms of the worthy Roguin. Ah! let us take breath for a few moments with this worthy host! I must recover my courage and strength; I shall soon have need of both.

It is not without reason that, in this narrative, I have described in detail all the circumstances which I have been able to recollect. Although they may not seem very clear in themselves, they may throw light upon the course of events, when the reader once holds the thread of the plot; for instance, although they do not give the first idea of the problem which I have to propose, they afford considerable assistance in solving it.

If we assume that, in order to carry out the plot which was directed against me, my removal was absolutely necessary, then, in order to bring it about, everything was bound to happen almost exactly as it did. But if, instead of allowing myself to be terrified by Madame de Luxembourg's nocturnal embassy and disturbed by her anxiety, I had continued to hold out as I had begun; and if, instead of remaining at the château, I had returned from it to my bed and slept quietly until morning, would the warrant have been put into execution just the same? This is an important question, upon the answer to which depends the answer to many others; and, in order to investigate it, it is important to observe the hour of the decree of arrest that was threatened and the hour of its actual issue. This is a homely but expressive example of the importance of the most trifling details in the exposition of facts, the secret causes of which are investigated, in order to discover them by a process of induction.

BOOK XII

HERE commences the work of darkness, in which, for eight years past, I have been entombed, without ever having been able, in spite of all my efforts, to penetrate its frightful obscurity. In the abyss of misfortune in which I am submerged, I feel the strokes of the blows which are directed against me. I perceive their immediate instrument, but I cannot see either the hand which guides them or the means which it employs. Shame and misfortune fall upon me as if of themselves, and unawares. When my heart, torn with grief, gives vent to lamentation, I seem like a man who complains without reason, and the authors of my ruin have discovered the incomprehensible art of making the public the accomplice of their plot, without their suspecting it or perceiving its effect. Therefore, while narrating the events which concern me, the treatment which I have suffered, and all that has happened to me, I am not in a position to trace them back to the moving spirit, or to assign the causes, while stating the facts. These first causes are all indicated in the three preceding books. All the interests that concern me and all the secret motives are there set forth. But it is impossible for me to explain, even conjecturally, how these various causes are combined in order to bring about the strange events of my life. If, amongst my readers, there are any sufficiently generous to desire to fathom these mysteries and discover the truth, let them carefully read again the three preceding books, let them make use of the information within their reach in dealing with each fact they read of in what follows, let them go back from intrigue to intrigue, from agent to agent, until they come to the prime movers of all. I know well what will be the result of their inquiries, but I myself am lost in the dark and tortuous windings of the subterranean paths which will lead them to it.

During my stay at Yverdun I made the acquaintance of

M. Roguin's whole family; amongst others of his niece, Madame Boy de la Tour, and her daughters, whose father, as I think I have already mentioned, I had known at Lyons. She had come to Yverdun on a visit to her uncle and sisters. Her eldest daughter, who was about fifteen years of age, delighted me by her intelligence and her excellent character. I became most tenderly attached to the mother and daughter. M. Roguin intended the latter to marry his nephew, the colonel, a man already somewhat advanced in years, who also displayed great affection for myself; but, although the uncle was mad for this marriage, although the nephew also strongly desired it, and I took a lively interest in satisfying the wishes of both, the great disparity of age and the extreme repugnance of the young girl caused me to support the mother in preventing the marriage, which did not take place. The colonel subsequently married Mademoiselle Dillan, one of his relatives, a lady whose beauty and character were after my own heart, and who has made him the happiest of husbands and fathers. In spite of this, M. Roguin has never been able to forget that on this occasion I opposed his wishes. I am consoled for this by the certainty that I fulfilled the holiest duty of friendship, both towards himself and his family, which does not consist in always making oneself agreeable, but in always advising for the best.

I did not long remain in doubt as to the reception which awaited me at Geneva, in case I felt inclined to return there. My book was burned there, and a warrant was issued against me on the 18th of June, that is to say, nine days after it had been issued in Paris. In this second decree, so many incredible absurdities were heaped together, and the ecclesiastical edict was so distinctly violated, that at first I refused to believe the news when it reached me, and, when it was actually confirmed, I trembled lest so manifest and crying an infringement of every law, commencing with that of common sense, should turn Geneva upside down. But I need not have disturbed myself; everything remained quiet. If there was any disturbance amongst the people, it was only directed against me, and I was publicly treated by all the town-gossips and *cuisines* ¹

¹ See p. 121. The meaning "pedant" is more suitable here.

like a pupil threatened with a flogging for having said his catechism badly.

These two decrees gave the signal for the cry of execration which went up against me throughout Europe with unexampled fury. All the newspapers, journals, and pamphlets sounded a most terrible note of alarm. The French especially—that gentle, polite, and generous people, who so pride themselves on their good-breeding and respect for the unfortunate—suddenly forgetting their favourite virtues, distinguished themselves by the number and violence of the insults with which they vied with one another in overwhelming me. I was called an infidel, an atheist, a lunatic, a madman, a wild beast, a wolf. The next manager of the *Journal de Trévoux*¹ made a side attack upon my pretended wolfishness, which was a fairly convincing proof of his own. In short, it almost seemed as if people in Paris were afraid of coming into collision with the police, if, when publishing a book upon any subject whatever, they omitted to interlard it with insults against myself. Seeking in vain for the cause of this universal animosity, I was ready to believe that all the world had gone mad. What! the compiler of the “*Paix Perpetuelle*” the promoter of discord! the editor of the “*Vicaire Savoyard*” an infidel! the author of the “*Nouvelle Héloïse*” a wolf! the author of “*Emile*” a madman! Good heavens! what then should I have been if I had published the work upon “*L'Esprit*,” or something of the same kind? And yet, in the storm which burst upon the head of the author² of this book, the public, instead of uniting its voice to that of his persecutors, avenged him by its eulogies. Compare his book and mine, the different reception which they have met with, the manner in which the two authors have been treated in the different countries of Europe, and then find, if possible, reasons for these differences which can satisfy a sensible man. That is all I ask, then I will say no more.

I was so comfortable at Yverdun that I decided to stay there, at the earnest entreaty of M. de Roguin and all his family. The kindness of M. de Moiry de Gingins, *bailli* of this town, also encouraged me to remain within his jurisdiction. The

1 A Jesuit newspaper.

2 Montesquieu.

colonel pressed me so strongly to accept a lodging in a little detached building, between the court and garden of his house, that I consented; and he immediately set about furnishing and providing it with everything necessary for my humble wants. Roguin, the banneret,¹ was so assiduous in my behalf, that he never left me for a moment during the day. I highly appreciated all his kindness, but I was sometimes considerably bored by it. The day of my installation in my new abode was already settled, and I had written to Thérèse to rejoin me, when suddenly I heard that a storm was brewing against me in Berne, which was attributed to the extreme religionists, and of which I have never been able to discover the origin. The Senate, aroused by no one knows whom, seemed determined not to leave me in peace in my retreat. Directly the *bailli* heard of this excitement, he wrote on my behalf to several members of the Government, reproaching them for their unreasoning intolerance, and calling it a shame on their part to wish to refuse a persecuted and worthy man the refuge which so many bandits found in their States. Shrewd persons have conjectured that the warmth of his reproaches rather exasperated than soothed their minds. However that may be, neither his reputation nor his eloquence could ward off the blow. Having received an intimation of the order which he had to make known to me, he gave me a hint of it beforehand, and I decided to leave on the following day, before the same arrived. My difficulty was, to know where to go. Geneva and France were closed to me, and I clearly foresaw that, in this matter, everyone would be eager to imitate his neighbour's example.

Madame Boy de la Tour proposed to me to take up my quarters in an empty furnished house, belonging to her son, in the village of Motiers, in Val-de-Travers, in the county of Neuchâtel. I only had to cross a mountain to get there. The offer was the more opportune, since, in the territory of the King of Prussia, I should naturally be sheltered from persecution; at least, religion could not be alleged as an excuse for it. But a

¹ *Banneret*: a feudal lord who had a sufficient number of vassals to raise a standard.

secret objection, which it did not become me to express, was calculated to make me hesitate. The innate love of justice, by which my heart was always consumed, united to my secret liking for France, had inspired me with aversion for the King of Prussia, who, in his principles and conduct, appeared to me to trample underfoot all respect for natural law and human obligations. Amongst the framed engravings, with which I had decorated the walls of my turret at Montmorency, was a portrait of this Prince, underneath which I had written a distich, which concluded as follows:

"Il pense en philosophe, et se conduit en roi."¹

This line, which proceeding from any other pen, would have been high praise, contained, coming from mine, a meaning which was by no means ambiguous, and which, besides, was only too clearly explained by the line which preceded it.² My numerous visitors had all seen this distich. The Chevalier de Lorenzi had even copied it for D'Alembert, and I had no doubt that the latter had taken care to make use of it to present me in a favourable light to the King.³ I had further aggravated my first offence by a passage in "Emile," in which, under the name of Adrastus, King of the Daunians, I had sufficiently indicated whom I had in view. I knew that the remark had not escaped the critics, since Madame de Boufflers had on several occasions mentioned the subject. I therefore felt sure of being inscribed in red ink on the registers of the King of Prussia; and supposing, besides, that his principles were such as I had ventured to attribute to him, my writings and their author could not fail to meet with his disapproval; for it is well known that the wicked and tyrants have always conceived a deadly hatred towards me, even without knowing me, on a simple perusal of my works.

However, I ventured to throw myself upon his mercy, and I believed that I was running but little risk. I knew that the baser

¹ He thinks as a philosopher, and acts as a king.

² "La gloire, l'intérêt, voilà son Dieu, sa loi." From a note in the Firmin-Didot edition, we learn that this line did not really precede the one quoted above. The latter was underneath the portrait, the other verse was written at the back.

³ This must be meant ironically, if the text be correct.

passions only overmaster the weak, and have but little hold upon minds of a strong stamp, such as I had always recognised in his. I argued that it was part of his plan of government to show himself magnanimous on such an occasion, and that it was not beyond the reach of his character to be so in reality. I argued that the desire of a mean and easy vengeance would never for a moment counterbalance in him the love of glory; and, putting myself in his place, I thought it not impossible that he might take advantage of circumstances to overwhelm with the weight of his generosity the man who had ventured to think ill of him. I accordingly went to settle at Motiers, with a confidence, the value of which I considered him capable of appreciating. I said to myself, When Jean Jacques raises himself to the level of Coriolanus, will Frederic show himself lower than the Volscian general?

Colonel Roguin insisted on crossing the mountain with me, to see me installed at Motiers. A sister-in-law of Madame Boy de la Tour, by name Madame Girardier, who found the house which I was to occupy a great convenience to herself, was not particularly pleased at my arrival. However, she let me take possession politely enough, and I took my meals with her, until Thérèse arrived, and my little establishment was set in order.

Since my departure from Montmorency, feeling certain that I should henceforth be a wanderer upon the face of the earth, I hesitated about allowing her to join me and share the wandering life to which I saw myself condemned. I felt that, owing to this catastrophe, the relations between us would be altered, and that what had hitherto been a favour and a kindness on my part would henceforth be the same on hers. If her attachment remained proof against my misfortunes, she would be greatly distressed by them, and her grief would only add to my woes. If, on the other hand, my misfortune cooled her affection for me, she would look upon it as a sacrifice if she remained constant to me; and, instead of feeling the pleasure which I felt in sharing my last crust of bread with her, she would only be sensible of her own merit in consenting to follow me whithersoever destiny might force me to go.

I must speak without reserve. I have never concealed either

my poor mamma's faults or my own. I must not show greater favour to Thérèse either; and, pleased as I am to render honour to one who is so dear to me, neither do I wish to conceal her faults, if so be that an involuntary change in the heart's affections is really a fault. I had long since observed that her affection for me had cooled, I felt that she no longer was towards me what she had been in our best days; and I felt it the more, as I was always the same towards her. I was conscious again of an unpleasantness, the effects of which I had formerly felt when with mamma; and the effect was the same with Thérèse. Let us not look for perfections which are not to be found in nature; it would be the same with any other woman whatsoever. The course of action I had taken in regard to my children, however rational it had appeared to me, had not always left my heart in peace. While thinking over my "*Traité de l'Education*," I felt that I had neglected duties from which nothing could excuse me. My remorse at length became so keen, that it almost extorted from me a public confession of my error at the beginning of "*Emile*"; and the allusion itself is so obvious in a certain passage, that it is surprising to me how anyone, after having read it, can have had the courage to reproach me. My situation, however, was at that time the same, and even aggravated by the animosity of my enemies, who only sought to find me at fault. I was afraid of a repetition; and, not desiring to run the risk of it, I preferred to condemn myself to strict continence, than to expose Thérèse to the risk of finding herself in the same condition again. Besides, I had observed that intercourse with women distinctly aggravated my ill-health; the corresponding vice, of which I have never been able to cure myself completely, appeared to me to produce less injurious results. These two reasons combined caused me to form resolutions which I had sometimes been very inconsistent in keeping, but in which I had persevered with greater firmness for the last three or four years. Since then I had observed a coldness on the part of Thérèse; she had the same attachment for me from a feeling of duty, no longer from love. This naturally made our intercourse less pleasant, and I thought that, feeling sure that I should continue to look after her wherever she might be, she

would perhaps prefer to remain in Paris than to wander through the world with me. However, she had exhibited such grief at our separation, she had exacted from me such positive promises that we should come together again, she had so strongly expressed a desire to that effect since my departure, both to the Prince de Conti and M. de Luxembourg, that, far from having the courage to speak to her of separation, I could scarcely bear to think of it myself; and, when I once felt how utterly impossible it was for me to do without her, my only thought was to call her back to me immediately. I accordingly wrote to her to set out; she came. It was hardly two months since I had left her; but it was our first separation, after the many years we had been together. We had both felt it cruelly. What a shock, when we embraced each other! How sweet are tears of tenderness and joy! How my heart revels in them! Why have I been permitted to shed so few?

On my arrival at Motiers, I had written to Lord Keith, Marshal of Scotland, Governor of Neuchâtel, to inform him that I had taken refuge in His Majesty's territory, and to ask him for his protection. He replied with the well-known generosity which I expected from him. He invited me to go and see him. I went with M. Martinet, lord of the manor of Val-de-Travers, who stood high in his Excellency's esteem. The venerable appearance of this illustrious and virtuous Scotchman made a powerful impression upon my heart, and that very moment was the commencement of that strong attachment between us, which on my part has always remained the same, and would still be the same on his, had not the traitors, who have robbed me of all the consolations of life, profited by my absence to deceive him, weakened as he is by old age, and to misrepresent me in his eyes.

George Keith, hereditary Marshal of Scotland, and brother of the celebrated General Keith, who, after a glorious life, died an honourable death, had left his native land when a young man, having been outlawed for his attachment to the house of Stuart, with which the unjust and tyrannical spirit which he found in it, and which was always its ruling characteristic, soon disgusted him. He lived for some time in Spain, the climate of

which suited him, and at last, like his brother, attached himself to the King of Prussia, who was a judge of men and received them as they deserved. He was amply repaid for this reception of them by the great services rendered him by Marshal Keith, and by what was even more valuable, his sincere friendship. The great soul of this worthy man, thoroughly proud and republican, could only bow to the yoke of friendship; but to this it bowed so completely that, although his principles were very different, he no longer saw anyone but Frederic from the moment he became attached to him. The King intrusted him with important commissions, and sent him to Paris and Spain; and, finally, seeing that, already advanced in years, he needed repose, he bestowed upon him the government of Neufchâtel, where he spent the rest of his life in retirement, occupied with the delightful task of rendering this little country happy.

The inhabitants of Neufchâtel, who are fond of nothing but trifles¹ and tinsel, who are no judge of genuine goods, and think that talent consists in long phrases, when they saw a man who was unemotional and unaffected, took his simplicity for pride, his frankness for rudeness, and his conciseness for stupidity, and revolted against his beneficent measures, because, desiring to be useful without cajolery, he did not know how to flatter those whom he did not esteem. In the ridiculous affair of Petitpierre, who was driven out by his brother clergymen, because he had refused to believe that they were eternally damned, the Marshal, who had opposed their encroachments, found the whole country, whose part he took, up in arms against him; and, at the time of my arrival, this foolish excitement was not yet allayed. He was, at least, still regarded as a man who allowed himself to be prejudiced; and, of all the imputations brought against him, this was perhaps the least unjust. My first feeling, on seeing this venerable old man, was one of emotion at the leanness of his body, already emaciated by old age; but when I lifted my eyes towards his animated, frank, and noble features, this was succeeded by a feeling of respect mingled with confidence, which overcame every other sentiment. To the brief compliment which

¹ *Prêtintaille*: literally, some kind of dress trimming.

I paid him when I presented myself, he replied by speaking of something else, as if I had been there a week. He did not even bid us sit down. The starchy lord of the manor remained standing, but I saw in my lord's keen and penetrating eye something so genial and friendly, that, feeling at my ease at once, without further ceremony I went and sat down on the sofa by his side. From the familiar tone, which he immediately assumed, I felt that this freedom on my part was agreeable to him, and that he said to himself, "This is no Neuchâtelois."

Singular effect of strong similarity of character! At an age when the heart has already lost its natural warmth, that of this good old man warmed towards me in a manner which surprised everyone. He came to see me at Motiers, under pretence of shooting quails, and spent two days without touching a gun. We became so friendly—that is the correct word—that we could not do without each other. The château of Colombier, where he lived in the summer, was six leagues distant from Motiers: I went at least every fortnight to spend twenty-four hours there, and then returned like a pilgrim, with my heart always full of him. The emotions of which I was formerly sensible during my journeys from the Hermitage to Eaubonne were certainly very different, but they were not sweeter than those with which I approached Colombier. What tears of tenderness I have often shed on my way, while thinking of the paternal kindness, the amiable virtues, and the gentle philosophy of this worthy old man! I called him my father, and he called me his child. These sweet names give a partial idea of the attachment which united us, but they do not give an idea of the need of each other which we felt, and of our continued desire to be together. He insisted upon putting me up at the château of Colombier, and for a long time pressed me to take up my quarters permanently in the apartment which I occupied. At last, I told him that I was freer at my own house, and that I preferred to spend my time in going to see him. He approved of my frankness, and said no more about the matter. O my good lord! O my worthy father! how my heart is still stirred by emotion when I think of you! Oh! the barbarians! What a blow have they dealt me in separating you from me! But, no, no, great man: you are, and always

will be, the same for me, who am ever the same! They have deceived you, but they have not altered you.

My Lord Marshal is not entirely free from faults: he is a wise man, but still a man. Although gifted with the most penetrating intellect, the most delicate tact that a man can possibly possess, and the most profound knowledge of men, he sometimes allows himself to be deceived, and cannot be undeceived. His temper is curious; there is something whimsical and strange in his turn of mind. He appears to forget people whom he sees every day, and remembers them at the moment when they least expect it, and his attentions seem out of place. His presents are given capriciously, without regard to their suitability. On the spur of the moment he sends or gives whatever occurs to him, without discrimination, whether it be very valuable or absolutely worthless. A young Genevese, who desired to enter the service of the King of Prussia, presented himself before him; my lord gave him, instead of a letter, a little bag full of peas which he commissioned him to deliver to the King, who, on receipt of this singular letter of recommendation, immediately gave a place to the bearer. These lofty geniuses have a language of their own, which vulgar minds will never understand. These little oddities, resembling the caprices of a pretty woman, only served to render my Lord Marshal more interesting. I was quite sure, and I have since found it to be the case, that they had exercised no influence either upon his feelings or upon the attention which friendship imposes upon him in serious matters. But it is true that, in conferring an obligation, he exhibits the same singularity as in his manners. I will quote a single instance of this in regard to a matter of trifling importance. As the journey from Motiers to Colombier was too much for me to make in a day, I generally broke it by starting after dinner, and sleeping at an inn at Brot, about halfway. The landlord, named Sandoz, who wanted to solicit at Berlin a favour which was of the greatest importance to him, begged me to induce his Excellency to ask it on his behalf. I gladly consented. I took him with me, left him in the antechamber, and mentioned his business to my lord, who made no reply. The morning passed, and on walking through the hall on my way to dinner, I saw poor Sandoz, who was

utterly tired of waiting. Thinking that my lord had forgotten him, I spoke about him again before we sat down to table. Not a word, as before. I found this manner of hinting to me that I was troublesome somewhat severe, and I held my tongue, pitying poor Sandoz in my own mind. On returning home the next day, I was greatly surprised by his profuse thanks for the kindly reception and the good dinner which his Excellency had given him, besides taking charge of his papers. Three weeks later, my lord sent him the rescript for which he had asked, made out by the minister and signed by the King, and this without having said a single word or made an answer to either myself or Sandoz in regard to the matter, with which I believed he did not wish to have anything to do.

I should like to speak incessantly of George Keith. It is with him that my last happy recollections are connected; the rest of my life has been nothing but sorrow and affliction. The remembrance of it has been so melancholy, and comes back to me so confusedly, that it is no longer possible for me to introduce any order into my narrative. I shall be obliged, from this time forth, to arrange the facts haphazard, as they present themselves to me.

I was soon relieved of my uneasiness in regard to my asylum, by the answer of the King to the Marshal, in whom, as may be imagined, I had found a powerful advocate. His Majesty not only approved of what I had done, but also—for I must conceal nothing—commissioned him to give me twelve *louis*. The worthy Marshal, embarrassed by such a commission, and not knowing how to acquit himself of it delicately, endeavoured to soften the affront by changing the money into provisions, and informing me that he had been ordered to supply me with wood and coal to start my housekeeping; he even added, perhaps on his own initiative, that the King would be pleased to have a small house built for me, according to my own taste, if I would choose a site for it. This last offer touched me greatly, and made me forget the stinginess of the other. Without accepting either, I looked upon Frederic as my benefactor and protector, and conceived so sincere an attachment to him, that from that time forth I took as much interest in his reputation as I had

hitherto found injustice in his success. When peace was concluded shortly afterwards, I testified my joy by an illumination, which showed very good taste. This was a row of garlands, with which I decorated the house in which I was living, and upon which, it is true, I spent, in a spirit of revengeful pride, almost as much money as he had wanted to give me. Peace being concluded, I imagined that, since his military and political reputation was at its height, he intended to secure for himself one of a different kind, by reviving the prosperity of his States, through the restoration of commerce and husbandry; by creating a new soil and peopling it anew; by continuing at peace with all his neighbours, and making himself the umpire of Europe, after having been its terror. He could lay down the sword without risk, in the full confidence that he would not be obliged to take it up again. Seeing that he did not disarm, I was afraid that he would not know how to use his advantages aright, and that he was only half a great man. I ventured to write to him on this subject, and adopted the tone of familiarity best adapted to please men of his stamp, in order that the holy voice of truth, which so few kings are born to hear, might reach him. It was only in confidence, between our two selves, that I took this liberty. I did not even communicate my secret to the Marshal, and I sent him my letter to the King, carefully sealed. My lord sent the letter without inquiring about its contents. The King made no reply; and, some time afterwards, when the Marshal went to Berlin, he merely told him that I had severely scolded him. I understood from this that my letter had been ill received, and that my outspoken zeal had been looked upon as pedantic awkwardness. At bottom, this may have been really the case. Perhaps I did not say what I ought to have said, and had not adopted the tone which I ought to have adopted. I can only answer for the feeling which made me take the pen into my hand.

Shortly after my establishment at Motiers-Travers, having received every possible assurance that I should be left in peace, I assumed the Armenian costume. This was not a new idea of mine; it had often occurred to me in the course of my life, and it often occurred to me again at Montmorency, where the constant

use of bougies, which frequently compelled me to keep my room, made me sensible of the advantages of a long garment. The chance afforded by an Armenian tailor, who frequently came on a visit to a relation at Montmorency, tempted me to take advantage of it, in order to assume this new costume, in spite of what people might say, to which I paid but little heed. However, before adopting this new outfit, I desired to have the advice of Madame de Luxembourg, who strongly advised me to do so. I accordingly procured a little Armenian wardrobe; but the storm, which was roused against me, made me put off wearing it until the times were calmer, and it was not until several months later that, being obliged by fresh attacks of my complaint to have recourse to bougies, I thought that I might, without risk, assume this dress at Motiers, especially after having consulted the pastor of the place, who told me that I could wear it even in church without giving offence. I accordingly put on the jacket, caftan, fur cap, and girdle; and, after having been present at divine service in it, I saw no impropriety in wearing it in the presence of my Lord Marshal. His Excellency, when he saw me thus attired, said, by way of compliment, "*Salaam alek*;"¹ this ended the matter, and I never afterwards wore any other dress.

Having entirely abandoned literature, I only thought of leading a quiet and peaceful life, as far as it depended upon myself. When alone, I have never known what it is to feel weary, even when I am entirely unemployed; my imagination fills up every void, and is alone sufficient to occupy me. It is only the idle gossip of a room, when people sit opposite each other, moving nothing but their tongues, that I have never been able to endure. When walking or moving, I can put up with it; the feet and eyes are at least employed; but, to remain with folded arms, talking about the weather and the flies buzzing round, or, what is worse, exchanging compliments, that is to me unendurable torture. That I might not live quite like a savage, I took it into my head to learn to make laces. I took my cushion with me on my visits, or, like the women, I worked at

1 "Peace be with you"—a form of salutation only interchanged between Mussulmans.

my door, and talked with the passers-by. This made the empty chatter endurable, and enabled me to spend my time without weariness amongst my neighbours, several of whom were agreeable enough and not destitute of intelligence. One of them, named Isabelle d'Ivernois, the daughter of the *procureur-général* of Neufchâtel, appeared to me deserving of my particular friendship, of which she has had no reason to complain, for I gave her some very useful advice, and rendered her considerable services on important occasions; so that now, a respected and virtuous mother of a family, she perhaps owes her insight, her husband, her life, and her happiness to me. On my part, I am indebted to her for much gentle consolation, especially during a very dull winter, when, whilst my maladies and sufferings were at their height, she came to spend, with Thérèse and myself, long evenings which she knew how to make seem short by her cheerful disposition and our mutual confidences. She called me "papa," I called her "daughter"; and these names, which we still give each other, will, I hope, never cease to be as dear to her as to me. To make some use of my laces, I presented them to my young friends on their marriage, on condition that they brought up their children. Her eldest sister received one by virtue of this, and deserved it; Isabelle also had one, and, as far as good intentions went, equally deserved it; but she has not had the happiness of being able to carry them out. When sending them these laces, I wrote a letter to each, the first of which has travelled about the world; the second did not obtain such celebrity; the progress of friendship is not accompanied by so much noise.

Amongst the connections which I formed in my neighbourhood, into the details of which I do not propose to enter, I must not omit to mention Colonel Pury, who had a house on the mountains, where he was in the habit of coming to spend the summer. I was not very anxious to make his acquaintance, because I knew that he was in bad odour at the Court, and on bad terms with my Lord Marshal, whom he never visited. However, as he called upon me and showed me great civility, I was obliged to return his call. We continued to visit, and sometimes dined with each other. At his house I made the acquaintance

of M. du Peyrou, with whom I became so intimate that I cannot avoid saying something about him.

M. du Peyrou was an American, son of a commandant of Surinam, whose widow married his successor, M. le Chambrier of Neufchâtel. Being left a widow for the second time, she came to settle with her son in her husband's native country. Du Peyrou, an only son, very rich, and the darling of his mother, had been brought up with great care, and had made good use of his education. He had acquired a great deal of partial knowledge, a certain taste for the arts, and he specially prided himself on having cultivated his reasoning powers. His manner, cold and philosophical, resembling that of a Dutchman, his tawny complexion, his silent and reserved disposition, strongly favoured this opinion. He was deaf and gouty, although still young. This rendered all his movements very deliberate and solemn; and, although he was fond of arguing, sometimes even at length, as a rule he spoke little, because he could not hear. His whole appearance inspired me with respect. I said to myself: Here is a thinker, a wise man, such as one might be happy to have for a friend. To complete his conquest of me, he often addressed me, without ever paying me a compliment. He rarely spoke to me about himself, me, or my books. He was not without ideas, and everything that he said was fairly accurate. This accuracy and precision attracted me. His mind possessed neither the loftiness nor delicacy of that of my Lord Marshal, but it was just as simple; and thus, in one respect, he always represented him. I did not become infatuated with him, but was attracted to him by a feeling of esteem; and this esteem gradually led to friendship. In his case, I entirely forgot the objection which I had made to Baron d'Holbach—that he was too wealthy; and I believe that I was wrong. I have learned to doubt whether a man, who is the possessor of a large fortune, whoever he may be, can be sincerely fond of my principles and their originator.

For a considerable time I saw little of Du Peyrou, because I never went to Neufchâtel, and he only came once a year to see Colonel Pury on his mountain. Why did I never go to Neufchâtel? For a childish reason, which I must not conceal.

Although, under the protection of the King of Prussia and

my Lord Marshal, I at first escaped persecution in my retreat, I did not escape the hostility of the public, the municipal magistrates, and the clergy. After France had given the signal, it was no longer good taste not to offer me some kind of insult at least: these persons would have been afraid of seeming to disapprove of the conduct of my persecutors, if they did not imitate them. The chief class of Neuchâtel, that is to say, the society of the clergy of the town, gave the first impulse, by attempting to stir up the State Council against me. This attempt having proved unsuccessful, the clergy turned to the municipal authorities, who immediately prohibited my book, and, treating me on every occasion with scant politeness, gave me to understand, even in so many words, that, if I had desired to take up my abode in the town, it would not have been allowed. They filled the columns of their *Mercur*e with absurdities and the most insipid cant, which, although it only excited the ridicule of sensible persons, none the less provoked the people and stirred them up against me. All this, however, to listen to them, ought not have prevented me from being extremely grateful to them for allowing me to live at Motiers, where they had no authority: they would willingly have measured out the air to me by the pint, on condition that I paid a heavy price for it. They desired that I should feel under a great obligation to them for the protection which the King granted me in spite of them, and of which they were persistently working to deprive me. At last, finding that they could not succeed, and having done me all the harm they could, and abused me with all their might, they made a virtue of their impotence, by exalting their kindness in suffering me to remain in their country. My only answer ought to have been—to laugh in their face; instead of this, I was silly enough to feel annoyed, and foolish enough to make up my mind never to go to Neuchâtel: a resolution which I kept for nearly two years, as if I were not showing such creatures too much honour by taking any notice of their conduct, for which, whether good or bad, they cannot be considered responsible, since they never act except under compulsion! Besides, uncultivated and narrow minds, which know no other object of esteem but reputation, power, and money, are far from even suspecting that any respect is due to talent, and that there is any dishonour in insulting it.

A certain village *maire*, who had been deprived of his office for his malpractices, once said to the lieutenant of Val-de-Travers, who was my Isabelle's husband, "This Rousseau is said to be a man of great talent: bring him to me, that I may see whether it is true." Assuredly, the displeasure of a man who adopts such a tone ought not to trouble those who are the objects of it.

Judging from the manner in which I was treated at Paris, Geneva, Berne, and Neufchâtel, I expected no greater consideration from the pastor of the place. However, I had been recommended to him by Madame Boy de la Tour, and he had received me very kindly; but, in this country, where flattery is universal, courtesies go for nothing. But, after my solemn reunion with the Reformed Church, and living in a Protestant country, I could not, without breaking my vows and failing in my duties as a citizen, neglect the public profession of the religion which I had again adopted: I therefore attended divine service. On the other hand, I was afraid that, by presenting myself at the Lord's table, I might expose myself to the insult of a refusal; and it was highly improbable that, after the stir that had been created at Geneva by the Council and at Neufchâtel by the clergy, he would quietly administer the Holy Communion to me in his church. As the time for Communion was near, I decided to write to M. de Montmollin—this was the minister's name—in order to prove my good intentions, and to inform him that, at heart, I had always been a member of the Reformed Church. I told him at the same time that, in order to avoid all disputes about the articles of faith, I declined to listen to any special explanation upon points of dogma. Having thus set myself right in this quarter, I remained quiet, not feeling the least doubt that M. de Montmollin would refuse to admit me without the preliminary discussion, with which I absolutely declined to have anything to do, and that the matter would thus be settled, without any blame being attached to me. But nothing of the kind happened. At the moment when I least expected it, M. de Montmollin came to tell me, not only that he was willing to admit me to the Communion, under the condition for which I had stipulated, but, more than this, that he and his elders considered it a great honour to have me as one of the members of their flock. I was never so surprised in my life, and nothing has

ever afforded me greater consolation. It appeared to me a most gloomy fate, to live always isolated in the world, especially in time of adversity. In the midst of so many proscriptions and persecutions, I found the greatest consolation in being able to say to myself, *At least I am amongst my brethren*¹; and I went to Communion with a heart greatly moved and affected to tears, which was perhaps the preparation most acceptable to God that one could take to His table.

Some time afterwards, my lord sent me a letter from Madame de Boufflers, which—so at least I imagine—came through D'Alembert, who was acquainted with him. In this letter, the first that this lady had written to me since my departure from Montmorency, she severely scolded me for having written to M. de Montmollin, and, above all, for having communicated. I was the less able to understand what was the object of her reprimand, since, from the time of my journey to Geneva, I had always openly proclaimed myself a Protestant, and had publicly attended the *Hôtel de Hollande*,² and no one in the world had made any objection. It seemed highly amusing that Madame la Comtesse de Boufflers should desire to interfere with the direction of my conscience in matters of religion. However, as I did not doubt that her intentions—although I utterly failed to understand them—were the best possible, I took no offence at this remarkable attack, and I replied to her without irritation, at the same time quietly explaining my reasons.

Meanwhile, the printed abuse against me continued as before, and its kindly authors reproached the authorities with treating me too leniently. This chorus of yelping, the leaders of which continued to act under cover, was somewhat ill-omened and alarming. For my part, I let them yelp, without troubling myself. I was assured that a decree of censure had been obtained from the Sorbonne;³ I refused to believe it. How could the Sorbonne interfere in the matter? Did the members desire to settle that I was not a Catholic? Everybody knew this already. Did they desire to prove that I was not a good Calvinist? What

¹ The chapel of the Reformed Church.

² A famous school of theology at the time.

did it matter to them?' That would be to take a singular responsibility upon themselves, and to pose as the substitutes of our ministers. Before I had seen the document, I believed that it was being circulated in the name of the Sorbonne, in order to insult its members; I felt even more convinced of this after I had read it. At last, when I was unable to doubt its genuineness any longer, nothing was left for me to believe except that the proper place for the Sorbonne was a lunatic asylum.

[1763.]—Another document affected me more, because it proceeded from a man whom I had always esteemed, and whose firmness I admired, while pitying his blindness. I am speaking of the letter¹ written by the Archbishop of Paris against me.

I thought it incumbent upon me to reply to it. I could do so without lowering myself; it was a case almost similar to that of the King of Poland. I have never been fond of brutal quarrels, *à la Voltaire*. I can only fight in a dignified manner, and, before I condescend to defend myself, I must be assured that he who attacks me will not dishonour my blows. I had no doubt that this mandatory letter was the work of the Jesuits; and, although they were themselves in very great distress at the time, I recognised in it their ancient maxim—that of crushing the unfortunate. I was thus enabled to follow my own established principle—that of honouring the author whose name the work bore, and of pulverising the work itself; and this I think I did with great success.

I found my stay at Motiers very agreeable; nothing but an assured means of livelihood was wanting to make me decide to end my days there; but living was rather expensive, and all my former schemes had been upset by the break-up of my old household and the establishment of a new one, by the sale or dispersal of my effects, and by the expenses which I had been obliged to incur since my departure from Montmorency. I saw my little capital dwindling daily; two or three years would be sufficient to consume what was left, while I saw no means of replacing it, unless I began to write books again—a fatal profession, which I had already abandoned.

Convinced that my situation would soon alter, and that the public, recovering from its madness, would put the authorities

¹ *Mandement*: an episcopal letter.

to the blush, my only desire was to make my means last until this happy alteration took place, which would make it easier for me to take my choice of such means of subsistence as might present themselves. With this object, I again took up my "Dictionnaire de Musique," which, after ten years' labour, was already far advanced, and only needed a final revision, and to be copied out fairly. My book, which had recently been sent on to me, furnished me with the means of finishing this work: my papers, which were sent at the same time, enabled me to start upon my Memoirs, to which I intended henceforth to devote my sole attention. I began by copying some letters in a collection, to serve as a guide to my memory in the order of events and dates. I had already picked out those which I intended to keep for this purpose, and they were arranged in an almost unbroken series for the last ten years. However, while arranging them for copying, I found a gap which surprised me. This embraced a period of nearly six months, from October, 1756, to the following March. I perfectly remembered having included in my collection a number of letters from Didot, Deleyre, Madame d'Epinau, Madame Chenonceaux, and others, which bridged over this gap and could no longer be found. What had become of them? Had anyone touched my papers during the few months they had remained at the Hôtel de Luxembourg? This was inconceivable: for I had seen M. de Luxembourg himself take the key of the room in which I had deposited them. As several letters from ladies, and all those from Diderot, were undated, and as I had been obliged to fill in these dates from memory and, as it were, groping in the dark, in order to arrange these letters in order, I at first thought that I had made some mistakes in dates, and I went over all the letters which were undated, or in which I had myself inserted the dates, to see if I could not find those which were needed to fill up the gap. This attempt was unsuccessful: I found that the gap was a real one, and that the letters had certainly been abstracted. By whom and for what reason? This was beyond my powers of comprehension. These letters, prior to my great quarrels, and belonging to the time of my first infatuation for "Julie," were of no interest to anybody. They contained, at most, some bickerings of Diderot,

some bantering from Deleyre, some assurances of friendship from Madame de Chenonceaux, and even from Madame d'Epinaÿ, with whom I was then on the best possible terms. To whom could these letters be of any importance? What was intended to be done with them? It was not until seven years later that I suspected the frightful purpose of this theft.

Having settled the fact of this deficiency, I proceeded to examine my rough copies, to see whether I could discover any further loss. I found several missing, and this, as I had a very bad memory, made me imagine I should find it the same with my multitudinous papers. Those which I missed were the rough copy of "*La Morale Sensitive*," and the extract of the "*Aventures de Mylord Édouard*." The absence of the latter, I confess, caused me to suspect Madame de Luxembourg. It was her *valet de chambre*, La Roche, who had forwarded my papers, and I could not think of anyone else who could feel any interest in this fragment; but how could the other have interested her; or the letters which had been abstracted, of which no use could be made, even with the worst intentions to injure me, unless they were fraudulently altered? As for M. de Luxembourg, of whose invariable uprightness and genuine friendship I felt assured, I could not for a moment suspect him. I could not even fix the suspicion upon Madame la Maréchale. The most reasonable supposition that I could think of, after long racking my brains to discover the thief, was to fix the guilt upon D'Alembert, who, having already made his way into Madame de Luxembourg's good graces, might have found means to rummage amongst these papers, and to abstract whatever he pleased, whether manuscripts or letters, either with the intention of stirring up some annoyance against me, or of appropriating to himself what might be useful to him. I imagined that, misled by the title of "*La Morale Sensitive*," he expected to find in it the sketch of a real treatise upon Materialism, which he might have been able to use against me in a manner which may easily be imagined. Feeling sure that he would soon be undeceived on examining the rough copy, and having made up my mind to abandon literature altogether, I troubled myself little about these petty larcenies, which were, perhaps, not the

first committed by the same hand which I have endured without complaining.¹ I soon thought no more of this disloyalty, as if no similar act had ever been committed against me, and I began to arrange the materials which had been left to me, in order to work at my Confessions.

I had long believed that the society of the clergy at Geneva, or, at least, the citizens and burgesses, would protest against the infringement of the edict involved in the decree against myself. All remained quiet, at least in outward appearance, for a general feeling of discontent prevailed, which only waited for an opportunity of manifesting itself. My friends, or those who called themselves such, wrote letter after letter, urging me to go and put myself at their head, and assuring me of a public apology on the part of the Council. The fear of the disorder and disturbance, which my presence might cause, prevented me from yielding to their entreaties; and, faithful to the vow I had formerly made—never to mix myself up in any civil quarrel in my own country—I preferred to let the offence against justice remain as it was and to exile myself from my native land for ever, than to enter it again by violent and dangerous means. I had certainly expected, on the part of the burgesses, legal and peaceful remonstrances against an infringement which greatly concerned them. But nothing of the kind took place. Those at their head were less anxious for the real redress of wrongs than for an opportunity of making themselves necessary. They intrigued, but kept silence, and allowed the gossips and hypocrites to prate, who were put forward by the Council to render me odious in the eyes of the people, and to cause its insolence to be attributed to religious zeal.

After having waited in vain, for more than a year, for someone to protest against an illegal procedure, I at last made up my mind; and, finding myself abandoned by my fellow-citizens, I determined to renounce my ungrateful country, in which I had never lived,

¹ I had found, in his "*Eléments de Musique*," several things which had been taken from my article in the "*Encyclopédie*," which had been sent to him several years before the publication of his "*Eléments*." I do not know what share he may have had in a work entitled "*Dictionnaire des Beaux-arts*," but I have found in it articles copied word for word from mine, long before these same articles were printed in the "*Encyclopédie*."

from which I had received no kindness or assistance, and by which, as the reward of the honour which I had endeavoured to bestow upon it, I found myself, by unanimous consent, so unworthily treated, seeing that those who ought to have spoken had never uttered a word. I accordingly wrote to the chief syndic for that year, who was, I believe, M. Favre, a letter in which I solemnly renounced my burgess rights, at the same time being careful to observe in it the becoming and moderate language, which I have always employed, when acting in accordance with the dictates of my pride, as I have frequently been compelled to do by the cruelty of my enemies, in time of misfortune.

This step at last opened the eyes of the citizens; feeling that they had acted against their own interests in abandoning my defence, they took it up when it was too late. They had other grievances, which they added to mine, and made them the subject of several very well-reasoned remonstrances, which they extended and strengthened, in proportion as the rude and discouraging refusals of the Council, which felt itself supported by the French ministry, made them feel more strongly the design which had been formed for keeping them in a state of subjection. These disputes called forth various pamphlets, which decided nothing, until there suddenly appeared the "*Lettres écrites de la Campagne*," a work written in support of the Council with infinite skill, and which for a time reduced to silence and crushed the party of remonstrance.¹ This work, a lasting memorial of the rare talents of its author, was the production of the *Procureur-général* Tronchin, an enlightened and talented man, who had a profound knowledge of the laws and constitution of the Republic. *Siluit terra.*

[1764.]—The party of remonstrance, recovering from their first defeat, undertook to reply, and in time acquitted themselves tolerably well. But all turned their eyes towards me, as the only person capable of entering the lists against such an adversary, with any hope of overthrowing him. I confess that I thought the same; and, urged on by my old fellow-citizens, who represented it to me as my duty to assist them with my pen in a difficulty of which I had been the cause, I undertook the refutation of the "*Lettres*

¹ *Le parti représentant.*—The term "représentant" was specially applied to the citizens of Geneva who advocated public liberty.

écrites de la Campagne," and parodied its title by that of "Lettres écrites de la Montagne," which I gave to mine. I conceived and carried out this undertaking so secretly, that, at a meeting which took place at Thonon between myself and the party of remonstrance, in order to discuss their affairs, and at which they showed me the outline of their reply, I did not say a word about my own, which was already written; for I was afraid that some obstacle might be thrown in the way of its being printed, if either the magistrates or my private enemies got the least wind of it. I could not, however, prevent the work becoming known in France before it was published; but it was thought better to let it appear than to let me understand too clearly how my secret had been discovered. I will afterwards state what I have been able to learn positively about the matter, which is not much; I will say nothing about my own conjectures.

At Motiers I had almost as many visitors as at the Hermitage and Montmorency, but, for the most part, of a very different kind. Those who had hitherto come to see me had been people who, being connected with me by common talents, tastes, and principles, made them the excuse for their visits, and immediately introduced subjects on which I was able to converse with them. At Motiers this was no longer the case, especially as far as the French were concerned. My visitors were officers or others who had no taste for literature, the majority of whom had never even read my works, and who, nevertheless, according to their own account, had travelled thirty, forty, sixty, a hundred leagues to see me and admire the illustrious, famous, very famous man, the very great man, and so forth. From that time people never ceased to fling in my face the coarsest and most shameless flatteries, from which the esteem of those who came to see me had hitherto protected me. As the majority of these visitors did not condescend to mention their names or position, as their knowledge and mine had no common object, as they had neither read nor even glanced over my works, I did not know what to talk to them about. I waited for them to speak, since it was their place to know and to inform me what was the object of their visit. It may be imagined that this did not lead to conversations particularly interesting to me, although they may have been so to them,

according to what they wanted to know; for, as I was never mistrustful, I expressed myself without reserve upon all the questions which they thought fit to put to me; and they left me, as a rule, quite as well informed as myself in regard to all the details connected with my situation.

Such a visitor, for instance, was M. de Feins, equerry to the Queen, and a captain of cavalry in the Queen's regiment, who was so persevering as to spend several days at Motiers, and even to accompany me on foot as far as La Ferrière, leading his horse by the bridle, without having anything else in common with me, except that we both knew Mademoiselle Fel, and both played at cup-and-ball. Before and after M. de Feins, I received another much more extraordinary visit. Two men arrived on foot, each leading a mule carrying his scanty baggage. They put up at the inn, and, after rubbing down their mules themselves, asked to see me. From the general appearance of these muleteers, the villagers took them for smugglers; and the report immediately spread that some smugglers had come to pay me a visit. But the manner in which they accosted me at once informed me that they were persons of quite a different sort; but, although they were certainly not smugglers, they might well have been adventurers, and this uncertainty kept me on my guard for some time. However, they very soon allayed my suspicions. One of them was M. de Montauban, called the Comte de la Tour du Pin, a gentleman from Dauphiné; the other was M. Dastier, from Carpentras, an old soldier, who had put his cross of Saint-Louis in his pocket, to avoid displaying it. These gentlemen, who were both very amiable, were also very good company; their conversation was interesting and agreeable. Their manner of travelling, so greatly to my taste, and so little in keeping with that of French gentlemen, made me feel a kind of attachment for them which intercourse with them could not fail to strengthen. The acquaintance did not even end there. It still continues, and they have paid me several visits since then, but not on foot, although that was well enough for the first introduction. But the more I have seen of these gentlemen, the less sympathy I have found between their tastes and mine, the less I have felt that their principles were mine, that they were familiar with my writings, or that there

was any real sympathy between us. What, then, did they want of me? Why did they visit me with such an equipage? Why did they remain several days? Why did they return several times? Why were they so anxious to have me for their guest? At that time it never occurred to me to ask myself all these questions. I have often put them to myself since.

Touched by their friendly advances, my heart surrendered without reflection, especially to M. Dastier, whose manner, being more frank and open, pleased me most. I even continued to correspond with him; and, when I wanted to get the "*Lettres de la Montagne*" printed, I thought of applying to him, in order to put those, who were waiting for my parcel on the route to Holland, on the wrong scent. He had often spoken to me, and perhaps designedly, of the liberty enjoyed by the press at Avignon, and had offered his services, if I ever wanted to get anything printed there. I availed myself of this offer, and sent him my first sheets, one after the other, by post. After he had kept them for a considerable time he sent them back, at the same time informing me that no printer would venture to undertake the work; and I was obliged to go back to Rey, taking the precaution of sending my sheets one after the other, and not letting the succeeding ones go until I had been advised of the receipt of those which preceded them. Before the publication of the work, I learned that it had been seen in the ministerial offices; and D'Escherny, of Neufchâtel, spoke to me of a book called "*De l'Homme de la Montagne*," which he had been told by Holbach was written by me. I assured him, as was quite true, that I had never written a book called by this name. When the letters appeared he was furious, and accused me of falsehood, although I had told him the simple truth. This is how I was convinced that my manuscript was known. Feeling sure of Rey's trustworthiness, I was obliged to transfer my suspicions elsewhere; and the most rational conjecture, and the one to which I was most inclined to adhere, was, that my packets had been opened in the post.

Another person, whose acquaintance I made almost at the same time, at first merely through the medium of correspondence, was M. Laliaud, of Nîmes, who wrote to me from Paris, asking

me to send him my profile in silhouette, which he said he required for a bust of myself in marble, which he was having made by Le Moine, with the intention of placing it in his library. If this was a piece of flattery, simply intended to disarm me, it was completely successful. I imagined that a man who desired to have my bust in marble in his library must be full of my works, and consequently of my principles, and that he must love me, because his soul was in unison with mine. This idea was bound to attract me. I have seen M. Laliaud subsequently. I have found him eager to render me several trifling services, and to meddle with my humble affairs. But, beyond that, I doubt whether any single work of mine has been included in the very limited number of books which he has read in the course of his life. I am ignorant whether he has a library, and whether it is a piece of furniture which he is likely to use; and as for the bust, it is limited to a poor figure in clay, executed by Le Moine, from which he has had a hideous portrait engraved, which nevertheless passes current under my name, as if it had some resemblance to me.

The only Frenchman whose visits seemed to be due to a partiality for my sentiments and writing, was a young officer of the Limousin regiment, by name Séguier de Saint-Brisson, who cut a brilliant figure in Paris and in the world, and perhaps still does, through the amiability of his talents and his pretensions to wit. He had come to see me at Montmorency during the winter preceding my catastrophe. I found in him a liveliness which pleased me. He afterwards wrote to me at Motiers; and, whether it was that he wanted to flatter me, or that his head was really turned by "Emile," he told me that he intended to leave the service, in order to live independently, and that he was learning the trade of a carpenter. He had an elder brother, a captain in the same regiment, the favourite of the mother, who, being a violent devotee, and under the thumb of some hypocritical *abbé*, treated her younger son very badly, accusing him of irreligion, and even of the unpardonable offence of being intimate with myself. These were the grievances which induced him to break with his mother, and adopt the resolution of which I have just spoken—all, to play the little "Emile."

Alarmed at this impetuous eagerness, I hastened to write to him, to try and dissuade him from carrying out his resolution, and I made my exhortations as forcible as I could. He listened to them; he returned to his duty as a son, and withdrew from his colonel's hands the resignation which he had handed in, and which the former had prudently not accepted, in order to allow him time to think better of it. Saint-Brisson, cured of these follies, committed another, which was not quite so outrageous, but which was hardly more to my taste; he became an author. He produced two or three pamphlets one after the other, which showed a certain amount of talent, but in regard to which I shall never have to reproach myself with having praised them in sufficiently encouraging terms to induce him to follow such a career.

Some time afterwards, he came to see me, and we made an excursion together to the island of Saint-Pierre. I found him, during this journey, somewhat different from what he had been at Montmorency. There was something affected about him, which at first did not particularly offend me, but which I have often thought of since then. He came to see me once again at the Hôtel de Saint-Simon, when I was passing through Paris on my way to England. There I heard—which he had not told me before—that he went into fashionable society, and that he frequently saw Madame de Luxembourg. He gave no sign of life when I was at Trye, and did not send me any message through Mademoiselle Séguier, who was my neighbour, and who never seemed particularly well disposed towards me. In a word, M. de Saint-Brisson's infatuation suddenly came to an end, like my connection with M. de Feins, but, whereas the latter owed me nothing, the former owed me something, unless the follies which I had prevented him from committing were only a joke on his part, which really may very well have been the case.

I also had as many and even more visitors from Geneva. The Delucs, father and son, successively chose me for their nurse. The father fell ill on the road; the son was already ill when he started from Geneva; both came to recruit themselves at my house. Clergymen, relatives, bigots, persons of all sorts, came from Geneva and Switzerland, not for the purpose of

admiring or making fun of me, like those who came from France, but to scold and catechize me. The only one whom I was glad to see was Moulton, who came to spend three or four days with me, and whom I should have been glad to keep longer. The most obstinately persistent of all, and the one who finally conquered me by his importunities, was one M. d'Ivernois, a Genevese merchant, a French refugee, and a relative of the *procureur-général* of Neuchâtel. This M. d'Ivernois came twice a year from Geneva to Motiers on purpose to see me, stayed with me from morning till evening several days in succession, accompanied me on my walks, brought me hundreds of little presents, wormed himself into my confidence in spite of myself, interfered in all my affairs, without our having any ideas, tastes, sentiments, or knowledge in common. I doubt whether, in the whole course of his life, he has ever read through a single book of any kind, or whether he even knows the subjects of which my works treat. When I began to collect plants, he accompanied me on my botanical excursions, although he had no taste for such amusement, and we had not a word to say to each other. He even had the courage to spend three whole days with me *tête-à-tête* in a public-house at Goumains, from which I had hoped to drive him away by dint of boring him and making him feel how greatly he bored me; but I was never able to discourage his incredible persistency, or to discover the reason of it.

Amongst all these acquaintances, which I only made and kept up under compulsion, I must not omit the only one which has been agreeable to me, and which aroused a real interest in my heart; I refer to a young Hungarian, who came to reside at Neuchâtel, and afterwards at Motiers, some months after I was settled there myself. In the district he was called the Baron de Sauttern, under which name he had been accredited from Zurich. He was tall and well-built, his features were pleasant, his manners gentle and affable. He told everybody, and also gave me to understand, that he had come to Neuchâtel solely to see me, and to train his youth to virtue by intercourse with me. His expression, his tone, his manners, appeared to me in agreement with his words; and I should have considered myself failing in a most important duty, if I had refused to receive a

young man in whom I saw nothing but amiability, and whose motive in seeking my acquaintance was so worthy of respect. My heart is incapable of surrendering itself by halves. He soon possessed my entire friendship and my entire confidence; we became inseparable. He accompanied me on all my walking excursions, and greatly enjoyed them. I took him to my Lord Marshal, who showed him the greatest kindness. As he was not yet able to express himself in French, he spoke and wrote to me in Latin; I answered him in French, but this mixture of the two languages did not make our conversations less fluent or lively in any respect. He spoke to me of his family, his affairs, his adventures, and the Court of Vienna, with the domestic details of which he appeared to be intimately acquainted. In short, for nearly two years, during which we lived on terms of the closest intimacy, I invariably found in him a gentleness of character which nothing could alter, manners not only polite but refined, great personal cleanliness, and extreme propriety of language; in short, all the characteristics of a well-bred man, which made me esteem him too highly not to regard him with affection.

At the time of my greatest intimacy with him, D'Ivernois wrote to me from Geneva, warning me against the young Hungarian who had come to settle in my neighbourhood; adding that he had been assured that he was a spy sent by the French ministry to watch me. This warning was calculated to cause me the more uneasiness, since, in the country where I was, everybody advised me to keep on my guard because I was being watched, and it was designed to entice me into French territory, and then to pounce upon me.

In order to shut, once for all, the mouths of these silly monitors, I proposed to Sauttern, without saying a word to him beforehand, a walk to Pontarlier. He agreed to go. When we reached Pontarlier, I gave him D'Ivernois' letter to read, and then, fervently embracing him, said, "Sauttern needs no proof of my confidence; but the public needs a proof that I know who is worthy of it." This embrace was very sweet. It was one of those enjoyments of the soul which persecutors can never know, and of which they cannot deprive the oppressed.

I will never believe that Sauttern was a spy, or that he betrayed me; but he deceived me. When I opened my heart to him without reserve, he was firm enough to keep his own shut, and to deceive me with his lies. He invented some story, which caused me to believe that his presence was required in his own country. I exhorted him to set out without delay. He did so, and, when I thought he was already in Hungary, I heard that he was at Strasburg. This was not the first time that he had been there. He had caused dissension in a family in the town, and the husband, knowing that I was in the habit of seeing him, wrote to me. I had spared no efforts to bring the wife back to the path of virtue, and Sauttern to his duty. When I thought that their separation was complete, they came together again, and the husband was obliging enough to take the young man into his house again. After that I had nothing more to say. I discovered that the pretended Baron had imposed upon me with a heap of lies. His name was not Sauttern at all, but Sauttersheim. As for the title of Baron, which had been bestowed upon him in Switzerland, I could not reproach him on that score, because he had never assumed it. But I have no doubt that he was really a gentleman, and my Lord Marshal, who was a judge of men, and who had been in his country, always looked upon and treated him as one.

As soon as he had left, the servant at the inn where he took his meals declared that she was in the family way by him. She was so dirty a slut, and Sauttern, who was generally esteemed and looked up to in the district as a well-conducted and respectable young man, was known to take such pride in cleanliness, that this impudent assertion disgusted everybody. The most attractive women in the district, who had in vain lavished their fascinations upon him, were furious. I was beside myself with indignation. I did all I could to get the shameless hussy arrested, offering to pay all expenses and go bail for Sauttersheim. I wrote to him, firmly convinced not only that this pregnancy was not his work, but that it was in reality only pretended, and that the whole affair was a joke on the part of his enemies and my own. I wanted him to return to the district, to confound the jade, and those who had prompted her. I was surprised at the

feebleness of his reply. He wrote to the pastor of the girl's parish, and tried to hush up the affair. I accordingly ceased to trouble myself about the matter, feeling greatly astonished that a man whose tastes were so low could have been sufficiently master of himself to impose upon me by his reserve during our closest intimacy.

From Strasburg, Sauttersheim went to Paris to seek his fortune, but only found misery. He wrote to me, confessing his sins. My heart was moved at the recollection of our old friendship. I sent him some money. The following year, when passing through Paris, I saw him again. He was in much the same circumstances, but on very friendly terms with M. Laliaud. I have never been able to learn how he made his acquaintance, or whether it was recent or of long standing. Two years later, Sauttersheim returned to Strasburg, from which place he wrote to me, and where he died. Such is, in brief, the story of my connection with him, and of his adventures; but, while deploring the unhappy lot of this unfortunate young man, I shall always believe that he was a gentleman by birth, and that his irregular life was the result of the situations to which he was reduced.

Such were my acquisitions, in the way of connections and friendships, at Motiers. I should have needed many such to compensate for the cruel losses which I suffered at the same time!

First, I lost M. de Luxembourg, who, having suffered great torture at the hands of the physicians, at last fell a victim to them, who treated his gout, which they persistently refused to acknowledge, as a malady which they were able to cure.

If we can believe the written account of La Roche, Madame la Maréchale's confidential servant, M. de Luxembourg's case is a cruel and memorable example, how deplorable are the miseries of greatness!

I felt the loss of this worthy gentleman the more keenly, as he was the only friend I had in France; and the gentleness of his character was so great, that it made me altogether forget his rank and associate with him as an equal. Our relations did not come to an end after my retirement, and he continued to write to me as before. I fancied, however, that absence or my mis-

fortunes had somewhat cooled his affections. It is difficult for a courtier to preserve the same attachment for anyone whom he knows to be out of favour with the authorities. Besides, I came to the conclusion that the great influence which Madame de Luxembourg possessed over him had not been favourable to me, and that she had taken advantage of my absence to injure me in his esteem. She herself, in spite of affected demonstrations of friendship, which became less and less frequent, was at less pains every day to conceal the alteration in her feelings towards me. She wrote to me four or five times in Switzerland, at intervals, after which she left off writing altogether; and it needed all my preconceived opinions, all my confidence, all my blindness, which still clung to me, to prevent me from seeing that her feelings towards me were something more than simple coolness.

Guy, the bookseller, and partner of Duchesne, who, after me, was a frequent visitor at the Hôtel de Luxembourg, wrote to inform me that my name was down in M. le Maréchal's will. In this there was nothing singular or incredible; accordingly, I did not doubt what he said. This made me deliberate how I should behave in regard to the legacy. After careful consideration, I decided to accept it, whatever it might be, and to pay this respect to an honourable man, who entertained a true friendship for me, in spite of his rank, which is rarely accessible to such a feeling. I have been relieved of this duty, since I have never heard this legacy, whether the story was true or false, mentioned again; and, to tell the truth, I should have been grieved to violate one of my great moral principles, by profiting by the death of anyone who had been dear to me. During our friend Mussard's last illness, Lenieps proposed to me that we should take advantage of the gratefulness, which he showed for our attentions to him, to suggest to him gently that he should leave us something in his will. "Ah! my dear Lenieps," I said to him, "let us not degrade, by thoughts of self-interest, the melancholy but sacred duties which we are discharging towards our dying friend." I hope that I may never be mentioned in anyone's will, least of all, in that of a friend. It was about the same time that my Lord Marshal spoke to me about his will, and what he intended to do for me, on which occasion I made the

answer which I have mentioned in the first part of these Confessions.¹

My second loss, more painful and irreparable, was that of the best of women and mothers, who, already burdened with years, and overburdened with misery and infirmities, left this valley of tears for the abode of the blessed, where the pleasing recollection of the good we have done in this world below is its everlasting reward. Go, gentle and kindly soul, to join Fénélon, Bernex, Catinat, and those who, like them, have opened their hearts to genuine charity. Go, taste the fruit of your own, and prepare for your pupil the place which he one day hopes to occupy by your side! Happy, amidst all your misfortunes, since Heaven, by putting an end to them, has spared you the cruel spectacle of his! Afraid of saddening her heart by the narrative of my early disasters, I had not written to her at all after my arrival in Switzerland; but I wrote to M. de Conzié for news of her, and it was from him that I learned that she had ceased to alleviate the sufferings of others, and that her own were over. I, also, shall soon cease to suffer; but, if I did not believe that I should see her again in the next world, my feeble imagination would refuse to entertain the idea of the perfect happiness to which I look forward.

My third and last loss—for I had then no more friends to lose—was that of my Lord Marshal. I did not lose him by death; but, tired of serving ungrateful masters, he left Neufchâtel, and I have never seen him again. He still lives, and will, I hope, survive me; he still lives, and, thanks to him, all my ties upon earth are not broken; there is still left a man worthy of my friendship, the real value of which consists even more in that friendship which one feels than in that which one inspires; but I have lost the delight with which his friendship filled me, and I can now do no more than reckon him amongst those whom I still love, but with whom I have no further connection. He went to England to receive the King's pardon, and to redeem his property which had been confiscated. We



Madame de Warens

did not separate without arranging to meet again, the prospect of which appeared to afford him as much pleasure as myself. He intended to settle at Keith Hall, near Aberdeen, and it was agreed that I should visit him there; but the prospect was too delightful for me to hope that it would ever be realised. He did not stay in Scotland. The tender entreaties of the King of Prussia brought him back to Berlin, and it will presently be seen how I was prevented from going there to rejoin him.

Before his departure, foreseeing the storm which was about to be raised against me, he sent me, of his own accord, letters of naturalisation, which seemed to be a very safe precautionary measure, to make it impossible for me to be driven out of the country. The Corporation of Couvet in Val-de-Travers imitated the Governor's example, and granted me the rights of a native, free of charge, like the first. Thus, being a full citizen in every respect, I was protected against legal expulsion, even by the Prince; but my enemies have never been able to use legal means in persecuting a man who, more than any other, has always shown the greatest respect for the laws.

Amongst the losses which I suffered at this time, I do not think that I ought to reckon that of the Abbé de Mably. Having lived at his brother's house, I had become slightly acquainted with him, but never intimate; and I have some reason to believe that his feelings towards me had changed since I had acquired greater celebrity than himself. But it was after the publication of the "*Lettres de la Montagne*" that I had the first indication of his ill-will. A letter to Madame Saladin, which was attributed to him, was circulated in Geneva, in which he spoke of the work as the seditious vapourings of a violent demagogue. My esteem for the Abbé, and the high opinion which I entertained of his abilities, did not allow me to believe for an instant that this extravagant letter was written by him. I decided to act as my frankness prompted me. I sent him a copy of the letter, informing him that it was attributed to him. He made no reply. This silence on his part surprised me; but my astonishment may be imagined, when Madame de Chenonceaux informed me that he had really written the letter, and that my own had greatly embarrassed him. For, even if he had been right, that was no excuse for a step which

was bound to create a stir, and was taken publicly and with a light heart, without obligation or necessity, with the sole object of still further overwhelming, at the height of his misfortunes, a man towards whom he had always shown goodwill, and who had never done him any injury. Some time afterwards appeared the "Dialogues de Phocion," which appeared to me a barefaced and shameless compilation from my works. When I read the book, I felt that the author had made up his mind in regard to me, and that, from that time forth, I should have no bitterer enemy. I believe that he was never able to forgive me for having written the "Contrat Social," which was far above his powers, or for the "Paix Perpetuelle," and that he only wanted me to make a selection from the Abbé de Saint-Pierre's writings, because he thought that I should not be so successful in it.

The further I advance in my narrative, the less I am able to preserve its proper order and sequence. The unsettled condition of the rest of my life has not left events time to arrange themselves in succession in my head. They have been too numerous, too mixed up, too disagreeable to be able to be related without confusion. The only strong impression which they have left upon my mind is that of the horrible mystery in which their causes are enveloped, and of the deplorable condition to which they have reduced me. My narrative can only proceed at haphazard, as the ideas come back to me. I remember that, during the time of which I am speaking, being absorbed in my Confessions, I was so imprudent as to talk about them to everybody, never once imagining that anyone had any interest or desire, and, still less, the power, to throw obstacles in the way of this undertaking; and, even had I thought so, I should not have shown any greater discretion, since my disposition renders it absolutely impossible for me to conceal any of my thoughts or feelings. As far as I can judge, the fact of this undertaking becoming known was the real cause of the storm which was raised with the object of driving me out of Switzerland, and delivering me into the hands of those who might prevent me from carrying it out.

I had another work in view, which was regarded with little less disfavour by those who were afraid of the first: this was a general

edition of my works. Such an edition appeared to me necessary, in order to establish the authenticity of the books bearing my name, which were really by me, and to put the public in a position to be able to distinguish them from the pseudonymous writings, which my enemies attributed to me, in order to discredit and degrade me. In addition to that, this edition would be a simple and honourable way of insuring a means of subsistence; in fact, it was the only one, for I had abandoned book-making, my *Memoirs* could not be published during my lifetime, I did not earn a penny in any other manner, and was always spending money; so that I saw that I should be at the end of my resources as soon as the profits of my last writings were exhausted. These considerations had strongly inclined me to bring out my "*Dictionnaire de Musique*," which was as yet incomplete. It had brought me in 100 *louis* in ready money and an annuity of 100 crowns; but it was easy to see that 100 *louis* would not long last a man, who spent more than sixty every year; and an income of 100 crowns was nothing for one, upon whom beggars and others swooped down incessantly like a flock of starlings.

A company of Neuchâtel business-men offered to undertake the collected edition, and a printer or bookseller of Lyons, named Reguillat, somehow or other managed to thrust himself among them in the capacity of manager. An agreement was concluded on reasonable and satisfactory terms, considering the object I had in view. My printed works and others still in manuscript were enough to fill six volumes quarto. I further agreed to exercise a general supervision over the edition, in return for which I was to receive an annuity of 1,600 French *livres*, and 1,000 crowns down.

[1765.]—The agreement was concluded, but not signed, when the "*Lettres écrites de la Montagne*" appeared. The terrible outburst against this infernal work and its abominable author alarmed the company, and the enterprise fell through. I should compare the effect of this last work to that of the "*Lettre sur la Musique Française*," only that this letter, while bringing hatred upon me and exposing me to danger, at least left me in possession of esteem and respect. But, after this last work, the inhabitants of Geneva and Versailles seemed to be astonished

that a monster like myself was permitted to live. The Little Council, egged on by the French Resident, and instructed by the *Procureur-général*, issued a declaration concerning my work, in which, after stigmatizing it in most outrageous terms, that body declared that it was not even worthy of being burned by the hands of the executioner, and added, with a cleverness bordering on burlesque, that it would be impossible for anyone to answer it without disgracing himself, or even to mention it. I wish I could give a copy of this curious document, but, unfortunately, I have not got it, and I do not remember a single word of it. I sincerely wish that some one of my readers, animated by a desire for truth and justice, would read the whole of the "Lettres écrites de la Montagne" over again. I venture to assert that he will recognise the stoical moderation which characterises this work, after the violent and cruel insults which people had just vied with one another in heaping upon the author. But, being unable to reply to the abuse, because it contained none, or to the arguments, because they were unanswerable, my enemies had recourse to the expedient of pretending to be too indignant to answer; and it is certainly true that, if they took irrefutable arguments for insults, they must have felt themselves greatly insulted!

The party of remonstrance, far from complaining of this hateful declaration, followed the path which it marked out for them, and, instead of glorying in the "Lettres de la Montagne" as a trophy of victory, they covered them up to serve as a shield, and were too cowardly to render either honour or justice to this work, which was written in their defence and at their solicitation, or even to quote or mention it, although they secretly drew all their arguments from it, and the careful manner in which they have followed the advice given at the end of the work has been the sole cause of their salvation and their victory. They had imposed this duty upon me: I had fulfilled it. I had served the country and their cause to the end. I begged them to abandon mine, and only think of themselves in their quarrels. They took me at my word, and I interfered no further in their affairs, except to exhort them without ceasing to make peace, as I had no doubt that, if they persisted, they would be crushed

by France. This has not happened. I understand the reason, but this is not the place to mention it.

The effect of the "Lettres de la Montagne" at Neufchâtel was at first insignificant. I sent a copy of it to M. de Montmollin. He was glad to have it, and read it without finding any fault with it. He was ill like myself; he paid me a friendly visit when his health was re-established, and said nothing about the book. However, the excitement was beginning. The book was publicly burnt—I do not know where.¹ From Geneva, from Berne, and, perhaps, from Versailles, the focus of disturbance soon shifted to Neufchâtel, especially Val-de-Travers, where, even before the clerical party had given any signs of movement, they had begun to hound on the people by underhand means. I venture to say that I ought to have been loved by the people of that country, as I have been by all those amongst whom I have lived. I bestowed alms freely, left none of the needy in my neighbourhood without assistance, never refused to render any service within my power which was consistent with justice, perhaps even making myself too familiar with everybody, and, as far as I was able, I refused every distinction which might have aroused jealousy. All this, however, did not prevent the people, secretly stirred up by someone unknown to me, from gradually becoming infuriated against me, and publicly insulting me in broad daylight, not only in the country and on the roads, but in the open street. Those to whom I had rendered the greatest services were the most virulent; and even people to whom I continued to render them, although they did not venture to show themselves, urged on the rest, and seemed anxious to avenge themselves in this manner for the humiliation of being under an obligation to me. Montmollin seemed to see nothing and did not as yet show himself; but, as a celebration of the Communion was close at hand, he paid me a visit to advise me not to present myself, at the same time assuring me that he was not at all angry with me, and that he would leave me undisturbed. I thought this a curious kind of compliment. It reminded me of Madame de Boufflers' letter, and I could not

1 At Paris, together with Voltaire's "Dictionnaire Philosophique"

imagine to whom it could be a matter of such importance whether I communicated or not. As I considered it would be an act of cowardice to give way to him, and, besides, did not desire to give the people a fresh excuse to raise the cry of "infidel" against me, I bluntly refused to do what he asked, and he went home highly displeased, at the same time giving me to understand that I should be sorry for it.

He could not refuse to admit me to Communion on his authority alone: that of the Consistory, which had admitted me, was also necessary: and, as long as the Consistory had said nothing, I could present myself boldly, without fear of being refused. Montmollin procured from the clergy the commission of summoning me before the Consistory to give an account of my belief, and of excommunicating me, in case I refused to appear. This excommunication, again, could only be pronounced by a majority of the votes of the Consistory. But the peasants who, under the name of Elders, composed this assembly, being under the presidency and, as may be supposed, the rule of their minister, would naturally have no other opinion but his, especially upon theological questions, which they understood still less than he did. I was accordingly summoned, and decided to appear.

What a lucky circumstance, and what a triumph would it have been for me, if I had been able to speak, and, so to say, had carried my pen in my mouth! With what overwhelming superiority, with what ease should I have overthrown the poor minister in the midst of his six peasants! Greed of authority had caused the Protestant clergy to forget all the principles of the Reformation: all that I needed, in order to remind him of this, and to reduce him to silence, was to explain my first "*Lettres de la Montagne*," for which they had been foolish enough to censure me. My text was ready, I had only to expand it, and my enemy was reduced to silence. I should not have been so silly as to confine myself to the defensive: it was easy enough for me to take the offensive without his even perceiving it, or being able to protect himself against it. The wretched persons who composed the clerical caste, as thoughtless as they were ignorant, had themselves placed me in the most favourable position I could have desired, for crushing them as I pleased. But—I should

have been obliged to speak, and to speak on the spot, to find ideas, turns of expression, and suitable words on the spur of the moment, never to lose my presence of mind or coolness, never to be flustered for a moment. What could I hope from myself—I who felt so strongly my inability to express myself impromptu? I had been most humiliatingly reduced to silence at Geneva, in the presence of an assembly which was entirely favourable to me, and had made up its mind beforehand to approve of everything that I said. Here, it was quite the contrary: I had to do with a person who was prepared to cavil, who substituted cunning for knowledge, who would lay a hundred traps for me before I perceived one, and was fully determined to put me in the wrong, at whatever cost. The more I considered my position, the more perilous it seemed to me; and, convinced that it would be impossible for me to extricate myself with success, I bethought myself of another expedient. I pondered over a speech which I proposed to deliver before the Consistory, in order to challenge its authority and to relieve myself from the necessity of replying. The matter was very simple: I wrote the speech, and proceeded to learn it by heart with unequalled enthusiasm. Thérèse, hearing me muttering and incessantly repeating the same phrases, in the endeavour to cram them into my head, laughed at me. I hoped in the end to know my speech by heart. I knew that the lord of the manor, as the Prince's official, would be present at the meeting of the Consistory, and that, in spite of the bottles of wine distributed by Montmollin, and his intrigues, most of the Elders were well disposed towards me. I had on my side reason, truth, justice, the King's protection, the authority of the Council of State, and the wishes of all good patriots who were affected by the establishment of this inquisition; in fact, everything contributed to my encouragement.

The day before the time appointed, I knew my speech by heart; I recited it without a mistake. I went over it again all night in my head: in the morning I had forgotten it: I hesitated at each word, I fancied myself already in the presence of the illustrious assembly; I was confused, I stammered, I lost my head; at last, almost at the moment of starting, my courage failed me entirely. I remained at home, I determined to write

to the Consistory, hastily giving my reasons for not appearing, and alleging as an excuse my ill-health, which, considering the state I was in, would really have made it almost impossible for me to go through the whole sitting.

The minister, embarrassed by my letter, put off the matter to another sitting. In the meantime, he and his creatures made every effort to seduce those of the Elders who, following the dictates of their own conscience rather than his, were not of the same opinion as he and the clergy were. However powerful his arguments drawn from his cellar must have been for people of this kind, he could not win over any others except the two or three who were already devoted to him, and who were called his *âmes damnées*. The Prince's officer and Colonel de Pury, who was very energetic in the matter, kept the others to their duty; and, when Montmollin wanted to proceed to the excommunication, the Consistory, by a majority of votes, flatly vetoed it. Reduced to the last resource of stirring up the people, he proceeded, with the aid of his colleagues and others, to work openly and with such success, that, in spite of the frequent and strongly-worded rescripts of the King, in spite of all the orders of the Council of State, I was at last obliged to leave the country, to avoid exposing the Prince's officer to the risk of being assassinated, in consequence of his efforts to defend me.

My only recollections of the whole affair are so confused, that it is impossible for me to introduce any order or connection into the ideas which come back to me; I can only produce them, scattered and isolated, as they present themselves to my mind. I remember that some sort of negotiations had taken place with the clergy, in which Montmollin had been the mediator. He had pretended that it was feared that, by my writings, I should disturb the tranquillity of the country, which would be held responsible for allowing me to write. He had given me to understand that, if I undertook to lay aside my pen, the past would be winked at. I had already made this engagement with myself, and I had no hesitation in making it with the clerical party, but conditionally, and only as far as matters of religion were concerned. He managed to get two copies of the agreement made, in consequence of some alteration which he required. The condition was rejected, and I demanded the return



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ROUSSEAU CHASED IN THE COUNTRY

Book 11

of what I had written; he gave me back one of the duplicates, and kept the other, pretending that he had lost it. After this, the people, openly egged on by the clergy, laughed the King's rescripts and the orders of the Council of State to scorn, and became utterly uncontrollable. I was preached at from the pulpit, called the Antichrist, and chased in the country like a were-wolf. My Armenian costume was sufficient description for the people: I felt the disadvantage of it cruelly, but to abandon it under the circumstances appeared to me an act of cowardice. I could not make up my mind to do this, and I calmly walked about the country in my caftan and fur cap, pursued by the hue and cry of the rabble, and sometimes by their stones. Several times, when passing in front of the houses, I heard those inside say, "Bring me my gun: let me fire at him." I did not walk any faster, and this only increased their fury; but they always confined themselves to threats, at least as far as firearms were concerned.

During the whole time of this excitement, I nevertheless, on two occasions, had great cause for satisfaction, which afforded me genuine pleasure. The first was, that, through my Lord Marshal, I was enabled to perform an act of gratitude. All the respectable inhabitants of Neuchâtel, indignant at the treatment which I received and the intrigues of which I was the victim, were greatly incensed against the clerical party, being well aware that it was under foreign influence, and that it was merely the tool of others, who kept themselves in the background while urging it on to act; and they began to fear that the precedent established in my case might result in the establishment of a veritable inquisition. The magistrates, and particularly M. Meuron, who had succeeded M. d'Ivernois in the office of *procureur-général*, did all they could to protect me. Colonel de Pury, although merely a private individual, did even more and succeeded better. It was he who found the means of making Montmollin knock under in his Consistory, by keeping the Elders to their duty. As he had considerable reputation, he made the most use of it to check the outbreak; but he only had the authority of the laws, justice, and reason, to oppose to that of money and wine. The odds were against him, and in this respect Montmollin triumphed. However, appreciating his zeal

and efforts on my behalf, I was anxious, if possible, to do him a service in return, and in some degree to discharge my obligations to him. I knew that he was very anxious to become a councillor of State; but, having offended the Court in the matter of the minister Petitpierre, he was out of favour with the Prince and the Governor. However, I ventured to write on his behalf to my Lord Marshal; I even mentioned the position which he was anxious to obtain, and my efforts were so successful that, contrary to general expectation, it was almost immediately bestowed upon him by the King. Thus destiny, which has always placed me too high and too low at the same time, continued to toss me from one extreme to the other; and, while the people covered me with mud, I appointed a councillor of State.

Another thing that caused me great pleasure was a visit from Madame de Verdelin and her daughter, whom she had brought to the baths of Bourbonne, whence she came on to Motiers, and spent two or three days with me. By her constant attentions and trouble on my behalf, she had finally overcome the feelings of dislike which I had so long entertained towards her; and my heart, vanquished by her tenderness, returned to the full the friendship which she had so long exhibited towards me. I felt touched by this visit, especially considering my circumstances at the time, when I greatly needed the consolations of friendship, to support my courage. I was afraid that she would feel deeply the insults which I suffered from the people, and I should have liked to spare her the sight of them, to avoid distressing her; but this was impossible; and, although her presence put some check upon their insolence during our walks, she saw enough to be able to judge what took place on other occasions. It was during her stay, in fact, that I began to be subjected to nightly attacks in my own house. One morning, her lady's-maid found a number of stones in front of my window which had been thrown at it during the night. A large, heavy bench, which stood in the street by the side of my door and was securely fixed, was torn up, removed, and set up on end against the door; so that, unless someone had seen it, the first person who had opened the door to go out would have been knocked down. Madame de Verdelin knew all that was going on; for, in

addition to what she could see for herself, her confidential servant made himself very well known in the village, talked to everybody, and was even seen in conversation with Montmollin. However, she did not appear to take any notice of anything that happened, never mentioned Montmollin or anyone else, and only replied briefly to remarks which I sometimes made about him. She only seemed to be convinced that England would be the best place for me to stay in. She spoke much of Hume, who was in Paris at the time, of his friendship for me, and of his desire to be of service to me in his country. It is time to say something about M. Hume.

He had acquired a great reputation in France, especially amongst the Encyclopaedists, through his commercial and political treatises, and, lastly, by his "History of the House of Stuart," the only one of his writings of which I had read something in the Abbé Prévost's translation. Not having read his other works, I felt convinced, from what I had heard of him, that he united a genuine republican spirit with the paradoxical English prejudices in favour of luxury. In accordance with this opinion, I looked upon the whole of his apology for Charles I. as a marvel of impartiality, and I entertained as high an opinion of his virtue as of his genius. The desire of making the acquaintance of this singular man and gaining his friendship, had greatly increased the temptation to cross over to England, which the earnest entreaties of Madame de Boufflers, his intimate friend, had aroused in me. On my arrival in Switzerland, I received from him, through her, an extremely flattering letter, in which, after praising my talents most highly, he gave me a pressing invitation to cross over to England, and offered to use all his influence and that of his friends to make my stay agreeable. I went on the spot to my Lord Marshal, Hume's friend and fellow-countryman, who confirmed my good opinion of him, and told me a literary anecdote about him, which struck me as much as it had struck him. Wallace, who had written against Hume on the subject of the population of the ancient world, was absent while his book was being printed. Hume undertook to revise the proofs and superintend the publication of the work. Such conduct was after my own heart. In the same manner, I had sold copies of a song which had been written against me, at

six *sous* each. I accordingly had every reason to be prejudiced in favour of Hume, when Madame de Verdelin came and spoke strongly of the friendship which he professed to entertain for me, and of his eagerness to do me the honours of England, to use her own expression. She strongly urged me to take advantage of Hume's enthusiasm and to write to him. As I had no liking for England, and did not wish to adopt this course until I was actually obliged, I refused either to write or to make any promise; but I left it to her discretion to do whatever she thought fit, to keep Hume favourably disposed towards me. When she left Motiers, she left me fully persuaded, from all that she had said to me concerning this famous man, that he was one of my friends, and that she was a still greater friend of his.

After her departure, Montmollin pushed on his intrigues, and the people became uncontrollable. However, I continued to take my walks quietly, undisturbed by their hue and cry; the taste for botany, which I had begun to acquire through Doctor d'Ivernois, gave a new interest to my walks, and made me roam the country collecting plants, undisturbed by the shouts of the rabble, whose fury was only increased by my indifference. One of the things which most affected me was, to see the families of my friends,¹ or people who called themselves such, openly join the ranks of my persecutors; such as the D'Ivernois, even the father and brother of my Isabelle not excepted; Boy de la Tour, a relation of the lady friend with whom I lodged, and Madame Girardier, her sister-in-law. This Pierre Boy was such a booby, so stupid, and behaved so brutally that, to avoid getting in a rage, I took it upon myself to treat him with ridicule. I wrote, in the style of the "*Petit Prophète*," a little pamphlet of

¹ This fatality had commenced from the time of my stay at Yverdon; for when Roguin, the *banneret*, died, a year or two after I left that town, old Papa Roguin was honest enough to inform me, with regret, that it had been proved, from his relation's papers, that he had entered into the plot to expel me from Yverdon and the State of Berne. This clearly proved that the plot was not, as people wished it to be believed, a matter of hypocrisy, since Roguin the *banneret*, far from being a devotee, pushed his materialism and unbelief even to intolerance and fanaticism. Besides, no one at Yverdon had so completely taken possession of me, or lavished upon me, in such an abundance, affection, praise, and flattery, as this same Roguin. He loyally followed the favourite system of my persecutors.

a few pages, entitled "The Vision of Peter of the Mountain, named the Seer," in which I found opportunities of humorously attacking the miracles which at that time formed the chief excuse for my persecution. Du Peyron had this fragment, which only met with moderate success in the district, printed at Geneva; since the inhabitants of Neufchâtel, with all their wit, are little able to appreciate Attic salt or humour, as soon as it becomes at all refined.

I took more pains about another composition, which belongs to the same period, the manuscript of which will be found amongst my papers. I must here give some account of the subject of it.

When the fury of decrees and persecutions was at its height, the Genevese had particularly distinguished themselves by joining in the hue and cry with all their might. My friend Vernes, amongst others, with a truly theological generosity, chose just this moment to publish some letters against me, in which he claimed to prove that I was not a Christian. These letters, written in a conceited style, were none the better for it, although it was stated positively that Bonnet, the naturalist, had assisted in their composition, for the said Bonnet, although a materialist, is notwithstanding most intolerantly orthodox, the moment it is a question of myself. I certainly did not feel tempted to answer this production; but, as the opportunity presented itself of saying a few words about it in the "Lettres de la Montagne," I inserted a somewhat contemptuous note, which made Vernes furious. He filled Geneva with his cries of rage, and D'Ivernois informed me that he was out of his mind. Some time afterwards an anonymous pamphlet appeared, which seemed to be written with the water of Phlegethon¹ instead of ink. In this letter I was accused of having exposed my children in the streets, of taking about with me a soldiers' trollop, of being worn out by debauchery, rotten with the pox, and similar politenesses. It was easy for me to recognise my man. On reading this libellous production, my first thought was to estimate at its true value everything that is called renown and reputation amongst men; when I saw a man treated

¹ One of the rivers of the infernal regions.

as a whoremonger who had never been in a brothel in his life, and whose greatest fault was a constant timidity and shyness, like that of a virgin; when I saw that I was supposed to be eaten up by the pox—I, who had not only never had the slightest attack of any venereal disease, but who, according to the physicians, was so formed that it would have been impossible for me to contract it. After careful consideration, I came to the conclusion that I could not better refute this libel than by having it printed in the town in which I had lived longest. I sent it to Duchesne to be printed just as it was, with a prefatory notice, in which I mentioned M. Vernes, and a few brief notes, in order to explain the facts. Not content with having had this pamphlet printed, I sent it to several persons, amongst others to Prince Louis of Wurtemberg, who had shown great civility to me, and with whom I was in correspondence at the time. The Prince, Du Peyrou, and others, seemed to doubt whether Vernes was the author of the libel, and blamed me for having mentioned his name without due investigation. In consequence of their remonstrances, I regretted what I had done, and wrote to Duchesne to suppress the pamphlet. Guy wrote to me that this had been done. I do not know whether this was true. I have found him out in so many lies on so many occasions, that one more would be nothing surprising; and at that time I was surrounded by that profound darkness, which it is impossible for me to penetrate, so as to arrive at any kind of truth.

M. Vernes bore the imputation with an equanimity which was more than surprising in a man, if he had not deserved it, after his previous outburst of rage. He wrote to me two or three cautiously worded letters, the object of which seemed to me to be, to endeavour to find out, from my answers, how much I knew, and whether I had any proof against him. I wrote two short answers, dry, and severe in the meaning they conveyed, but couched in most polite terms, at which he was not at all annoyed. I did not answer his third letter at all, since I saw that he wanted to draw me into correspondence; and he sent D'Ivernois to speak to me. Madame Cramer wrote to Du Peyrou that she was certain that the libel was not the work of Vernes. All this failed to shake my own conviction; but, since it was possible that I was mistaken

and in this case owed Vernes an apology, I sent him a message by D'Ivernois that I would make him a most handsome one, if he could inform me of the real author of the libel, or, at least, prove to me that it was not himself. I did more, feeling that, after all, if he was not guilty, I had no right to demand that he should prove anything to me; I resolved to explain, in a tolerably lengthy memoir, the reasons for my conviction, and to submit them to the decision of an umpire, whom Vernes could not refuse. No one would guess who was the umpire that I chose: it was the Council of Geneva. I declared, at the end of the memoir, that if the Council, after having examined it and made such inquiries as it might consider necessary, and which it was easy for it to carry out successfully, was of opinion that M. Vernes was not the author of the libel, I would from that moment sincerely abandon my belief that he was, and would go and throw myself at his feet, and ask his pardon until I had obtained it. I venture to say, that never did the ardour of my zeal for justice, never did the uprightness and generosity of my soul, never did my confidence in this love of justice, which is natural to the hearts of all, display themselves more fully or more clearly than in this memoir, at the same time prudent and affecting, in which I unhesitatingly accepted my most implacable enemies as umpires between the slanderer and myself. I read the pamphlet to Du Peyrou; he advised me to suppress it, and I suppressed it. He recommended me to wait for the proofs which Vernes promised. I waited, and am still waiting for them; he advised me to remain silent while I was waiting; I remained silent, and shall remain silent for the rest of my life, blamed for having brought against Vernes a serious imputation, that was false and not proved, although, in my own mind, I am as firmly convinced and persuaded that he is the author of the libel as of my own existence. My memoir is in Du Peyrou's hands. If it ever sees the light, my reasons for thinking so will be found there, and the soul of Jean Jacques, which my contemporaries refused to understand, will then, I hope, be understood.

It is time to proceed to the final catastrophe at Motiers, and my departure from Val de Travers, after a residence of two years and a half, and eight months of unshaken firmness in enduring most unworthy treatment. It is impossible for me to recall clearly

the details of this unpleasant period of my life ; but they will be found in the account of it published by Du Peyrou, of which I shall have to speak later.

After Madame de Verdelin's departure, the excitement became more violent ; and, in spite of the repeated rescripts of the King, in spite of the frequent orders of the Council of State, in spite of the efforts of the lord of the manor and the magistrates of the place, the people seriously regarded me as the Antichrist ; and, finding all their clamours useless, seemed at last inclined to proceed to acts of violence. In the streets, stones already began to roll after me, which had been thrown from too great a distance to be able to reach me. At last, on the night after the fair at Motiers, at the beginning of September, I was attacked in the house where I lived in a manner which imperilled the lives of the inmates.

At midnight, I heard a loud noise in the gallery which ran along the back part of the house. A shower of stones, thrown against the window and the door which led to this gallery, fell into it with such a noise that my dog, who slept in the gallery, and at first commenced to bark, was terrified into silence, and ran into a corner, where he scratched and gnawed the boards in his endeavours to escape. Hearing the noise, I got up. I was on the point of leaving my room to go into the kitchen, when a stone, thrown by a powerful hand, smashed the window of the kitchen, flew across it, burst open the door of my room, and fell at the foot of my bed ; and, if I had been a second sooner, I should have had it in my stomach. I concluded that the noise had been made in order to attract my attention, and the stone thrown to receive me when I left my room. I dashed into the kitchen. There I found Thérèse, who had also got up and ran trembling towards me. We stood close against a wall, out of the line of the window, to avoid being hit by the stones, and to think of what we should do ; for to go out to call for help would have been certain death. Fortunately, the servant of a worthy old man, who lodged below me, got up at the noise, and ran to call the lord of the manor, who lived next door. He jumped out of bed, threw on his dressing-gown, and immediately came with the watch, who, on account of the fair, were making the round, and were close at hand. When he saw the havoc, he grew pale with affright ; and,

at the sight of the stones, of which the gallery was full, he exclaimed, "Good God! it is a regular quarry!" On going below, we found that the door of a small yard had been broken open, and that an attempt had been made to get into the house through the gallery. When inquiry was made, why the watchmen had neither perceived nor prevented the disturbance, it was found that, although those of another village ought properly to have done duty, those from Motiers had persisted in taking this watch out of their turn. On the following day, the lord of the manor sent in his report to the Council of State, who, two days afterwards, commissioned him to institute an inquiry into the matter, and to offer a reward, under promise of secrecy, to those who informed against the guilty parties. In the meantime, he was to set a guard, at the Government expense, to protect my house and his own, which adjoined it. The next day, Colonel de Pury; Meuron, the *procureur-général*; Martinet, the lord of the manor; Guyenet, the receiver of taxes; D'Ivernois, the treasurer, and his father—in a word, all the persons of importance in the district, came to see me, and united their entreaties to induce me to bow to the storm, and to leave, at least for a time, a parish in which I could no longer live with safety or honour. I even noticed that the lord of the manor, terrified by the fury of the frenzied populace, and alarmed lest it might extend to him, would have been very glad to see me leave at once, that he might be relieved from the responsibility of protecting me, and might be able to leave the place himself, as in fact he did, after my own departure. I accordingly yielded, and even with little reluctance; for the sight of the hatred of the people caused me such heart-breaking anguish, that I could no longer endure it.¹

More than one place of refuge was open to me. Madame de Verdelin, after her return to Paris, had mentioned, in several of her letters, a certain M. Walpole, whom she called My Lord, who took a great interest in me, and offered me a refuge on one of his estates, of which she gave me a most delightful description, and entered into details, in regard to board and lodging, which

¹ It is said that Thérèse was really responsible for this disturbance; and that, being tired of the place, it was got up by her to bring about Rousseau's removal from it.

showed me how far my Lord Walpole had interested himself together with her in this plan. My Lord Marshal had always recommended to me England or Scotland, where he also offered me a refuge on his estates, but he offered me another, which tempted me far more, at Potsdam, in his neighbourhood. He had recently informed me of a conversation which the King had held with him concerning me, and which amounted to an invitation; and Madame la Duchesse de Saxe-Gotha felt so sure of my accepting it, that she wrote to me, pressing me to pay her a visit on the way, and to stay a few days with her; but I felt so strongly attached to Switzerland, that I could not make up my mind to leave it as long as it was possible for me to live there, and I took advantage of this opportunity to carry out a plan which had occupied my attention for several months, and which I have hitherto been unable to mention, for fear of interrupting the thread of my narrative.

This plan was, to go and settle in the island of Saint-Pierre, a domain belonging to the hospital of Berne, in the middle of the Lake of Bienne. During a walking tour, which I had taken the year before with Du Peyrou, we had visited this island, and I had been so delighted with it, that, since then, I had never ceased to think how I might contrive to fix my abode there. The chief obstacle was, that the island belonged to the Bernese, who, three years before, had disgracefully driven me from their territory; and, not to mention that my pride would have been hurt by going back to live amongst people who had received me so ill, I had reason to fear that they would not leave me undisturbed on this island any more than at Yverdun. I had consulted my Lord Marshal on the matter; he thought, like myself, that the Bernese would be only too pleased to see me banished to this island, and to keep me there as a hostage for any further works I might be tempted to write, and had sounded them through a certain M. Sturler, his former neighbour at Colombier. This gentleman made inquiries of several of the chief men of the State, and, in consequence of the answer he received, assured my Lord Marshal that the Bernese, ashamed of their former behaviour, would be delighted to see me domiciled in the island of Saint-Pierre, and to leave me in peace there,

By way of further precaution, before venturing to go and reside there, I procured further information through Colonel Chaillet, who gave me the same assurances; and, as the receiver of taxes of the island had obtained permission from his superiors to receive me in his own house, I thought I ran no risk in going there, with the tacit consent both of the supreme authority and the owners; for I did not venture to hope that the gentlemen of Berne would openly acknowledge the injustice they had done me, and offend against the most inviolable principle of all supreme authorities.

The island of Saint-Pierre, called the *Ile de la Motte* at Neufchâtel, in the middle of the Lake of Bienne, is only about half a league in circumference; but within this small space it produces all the chief necessities of existence. It contains fields, meadows, orchards, woods, and vineyards; the whole, thanks to the diversified and mountainous nature of the ground, exhibits a variety that is the more agreeable, since its different aspects, not disclosing themselves all at the same time, mutually set each other off, and cause the island to seem larger than it really is. The western portion of it, which faces Gleresse and Bonneville, is formed by a very lofty terrace. This terrace has been planted with a long row of trees, intersected in the middle by a large *salon*, where, during the vintage, the inhabitants assemble on Sundays from the neighbouring shores, to dance and enjoy themselves. There is only one house in the island, where the receiver of taxes lives; but it is large and commodious, and situated in a recess, which shelters it from the wind.

Five or six hundred yards from Saint-Pierre, in a southerly direction, is another island, much smaller, uncultivated, and uninhabited, which appears to have been at some time separated from the larger one by the violence of the storms; its gravelly soil produces nothing but willows and persicaria, but it contains some rising ground, covered with turf and very pleasant. The shape of the lake is almost a perfect oval. Its shores, not so fertile as those of the Lakes of Geneva and Neufchâtel, nevertheless form a most ornamental scene, especially on the west side, which is very populous, and, at the foot of a chain of hills, has a border

of vines which are like those of Côte-Rôtie,¹ but do not produce such good wine. On the way from south to north, is the bailiwick of Saint-Jean, Bonneville, Bienne, and Nidau, at the end of the lake, the whole being dotted with a number of pleasant villages.

Such was the refuge which I had secured for myself, where I made up my mind to settle on leaving Val-de-Travers.² This choice was so entirely suited to my quiet tastes and to my solitary and indolent disposition, that I reckon it as one of the delightful dreams for which I have conceived a most passionate affection. It seemed to me that, in this island, I should be more removed from the society of men, more sheltered from their insults, more completely forgotten by them, and, in a word, more at liberty to abandon myself to the delights of idleness and a life of contemplation. I should have liked to be shut up in this island so completely as to have no further intercourse with any living man; and I undoubtedly took all possible steps to relieve myself of the necessity of keeping it up any longer.

It was necessary to live, and, in consequence of the high price of provisions and the difficulty of transport, living was very expensive in this island; in addition to this, one is at the mercy of the receiver. This difficulty was removed by an arrangement which Du Peyrou was good enough to make with me, by which he took the place of the company which had undertaken and abandoned the production of a complete edition of my works. I put into his hands all the necessary materials. I undertook the arrangement and distribution of it. I also bound myself to hand over to him the Memoirs of my life, and I made him the general trustee of all my papers, expressly stipulating that he should make no use of them until after my death, as I had set my heart upon ending my career peacefully, without reminding the public of my existence. The annuity which he undertook to pay me in

1 A noted vineyard in the *département* of the Rhône.

2 It is perhaps not irrelevant to observe that I left behind me a personal enemy in a certain M. de Terraux, *maire* of Verrières, who was not held in particular esteem in the country, but who has a brother, who is said to be an honourable man, in M. de Saint-Florentin's offices. The *maire* had paid him a visit some time before my adventure. Little remarks of this kind, which in themselves are quite insignificant, may subsequently assist in the discovery of many underhand proceedings.

return was sufficient for my wants. My Lord Marshal, who had recovered all his property, had also offered me an annuity of 1,200 *francs*, of which I only accepted half. He wanted to send me the capital, which I refused, since I should not have known how to invest it. He accordingly sent it to Du Peyrou, in whose hands it has remained, and he hands me over the interest accruing from it in accordance with the terms agreed upon between him and my patron.¹ Including my agreement with Du Peyrou, my Lord Marshal's pension, two-thirds of which was to revert to Thérèse after my death, and the yearly sum of 300 *francs* which I received from Duchesne, I was able to count upon a respectable income, both for myself and, after my death, for Thérèse, to whom I left an income of 700 *francs*, from Rey's pension as well as my Lord Marshal's; so that I had no longer any fear that she would ever want for bread, any more than myself. But it was written, that honour should compel me to reject all the resources which fortune or my own labours placed within my reach, and that I should die as poor as I have lived. The reader will be able to judge whether, without degrading myself to the lowest depths of infamy, I could have adhered to arrangements which others have always been careful to make disgraceful for me, by at the same time depriving me of all other resources, in order to compel me to consent to my dishonour. How could they have felt any doubt as to my course of action in such an alternative? They have always judged my heart by their own.

My mind being easy in regard to my means of livelihood, I had no other anxiety. Although, in the world, I left the field free for my enemies, I was leaving behind me, in the noble enthusiasm which had prompted all my writings, and in the consistent uniformity of my principles, a testimony on behalf of my soul which corresponded to that which my whole course of behaviour rendered to my character. I needed no other defence against my calumniators. They might, under my name, represent a totally different man; but they could only deceive those who wanted to be deceived. I could leave them my life to criticise, from one end to

¹ *Constituant*: a term specially applied to one who settles an annuity on another.

the other ; I felt certain that, amidst all my faults and weaknesses, and my unfitness for submitting to any yoke, they would always find a man who was just, good, free from bitterness, hatred and jealousy, ever ready to acknowledge his own injustice, and still more ready to forget that of others, who sought all his happiness in loving and gentle emotions, and displayed in everything sincerity even to the extent of imprudence and the most incredible disinterestedness.

Accordingly, I in a measure took leave of my generation and my contemporaries, and said farewell to the world, by confining myself within this island for the remainder of my days ; for such was my resolution, and it was there that I hoped at last to be able to carry out the grand scheme of a life of idleness, to which I had hitherto devoted in vain all the little energy which Heaven had bestowed upon me. This island should be my Papimania,¹ that happy country where one sleeps :

"Where one does something more, where one does nothing."

This "something more" was everything for me ; for I have never much regretted the loss of sleep ; idleness is enough for me. Provided that I have nothing to do, I much prefer to dream awake than asleep. As the age for romantic schemes was over, and the incense of vainglory had rather made me giddy than flattered me, there remained nothing for me, as a last hope, but a life free from restraint, spent in perpetual leisure. This is the life of the blessed in the next world, and, from this time forth, I fixed upon it my supreme happiness in this.

Those who reproach me with so many inconsistencies, will not fail here to reproach me with another. I have said that the idleness of society made it unendurable to me ; and yet, here was I seeking solitude with the sole object of abandoning myself to idleness. And yet such is my disposition ; if there is any inconsistency in this, the fault is in nature and not in me ; but it is so trifling, that it is just that which makes me always consistent. The idleness of society is tedious, because it is obligatory ; that of solitude is delightful, because it is free and voluntary. In company it is a cruel task for me to do nothing, because I am

¹ A name invented by Rabelais for the retreat of the Court of the Pope.

under compulsion. I am obliged to remain there, nailed to my chair, or standing bolt upright like a sentinel, without moving hand or foot, afraid to run, to jump, to sing, to cry out, or gesticulate when I have a mind to, afraid even to dream. I feel at once all the weariness of idleness and all the torture of constraint. I am obliged to listen attentively to all the silly things that are said and the compliments that are interchanged, and to rack my brains incessantly, that I may not fail in my turn to bring in my pun or my lie. And that is called idleness! It is the work of a galley-slave!

The idleness that I love is not that of an idler who remains with folded arms in a state of total inactivity, no more thinking than acting. That which I love is the combined idleness of a child who is incessantly in motion without ever doing anything, and that of a dotard, who wanders from one thing to another while his arms are still. I love to busy myself about trifles, to begin a hundred things and finish none, to come and go as the fancy takes me, to change my plans every moment, to follow a fly in all its movements, to try and pull up a rock to see what is underneath, to undertake with eagerness a work that would last ten years, and to abandon it without regret at the end of ten minutes—in a word, to spend the day in trifling without order or sequence, and, in everything, to follow nothing but the caprice of the moment.

Botany, such as I have already regarded it, and such as it began to be a passion for me, was exactly the kind of idle study which was calculated to fill up the void of my leisure time, without leaving room for the extravagances of imagination or the weariness of absolute idleness. To wander carelessly in the woods and in the country, to pluck mechanically, here and there, sometimes a flower, sometimes a branch, to munch my food almost haphazard, to observe the same things thousands and thousands of times, and always with the same interest, because I always forgot them—that was the way to spend eternity without a moment's weariness. However delicate, however admirable, however different the structure of plants may be, it never strikes an ignorant eye sufficiently to interest it. The consistent analogy and, at the same time, the enormous variety which characterises

their organism, only delights those who already have some idea of the system of the vegetable world. Others, when they behold all these treasures of nature, only feel a stupid and monotonous admiration. They see nothing in detail, because they do not even know what they are to look at: they see the whole as little, because they have no idea of the chain of relations and combinations which overwhelms with its marvels the mind of the observer. I myself was, and my bad memory was always destined to keep me, in the happy condition of knowing little enough for everything to appear new to me, and yet enough to make everything intelligible to me. The different kinds of soil distributed over the island, in spite of its small size, afforded me a sufficient variety of plants for study and amusement during the rest of my life. I did not intend to leave a blade of grass unexamined, and I already began to make arrangements to write an account of the "*Flora Petrinsularis*," with a huge collection of curious observations.

I sent for Thérèse with my books and belongings. We boarded with the receiver of the island. His wife's sisters, who lived at Nidau, came to see her in turns, and this was company for Thérèse. Here I first experienced the pleasures of a life which I could have wished might last out my own; but the taste which I acquired for it only served to make me feel more keenly the bitterness of that life which was so soon to succeed it.

I have always been passionately fond of the water, and the sight of it throws me into a delightful state of dreaminess, although often without any definite object. When it was fine weather, I always hastened to the terrace as soon as I was up, to inhale the fresh and healthy morning air, and let my eyes roam over the horizon of this beautiful lake, the shores of which, surrounded by mountains, formed an enchanting prospect. I can think of no worthier homage to the Divinity than the mute admiration which is aroused by the contemplation of His works, and does not find expression in outward acts. I can understand how it is that the inhabitants of cities, who see nothing but walls, streets and crimes, have so little religious belief; but I cannot understand how those who live in the country, especially in solitude, can have none. How is it that their soul is not

lifted up in ecstasy a hundred times a day to the Author of the wonders which strike them? As far as I am concerned, it is especially after rising, weakened by a night of sleeplessness, that I am led by long-standing habit to those upliftings of the heart, which do not impose upon me the trouble of thinking. But, for this to take place, my eyes must be smitten by the enchanting spectacle of nature. In my room, my prayers are not so frequent or so fervent; but, at the sight of a beautiful landscape, I feel myself moved without knowing why. I remember reading of a wise bishop, who, during a visit to his diocese, came upon an old woman who, by way of prayer, could say nothing but "Oh!" "Good mother," said the bishop, "continue to pray in this manner; your prayer is better than ours." This better prayer is also mine.

After breakfast I hastily wrote a few miserable letters, with a sulky air, longing eagerly for the happy moment when I need write no more. I bustled about my books and papers for a few moments, more for the sake of unpacking and arranging than of reading them; and this, which became for me the task of Penelope, afforded me the pleasure of idling away my time for a few moments, after which I became tired of the task, and spent the three or four remaining hours of the morning in the study of botany, especially the system of Linnaeus, of which I became so passionately fond that I have never been able to give it up entirely, even after discovering its deficiencies. This great observer is, in my opinion, with the exception of Ludwig, the only man who has as yet considered botany from the point of view of a naturalist and a philosopher; but he has studied too much from gardens and collections of dried plants, and too little from nature herself. I, whose garden was the whole island, as soon as I required to make or verify some observation, ran into the woods or meadows with a book under my arm: there, I threw myself on the ground by the side of the plant in question, to examine it, where it stood, at my leisure. This method has greatly assisted me in acquiring a knowledge of plants in their natural state, before they have been cultivated and disfigured by the hand of man. It is said that Fagon, chief physician to Louis XIV., who was thoroughly familiar with, and able to

name all the plants in the Jardin Royal, was so ignorant in the country, that he was no longer able to recognise them. It is exactly the opposite with me: I know something of the work of nature, nothing of that of the gardener.

In the afternoon I abandoned myself entirely to my idle and careless disposition, and followed, without any system, the impulse of the moment. Frequently, when the weather was calm, immediately after dinner, I jumped by myself into a little boat, which the receiver had taught me how to manage with a single oar, and rowed out into the middle of the lake. The moment at which I left the bank, I felt ready to leap for joy. It is impossible for me to explain or understand the reason of this feeling, unless it was a secret self-congratulation on being thus out of the reach of the wicked. I rowed by myself all over the lake, sometimes near the bank, but never landing. Frequently, leaving my boat at the mercy of the wind and water, I abandoned myself to aimless reveries, which, although foolish, were none the less delightful. I sometimes exclaimed with emotion, "O Nature! O my mother! behold me under thy protection alone! Here there is no cunning or knavish mortal to thrust himself between me and thee." In this manner I got out half a league from land. I could have wished that this lake had been the ocean. However, in order to please my poor dog, who was not so fond of long excursions on the water as I was, as a rule I followed a definite plan. I landed on the small island, walked about for an hour or two, or stretched myself on the grass at the top of the rising ground, to sate myself with the pleasure of admiring this lake and its surroundings, to examine and anatomise all the plants within my reach, and to build for myself, like a second Robinson, an imaginary dwelling in this little island. I became passionately attached to this hillock. When I was able to take Thérèse, the receiver's wife and her sisters, for a walk there, how proud I felt to be their pilot and their guide! We solemnly took some rabbits to it, to stock it. Another gala for Jean Jacques! This colony made the little island still more interesting to me. I visited it more frequently and with greater pleasure from that time, to look for signs of the progress of the new inhabitants.

To these amusements I united another, which reminded me

of the delightful life at Les Charmettes, and for which the season was particularly suitable. This was the occupations of a country life; and we gathered in the fruit and vegetables, which Thérèse and myself were delighted to share with the receiver and his family. I remember that a Bernese, named M. Kirchberger, when he came to see me, found me perched on the branches of a tall tree, with a bag tied round my waist, so full of apples that I could not move. I was not at all sorry that he and others should find me thus. I hoped that the Bernese, seeing how I employed my leisure time, would no longer think about disturbing its tranquillity, and would leave me in peace in my solitude. I should have preferred to be shut up there by their will than by my own; for, in that case, I should have felt more certain of not seeing my rest disturbed.

I am now again coming to one of those confessions, in regard to which I feel sure beforehand that those readers will be incredulous, who are always determined to judge me by their own standard, although they have been compelled to see, throughout the whole course of my life, a thousand inner emotions which have not the least resemblance to their own. The most extraordinary thing is that, while denying to me all the good or indifferent feelings which they do not themselves possess, they are always ready to attribute to me others so utterly bad that they could not even enter into the heart of a man. They find it perfectly simple to put me into contradiction with nature, and to make me out a monster such as cannot possibly exist. No absurdity appears incredible to them, if only it is calculated to blacken me; nothing that is at all out of the common seems to them possible, if only it is calculated to bring honour upon me.

But, whatever they may believe or say, I will none the less continue faithfully to set forth what Jean Jacques Rousseau was, did, and thought, without either explaining or justifying the singularity of his sentiments and ideas, or inquiring whether others have thought as he. I took such a fancy to the island of Saint-Pierre, and was so comfortable there, that, from continually concentrating all my desires upon this island, I formed the design of never leaving it. The visits which I had to pay in the neighbourhood, the excursions which I should have been obliged to make to

Neufchâtel, Bienne, Yverdun, and Nidau, already wearied me in imagination. A day to be spent out of the island seemed to me a curtailment of my happiness; and to go beyond the circumference of the lake was, for me, to leave my element. Besides, my experience of the past had made me timid. It only needed something to make me happy and soothe my heart, to make me expect to lose it; and my ardent desire of ending my days in this island was inseparably united with the fear of being compelled to leave it. I was in the habit of going every evening to sit upon the shore, especially when the lake was rough. I felt a singular pleasure in seeing the waves break at my feet. They represented to me the tumult of the world and the peacefulness of my own abode; and I was sometimes so touched by this delightful idea, that I felt the tears trickling down from my eyes. This repose, which I passionately enjoyed, was only troubled by the apprehension of losing it; but this feeling of uneasiness spoilt its charm. I felt my position to be so precarious, that I could not reckon upon its continuance. Ah! said I to myself, how gladly would I exchange the permission to leave the island, for which I do not care at all, for the assurance of being able to remain there always! Instead of being allowed here by sufferance, why am I not kept here by force? Those who only leave me here on sufferance, can drive me away at any moment; can I venture to hope that my persecutors, seeing me happy here, will allow me to continue to be so? It is little enough that I am permitted to live here; I could wished to be condemned, to be forced to remain in this island, so as not to be forced to leave it. I regarded with envy the happy Micheli Ducret,¹ who, quietly resting in the fortress at Arberg, in order to be happy, had only needed to wish to be so. At last, from constantly abandoning myself to these reflections, and to the disquieting forebodings of fresh storms always ready to burst upon my head, I at last came to wish, with incredible eagerness, that, instead of merely tolerating my stay in the island, my persecutors would assign it to me as a prison for life; and I can swear that, if it had only rested with myself to secure my condemnation to that effect, I would have done so with the greatest delight, since I preferred a thousand times the necessity

¹ See Vol. I., p. 222.

of spending the rest of my life there to the danger of being driven out of it.

My apprehensions did not long remain unfulfilled. At the moment when I least expected it, I received a letter from the *Bailli* of Nidau, within whose jurisdiction the island of Saint-Pierre was included; in this letter he conveyed to me, on the part of their Excellencies, the order to leave the island and their States. I thought I was dreaming when I read it. Nothing could have been less natural, less reasonable, less expected than such an order; for I had rather looked upon my forebodings as the uneasiness of a man alarmed by his misfortunes, than as a presentiment which rested upon the slightest foundation. The steps which I had taken to assure myself of the tacit consent of the Sovereign, the peaceful manner in which I had been permitted to establish myself on the island, the visits of several Bernese and the *Bailli* himself, who had overwhelmed me with demonstrations of friendship and attention, the severity of the weather, which made it absolutely barbarous to drive out a man in ill-health—all these considerations caused me and many others to believe that there was some misunderstanding about the order, and that those who were ill-disposed towards me had purposely chosen the time when the grapes were being gathered and when several members of the Senate were absent, to deal me this blow unexpectedly.

If I had listened to the first impulse of my indignation, I should have set out at once. But where was I to go? what was to become of me, at the beginning of winter, when I had made no plans or preparations, and was without a guide or conveyance? Unless I was prepared to leave everything in confusion, my papers, belongings, and affairs generally, I required time to see to them, and it was not mentioned in the order whether this was to be allowed me or not. My continued misfortunes began to weaken my courage. For the first time in my life, I felt my natural pride bend beneath the yoke of necessity; and, in spite of the murmurings of my heart, I was obliged to humiliate myself by asking for delay. It was to M. de Graffenried, who had sent me the order, that I addressed myself for an explanation of it. In his letter, he expressed strong disapproval of this

order, which he had only communicated to me with the greatest regret; and the evidences of sorrow and esteem, of which it was full, seemed to me a kindly invitation to speak to him with perfect frankness, which I did. I had no doubt that my letter would open the eyes of these unjust men to their barbarous conduct, and that, even if they did not revoke so cruel an order, they would at least grant me a reasonable delay, perhaps the whole winter, to make preparations for retreat, and to select another place of refuge.

While awaiting their reply, I began to consider my situation, and to reflect upon the course of action which I had to adopt. I saw so many difficulties on all sides, my sorrow had so greatly affected me, and my health, at this moment, was so bad, that I allowed myself to give way altogether, and the effect of my despair was, to deprive me of the few expédients, which might possibly remain in my head, for getting out of my melancholy situation as successfully as was possible. In whatever asylum I might take refuge, it was clear that I could not avoid being exposed to the two methods which had been employed in order to drive me out; the one, to stir up the people against me by underhand intrigues; the other, to expel me by open force, without assigning any reason for it. Thus, I could not reckon upon any refuge where I should be safe from attack, without going further to look for it than my own strength and the weather seemed to permit me. All these considerations led me back to the ideas with which I had just been busying myself; I ventured to desire and to propose that I should rather be imprisoned for life than driven incessantly as a wanderer over the face of the earth, expelled in succession from all the places of refuge which I might choose. Two days after my first letter, I wrote a second to M. de Graffenried, asking him to lay my proposal before their Excellencies. The reply from Berne to both these letters was an order, couched in most harsh and formal terms, to leave the island and all the territory belonging directly or indirectly¹ to the Republic within the space of twenty-

¹ *Médiats et immédiats*: terms used of fiefs held, or persons holding fiefs directly or indirectly from the King or Emperor.

four hours, and never to enter it again, under pain of the severest penalties.

It was a terrible moment. Since then I have often been in greater distress, never in greater embarrassment. But what afflicted me most was, to be obliged to give up the scheme which had made me wish to spend the winter in the island. It is now time to relate the fatal circumstance which has crowned my disasters, and which has involved in my ruin an unfortunate people, whose growing virtues already gave promise of some day equalling those of Sparta and Rome. In the "*Contrat Social*" I had spoken of the Corsicans as a new people, the only one in Europe which had not yet been ruined by legislation; and I had pointed out the great hopes which might be entertained of such a people, if it should be fortunate to find a wise instructor. My work was read by some Corsicans, who appreciated the terms of respect in which I had spoken of them; and, finding themselves obliged to devote their energies to the establishment of their republic, some of their chiefs bethought themselves of asking my opinion upon this important work. A certain M. Buttafuoco, who belonged to one of the chief families of the country and was a captain in the French Royal Italian regiment, wrote to me on the subject and furnished me with a number of documents, which I had asked him for, to make myself acquainted with the history of the nation and the state of the country. M. Paoli also wrote to me several times; and, although I felt that such an undertaking was beyond my strength, I thought that I could not refuse my assistance in so great and noble a task, after I had procured all the information which I required. It was to this effect that I replied to both; and this correspondence continued until my departure from Saint-Pierre.

Exactly at the same time, I heard that France was sending troops to Corsica, and had concluded a treaty with the Genoese. This treaty and this despatch of troops made me uneasy, and, without imagining that I was in any way connected with it, I considered that it would be impossible, and even absurd, to devote my attention to a work, which requires such profound tranquillity—the organisation of a people, at the moment when it was perhaps on the point of being brought under the

yoke. I did not conceal my uneasiness from M. Buttafuoco, who calmed me by the assurance that, if this treaty had contained anything detrimental to the liberty of his country, a good citizen like himself would not remain, as he did, in the service of France. In fact, his zeal for the legislative arrangements of Corsica, and his intimate connection with M. Paoli, prevented me from entertaining any suspicions in regard to him; and, when I heard that he made frequent journeys to Versailles and Fontainebleau, and had interviews with M. de Choiseul, I could only conclude that he had assurances in regard to the real intentions of the French Court, which he left me to understand, but about which he did not desire to express himself openly in a letter.

All this to some extent reassured me. However, as I could not understand the meaning of the despatch of French troops, and could not, with any show of reason, think that they were there in order to protect the liberty of the Corsicans, which they were very well able by themselves to defend against the Genoese, I was unable to feel perfectly easy or to devote my attention seriously to the proposed work of legislation, until I had convincing proof that it was not all a mere joke at my expense. I should have greatly liked an interview with M. Buttafuoco, which was the only means of getting from him the explanations which I wanted. He held out hopes of one, and I awaited it with the utmost impatience. I do not know whether he really intended to grant me one; but even if this had been the case, my misfortunes would have prevented me from taking advantage of it.

The longer I thought over the proposed undertaking, and the more I studied the documents I had in my hands, the more I felt the necessity of studying on the spot both the people who were to be legislated for, and the country which they inhabited, and of examining, in all their relations, the circumstances, the aid of which was necessary for them, in order to adopt such legislation. I understood more clearly every day, that it was impossible for me to acquire from a distance all the information necessary for my guidance. I wrote to this effect to Buttafuoco: he agreed with me, and, if I did not exactly make up my mind to go over to Corsica, I thought a good deal about the means of undertaking the journey. I spoke of it to M. Dastier, who, having formerly served in the island

under M. de Maillebois, was, of course, well acquainted with it. He spared no effort to dissuade me from my intention; and I confess that the frightful picture, which he drew of the Corsicans and their country, greatly cooled my ardent desire to go and live amongst them.

But, when the persecutions to which I was subjected at Motiers made me think of leaving Switzerland, this desire was revived by the hope of at last finding amongst those islanders the tranquillity which was denied me everywhere else. One thing only alarmed me in regard to the journey—my unfitness for, and the aversion which I had always felt to, the active life to which I should be condemned. Fitted by nature to meditate at leisure by myself, I was utterly unfitted to speak, act, and conduct affairs amongst men. Nature, who had endowed me with a capacity for the former, had refused it for the latter. However, I felt that, without directly taking part in public affairs, I should be obliged, as soon as I arrived in Corsica, to throw myself into the eagerness of the people, and to hold frequent conferences with the chief personages of the island. The object of my journey itself required that, instead of seeking retirement, I should seek, in the midst of the nation, the information which I needed. It was clear that I should no longer be my own master; that, hurried along, in spite of myself, into a whirl of activity, for which I was not adapted by nature, I should lead a life utterly opposed to my tastes, and should only be seen at a disadvantage. I foresaw that, ill-sustaining by my presence the opinion of my capabilities which they might have formed from my books, I should lose credit with the Corsicans, and, in addition, as much to their detriment as my own, the confidence which they had bestowed upon me, and without which I could not successfully carry out the work which they expected from me. I felt sure that in thus going beyond my own sphere I should only become useless to them and make myself unhappy.

Tormented, buffeted by storms of every kind, worn out by journeys and persecutions for many years past, I strongly felt the need of the repose of which my barbarous enemies, by way of amusing themselves, deprived me. I sighed more than ever for the delightful idleness, for the sweet repose of body and

soul, which I had so longed for, to which the supreme happiness of my heart, now cured of its idle dreams of love and friendship, was limited. I only regarded with alarm the task which I was on the point of undertaking, the stormy life to which I proposed to abandon myself; and if the greatness, the beauty, and the usefulness of the object in view inspired my courage, the impossibility of exposing myself to risk with any chance of success completely deprived me of it. Twenty years of profound and solitary meditation would have been less painful to me than six months of an active life in the midst of men and public affairs, with the certainty of failure.

I thought of an expedient, which seemed to me well adapted to settle everything. Pursued, wherever I took shelter, by the underhand intrigues of my secret persecutors, and seeing no other place but Corsica where I could look forward, in my old age, to the repose which they refused to allow me anywhere, I decided to go there, in accordance with the instructions of Buttafuoco, as soon as it should be possible for me to do so; but, in order to live quietly there, I made up my mind to abandon, at least to all appearance, the work of legislation, and in order to repay my hosts in some measure for their hospitality, to confine myself to writing their history on the spot, with the reservation of quietly acquiring the information necessary to make me of greater use to them, if I saw any prospect of success. By thus binding myself to nothing at first, I hoped to be able to think, by myself and at greater leisure, of a suitable plan, without either abandoning my cherished hopes of solitude, or adopting the kind of life which was unendurable to me, and for which I had no qualifications.

But, in my position, this journey was not easy of accomplishment. To judge from what M. Dastier had told me about Corsica, I did not expect to find there the simplest comforts of life, unless I took them with me: linen, clothes, plates and dishes, kitchen utensils, paper, books—all these would have to be taken with me. In order to remove thither with Thérèse, it would be necessary to cross the Alps, and to drag after me, for two hundred leagues, a houseful of baggage; it would be necessary to pass through the territories of several different princes; and, considering the attitude adopted towards me by the whole of

Europe, I should naturally have to be prepared, after my misfortunes, to meet with obstacles everywhere, and to find everyone proud to overwhelm me with some fresh misfortune, and to violate, in my person, all the rights of nations and humanity. The enormous expense, the fatigues, the risks of such a journey compelled me to consider in advance and carefully weigh all its difficulties. The idea of at last finding myself alone, without resources, at my time of life, far from all my acquaintances, at the mercy of a barbarous and ferocious people, such as M. Dastier represented the Corsicans to be, was well calculated to make me ponder such a resolution carefully before I carried it out. I was passionately eager for the interview which Buttafuoco had led me to hope for, and I awaited the result of it, before finally making up my mind.

While I was thus hesitating, the persecutions at Motiers occurred, which forced me to withdraw. I was not prepared for a long journey, especially to Corsica. I was waiting to hear from Buttafuoco: I took refuge in the island of Saint-Pierre, whence I was driven at the commencement of winter, as I have already said. The snow, with which the Alps were covered, made it impossible for me to leave the country by that route, especially at such short notice. It is true that the extravagance of such an order made it an impossibility to obey it; for, in the midst of this lonely retreat surrounded by water, with only twenty-four hours allowed me, from the time of the notification of the order, to make preparations for my departure and to procure boats and conveyances in which to leave the island and the district—even if I had had wings, I should hardly have been able to obey. I told the *Bailli* of Nidau this in my answer to his letter, and then made all haste to leave this land of unrighteousness. Thus I was compelled to abandon my cherished scheme, and having been unable, in my discouragement, to prevail upon my enemies to dispose of me as they thought fit, I decided, at the invitation of my Lord Marshal, to go to Berlin, leaving Thérèse behind to spend the winter in the island with my books and belongings, and depositing my papers in the hands of Du Peyrou. I made such haste that, on the next morning, I left the island and reached Bienne before noon. My journey was nearly terminated by an incident which I must not omit to describe.

As soon as the report spread that I had been ordered to leave my refuge, I had a crowd of visitors from the neighbourhood, especially Bernese, who, with the most detestable falseness, came to flatter and soothe me, and to assure me that advantage had been taken of the holidays and the absence of several members of the Senate, to draw up and send me notice of this order, at which, so they declared, all the "Two Hundred" were indignant. Amongst this crowd of consolers were certain persons from the town of Bienne, a little free State, included in that of Berne; amongst others, a young man named Wildremet, whose family held the first rank and enjoyed the highest reputation in that little town. Wildremet earnestly entreated me, in the name of his fellow-citizens, to take shelter amongst them, assuring me that they were eager and anxious to receive me; that they would consider it an honour and a duty to help me to forget the persecutions which I had suffered; that amongst them I had nothing to fear from the influence of the Bernese; that Bienne was a free city, which was under no one's jurisdiction; and that all its citizens were unanimously resolved to listen to no request which was prejudicial to myself.

When Wildremet saw that he could not shake my resolution, he appealed for support to several other persons from Bienne and the neighbourhood, and even from Berne itself, amongst others, the same Kirchberger of whom I have spoken, who had sought me out after my retirement to Switzerland and interested me by his abilities and principles. More unexpected and more weighty were the entreaties of M. Barthès, secretary to the French Embassy, who called upon me with Wildremet, strongly advised me to accept his invitation, and surprised me by the lively and tender interest which he seemed to take in me. I did not know M. Barthès at all; nevertheless, I recognised in his words the warmth and fervour of friendship, and I saw that he was really anxious to persuade me to settle at Bienne. He praised, in most high-flown language, the town and its inhabitants, with whom he appeared on such intimate terms that, on several occasions, he called them, in my presence, his patrons and fathers.

This behaviour on the part of Barthès upset all my conjectures. I had always suspected M. de Choiseul of being the secret

author of all the persecutions to which I had been subjected in Switzerland. The behaviour of the French Resident at Geneva and of the ambassador at Soleure confirmed these suspicions only too strongly. I saw the secret influence of France in all that had happened to me at Berne, Geneva, and Neuchâtel, and I thought that the only powerful enemy I had in France was the Duc de Choiseul. What, then, was I to think of the visit of Barthès and of the tender interest which he seemed to take in my destiny? My misfortunes had not yet destroyed my natural trustfulness, and experience had not yet taught me to see a snare in every demonstration of affection. Greatly surprised, I tried to discover the cause of this kindness on the part of Barthès. I was not foolish enough to believe that he was acting on his own initiative: I saw in his behaviour an ostentation and even an air of affectation, which was evidence of some hidden purpose, and I was far from ever having found in these inferior agents that high-spirited intrepidity, which, when I held a similar position, had often made my blood boil.

I had formerly had some slight acquaintance with the Chevalier de Beauteville at M. de Luxembourg's house, where he had shown me some kindness. Since his appointment to the embassy, he had shown that he had not forgotten me, and had even invited me to go and see him at Soleure; although I did not accept the invitation, I had felt touched by it, as I was not accustomed to be treated so politely by those in high places. I accordingly assumed that M. de Beauteville, although he had been obliged to obey instructions in what concerned the affairs of Geneva, nevertheless pitied me in my misfortune, and had procured me, by his private exertions, this refuge at Bienne, that I might be able to live there at peace under his auspices. I was grateful for this mark of attention, although I did not intend to take advantage of it; and, having quite made up my mind to go to Berlin, I eagerly awaited the moment when I should rejoin my Lord Marshal, convinced that only with him should I be able to find true repose and lasting happiness.

When I left the island, Kirchberger accompanied me as far as Bienne, where I found Wildremet and some other Biennese waiting for me. We all dined together at the inn; and the first

I added what follows on the occasion of my reading these Confessions to M. and Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont, M. le Prince Pignatelli, Madame la Marquise de Mesmes, and M. le Marquis de Juigné.

"I have told the truth ; if anyone knows things that contradict what I have just related, even though they be proved a thousand times over, he knows what is false and an imposture ; and, if he declines to investigate and inquire into them together with me while I am still in the land of the living, he loves neither justice nor truth. As for myself, I declare openly and fearlessly ; who-soever, even without having read my writings, after examining with his own eyes my disposition, my character, my manners, my inclinations, my pleasures, and my habits, can believe me to be a dishonourable man, is himself a man who deserves to be choked."

Thus I concluded the reading of my Confessions, and everyone was silent. Madame d'Egmont was the only person who appeared to be affected ; she trembled visibly, but she quickly recovered herself and remained silent, like the rest of the company. Such were the results of this reading and my declaration.

THE END

ADDENDA

VOL. I

P. 25, line 3: "Goton tic-tac Rousseau." The word *tic-tac* is "the noise made by any regular movement," like the tick of a pendulum.

P. 38, line 29: "read with one hand"; *i.e.*, secretly, *sub rosa*.

P. 41, line 9: "passed it through my body"; *i.e.*, it cut me to the heart to be obliged to sell it

P. 55, line 11: "my Lord Marshal": George Keith, Governor of Neufchâtel, for whom see Book xii.

P. 93, line 24: "at the steward's table"; or, "in the servants' hall."

P. 106, line 20. "went in all directions"; lit, went backwards and forwards, like the thread on the shuttle (*navette*).

P. 117, line 12: M. Tronchin was a famous physician; but the allusion is obscure.

P. 119, line 27: "a jointed doll" (*mannequin*): a wooden articulated figure, for the use of sculptors, painters, &c.

P. 130, line 28: "went from one tavern to another"; or, *battit la campagne* may be used in its figurative sense, "rambled, talked nonsense."

P. 185, line 18: "which seems to me, &c."; *i.e.*, likely to spoil your drugs. The word *emphyreume* is the chemical term for the disagreeable smell produced by an organic substance when submitted to the action of a very fierce fire.

P. 235, line 13: "She often used to say . . . more than he has given"; *i.e.*, it would be unjust of God to expect too much from us. The original is rather diffuse.

P. 236, line 13: "In unimportant matters, &c., dictated by prudence." An obscure sentence: the translator does not feel sure that he has interpreted it correctly.

VOL. II

P. 29, line 9: "a domino" (*bahute*): apparently the Italian word *bautta* in a French form. The translator has been unable to get satisfactory explanations of two or three similar words occurring in this book: see next note.

P. 45, line 2: "The padoana": apparently a term for a woman of

the town, but the dictionaries give no help. It may perhaps simply mean "a woman from Padua"

P. 48, line 3 from end. "her girdle:" the same remark applies.

P. 67, line 4 from end: "embarkation" The word in the original is *débarquement*, which does not seem intelligible.

P. 77, line 11. "fish-fag": *harengère*; an old fish-woman, who talked "Billingsgate."

P. 82, line 6 from end: *prosopopoea*: a rhetorical figure, whereby feelings, speech, or action are attributed to inanimate beings, the absent, or the dead.

P. 113, line 21: "presentation," *i.e.*, to the King; but, as it seems doubtful whether *représentation* can bear this meaning, it is better to refer it to the "performance" that had just taken place.

P. 119, line 4 from end: *Prévôt des marchands*: The chief municipal magistrate of Paris, whose functions were almost those of the modern *Maire*.

P. 149, line 17: "sorting wool" (*tri*): this word seems here to be used for *triage*.

P. 201, line 27: For "production" read "benefit."

P. 209, line 11: "Who was no fool" (*sac à diable*): something of the kind appears to be the meaning of this curious phrase, formed on the analogy of *sac à papier*.

P. 218, line 2 from end: "way in which it had arrived" (*la marche*): the meaning seems uncertain

P. 234, line 18: "The island of Tinian": one of the Ladrone Islands in the Pacific Ocean.

P. 340, line 12: "The next manager": the word in the original is "*continuateur*," *i.e.*, one who finishes work left unfinished by another. The word "continuator" is given in English lexicons.

P. 342, note 3: If *sa cour* be read instead of *ma cour*, the meaning is plain enough: that D'Alembert had shown it to the King to curry favour with him.

P. 361, line 24: "The party of remonstrance" (*le parti représentant*): this interpretation seems open to doubt, although it gives a satisfactory meaning.

P. 395, line 8: "to munch my food at haphazard" The original is *brouter mon foin*, "to browse on my hay" The dictionaries give no instance of the meaning given in the translation, but it seems the only possible one, unless it simply means "to pick my plants, to browse, as it were, on my mental fodder."

